

April  
1939



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Even at play, they  
watch the sky in fear of sudden death.

# 3c a day keeps death away



**W**AR-TORN CHINA is giving Christ's workers their greatest opportunities to serve China and Christianity. Ever the friend of the oppressed and outcast, the Christian missionary has been father and mother to the homeless victims of poverty and war. Christian Herald's Orphanage has been the only home and refuge to hundreds of children, its industrial plant has created work that has kept men busy and saved them from starvation; its Mission has given them Christian hope and comfort in their days of trial and distress.

With cholera raging all around him, your missionary Merlin Bishop gave anti-toxin injections to long lines of frightened people; discovering that bad teeth are the cause of much illness, he learned enough dentistry to fill and to draw teeth. The servants of Christ are there to serve and no task is too great.

As willing as your missionaries are to give of themselves, they are lost without your help and support. If you do not give them of that which you have, they cannot continue His work in China.

Shall we turn children away from our doors when they can be fed for three cents a day? OR will you make yourself responsible for the feeding of one of these homeless children for a week? for a month? for a year? That is our plea today: a plea for food for children.

The 400 children whose only home is Christian Herald's Orphanage *must* be as carefully protected today as they were before the war. Having taught them the beliefs and practices of Christianity, we have no other course to follow. These children look to us for guidance and protection; when a foreign bombing plane hovers nearby, your missionary is there to lead them to a place of safety; when sickness attacks them, these little children know the care and love of a wise parent.

The stamina and courage of these missionaries of Christ must be matched by your faith and confidence in the work they are doing toward laying a permanent foundation for PEACE. If ever the support of missionaries has had meaning to you, let their needs touch you now. If you believe with us that the teachings of Christ can save the world, work with us to keep Christ's missionaries at their posts.



LET YOUR CONTRIBUTION TELL US  
WE ARE TO STAY IN CHINA—THAT  
WE ARE TO FEED HUNGRY CHILDREN.



*Top*—Merlin Bishop sent home his family, but has adopted hundreds of Chinese boys and girls. *Above*—A peaceful day at Fairy Bridge, our Mission in the background

**By China Clipper and through the American Board of Foreign Missions we are able to send to China all the money you can give.**

**Christian Herald Missions in China  
Business Office, 419 Fourth Avenue, New York**

Christianity must carry on! Stay and feed these children. Here is my contribution .....

Name .....

Address .....



# Getting What You Really Want in Life

*Is there a Scientific Way to tap the realm of infinite power which surrounds us — for the benefit of your own life?*

WHY are thousands of men and women packing the New York Hippodrome twice a week to hear what Dr. Fox has to say? Because he has a NEW message that helps them to get what they really want in life. Without a trace of fol-de-rol he reveals freely and fully the Forgotten Secret of Personal Power as used and revealed by Christ.

## His Remarkable Book Reveals a Source of Universal Power that is Rightfully Yours

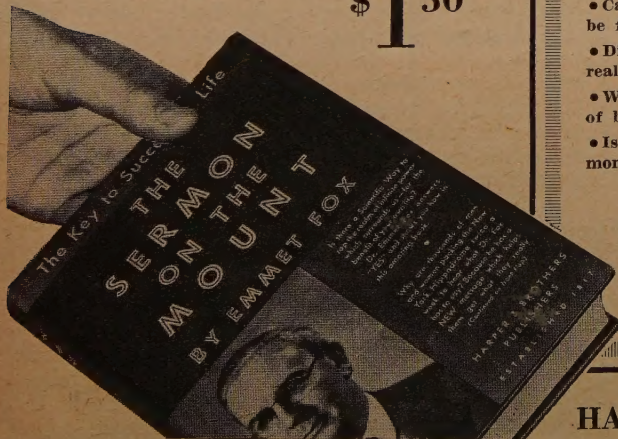
THE amazing results reported by those who have tried this new way brought Dr. Fox hundreds of letters from others who wanted to learn about it. For them he wrote and published his book **THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT**. First printed privately, it has now become a classic purchased by increasing thousands of serious-minded men and women throughout America. In it Dr. Fox gives you a Key to Dominion-over Life.

### You Have Wondered About The Infinite Power—Now Reach It Directly

"This Power," states Dr. Fox, "is the real source of all things that exist. It needs only to flow into your being and transform itself into health, into true prosperity, into inspiration, or into anything else you may be needing. This power belongs to all. It is waiting at all times for men and women to call it out into use—not merely in a crisis, but in every problem however small every day of your life."

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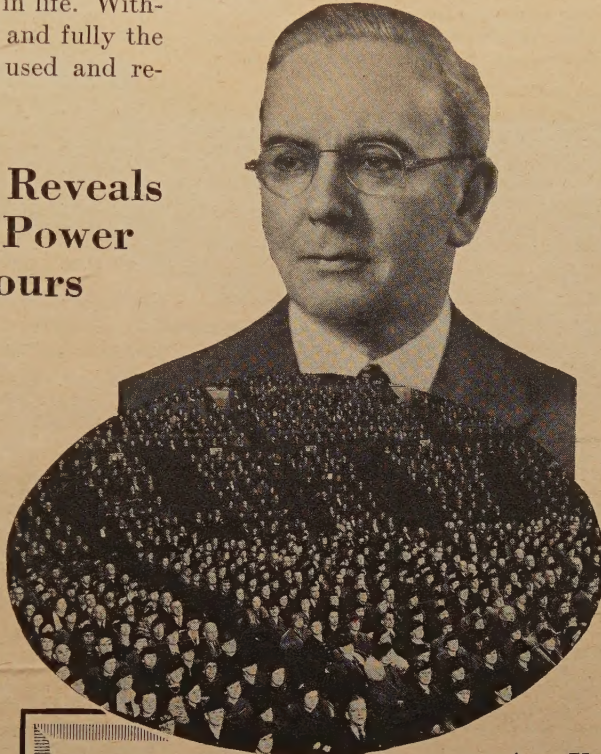
## DR. EMMET FOX answers "YES", and shows you how in his amazing book

★ ★ ★

Dr. Emmet Fox has what is said to be the largest congregation in the world. At Sunday services and Wednesday evening lectures at New York's Hippodrome, he speaks to between five and six thousand people; and on Fridays at noon, the Grand Ballroom of the Hotel Astor is filled to overflowing.

For many years, Dr. Fox was a successful electrical engineer in England. Then he discovered in Emerson what seemed to be the secret of successful living if only it could be geared to the everyday problems of our lives today. Dr. Fox's great audiences, and the way in which thousands have benefitted are convincing evidence that Dr. Fox has found the way.

★ ★ ★



### Dr. Fox's book **THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT** answers questions like these

- "Ask and ye shall receive." Did Jesus mean this literally?
- What is scientific prayer?
- Can you be joyous and be free?
- Did the gospel miracles really happen?
- What is the chief cause of bodily illness?
- Is it right to pray for money?
- What should you do when difficulties will not move?
- What did Jesus really teach?
- What is the great Law of Life?

### Are You Skeptical?

"The fact that most people do not suspect the existence of this Power does not change the fact that it is there," says Dr. Fox. "Remember that hardly anyone suspected the existence of electricity until a few generations ago. People did not know that such forces existed and so they had to go without. Today the knowledge of this other and supreme force is being given to the people, and before very long, I believe, many of the limitations people take for granted will be things of the past."

### Get It At Your Bookstore Experiment for Yourself

Will you accept whole-heartedly an added Power that can assure you of a happier, richer, fuller life? Then go to your bookstore today and ask for a copy of **THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT**. Read it not once but several times. Learn the new scientific way to tap the Infinite Power. Follow it carefully, earnestly—see for yourself the amazing way it can help you as it has helped thousands of others. Order your copy of **THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT** today. The price is only \$1.50.

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# The Best in RADIO

Selected Programs on  
April Airwaves

[All Time is Eastern Standard]

Columbia Broadcasting System—WABC, WCAU, and affiliated stations.

National Broadcasting Company—BLUE Network—WJZ, WFIL, and affiliated stations.

National Broadcasting Company—RED Network—WEAF, KFY, and affiliated stations.

## DAILY

- 9:00 A.M. Richard Maxwell's Songs of Comfort and Cheer—CBS.  
9:45 A.M. Edward MacHugh, the Gospel Singer, except Fridays—RED.  
11:45 A.M. Getting the Most Out of Life. Dr. William L. Stidger—BLUE.  
12:15 P.M. Her Honor, Nancy James. Dramatic serial of a woman judge's fight against slum conditions—CBS.  
12:30 P.M. National Farm and Home Hour—Guest Speakers—BLUE.  
3:45 P.M. Between the Book Ends. Ted Malone reads poetry—BLUE.  
6:45 P.M. Lowell Thomas, commentator—BLUE.  
7:00 P.M. County Seat. Dramatic serial of a small-town druggist—CBS.

## SUNDAYS

- 9:00 A.M. From the Organ Loft, with Julius Mattfeld, organist—CBS.  
9:30 A.M. Wings over Jordan. Negro spirituals—CBS.  
10:00 A.M. Church of the Air. Speakers of every denomination participate—CBS.  
10:00 A.M. Radio Pulpit. Dr. Ralph W. Sockman—RED.  
10:30 A.M. Music and American Youth. Series of musical programs picked up in various cities featuring music by students of the public schools of those cities—RED.  
11:15 A.M. Chimney House. Dramatization for children—RED.  
11:30 A.M. Southernaires. Negro spirituals and devotional service (also Thursdays and Fridays at noon)—BLUE.  
12:00 noon Radio City Music Hall of the Air. Symphony orchestra, soloists—BLUE.  
12:30 P.M. University of Chicago Round Table Discussions—RED.  
1:00 P.M. Church of the Air—CBS.  
1:30 P.M. Salutes to New York World's Fair by leaders of countries participating. April broadcasts will come from Japan, Sweden, Brazil, and Great Britain—NBC—CBS—MBS.  
2:00 P.M. American All-Immigrants All. History and cultural contributions of different racial groups of America—CBS.  
2:00 P.M. Magic Key of RCA. Symphonic orchestra, direction Frank Black—BLUE.  
2:30 P.M. Words without Music. Half-hour of dramatized poetry readings, directed by Norman Corwin—CBS.  
3:00 P.M. Philharmonic Symphony orchestra of New York, directed by John Barbiroli—CBS.  
4:00 P.M. National Vespers. Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick—BLUE.  
4:30 P.M. The World Is Yours. Dramatizations under auspices of Smithsonian Institution—RED.  
7:00 P.M. The People's Platform. Dinner-table discussions, with Lyman Bryson as host—CBS.  
9:00 P.M. Ford Sunday Evening Hour. Franco Ghione directs the orchestra to April 16, Fritz Reiner, from April 23—CBS.  
9:30 P.M. American Album of Familiar Music. The Haenschen Concert Orchestra—RED.  
10:30 P.M. Kaltenborn Comments. Discussion of the news of the week—CBS.  
10:30 P.M. Cheerio. Inspirational talk with music—BLUE.

## MONDAYS

- 12:30 P.M. Opportunity. Dr. Daniel A. Poling—RED.  
2:00 P.M. Adventures in Reading. Works of outstanding living American authors discussed for school groups—BLUE.  
2:30 P.M. Frontiers of Democracy. Dramatizations of America's problems. Part of American School of the Air—CBS.  
2:45 P.M. Hymns of All Churches, directed by Joe Emerson—RED.  
3:00 P.M. Concerts by the Curtis Institute of Music—CBS.  
6:00 P.M. Science in the News. Dr. Arthur H. Compton, speaker—RED.  
7:45 P.M. Science on the March—BLUE.  
8:00 P.M. Cavalcade of America. Dramatizations of lives of America's great men, with Thomas Hardie Chalmers as narrator—CBS.  
8:30 P.M. The Voice of Firestone. Richard Crooks alternating with Margaret Speaks; symphonic orchestra Alfred Wallenstein conducting—RED.  
10:00 P.M. Carnation Contented Program. Orchestra direction Marek Weber—soloists—RED.  
10:30 P.M. National Radio Forum. Leading figures in the nation's life presented from Washington—BLUE.

## TUESDAYS

- 12:30 P.M. Our Spiritual Life. Dr. John Sutherland Bonnell—RED.  
12:45 P.M. Music Makers conducted by Dr. Joseph E. Maddy—BLUE.  
1:30 P.M. Rochester Civic Orchestra. Educational concerts—Guy Fraser Harrison, conducting—BLUE.  
2:45 P.M. Hymns of All Churches—RED.  
5:00 P.M. Current Questions before the Senate. Different senators talk on the problems before the upper house—CBS.  
5:15 P.M. Music For Fun. Howard Barlow and Columbia Broadcasting Symphony—CBS.  
6:30 P.M. Foundations of Democracy. Senator Robert Taft (R., Ohio) and Congressman T. V. Smith (D., Ill.) discuss democratic government—CBS.  
8:30 P.M. Information Please. Clifton Fadiman in a program designed to stump the experts—BLUE.

- 9:00 P.M. We, the People. The people take the air, with Gabriel Heatter as host—CBS.  
10:00 P.M. If I Had the Chance. Cal Tinney interviews outstanding men—BLUE.  
10:45 P.M. Name The Place. A travelogue in which the audience participates—RED except WEAF.

## WEDNESDAYS

- 8:30 A.M. Greenfield Village Chapel Choir—CBS.  
12:30 P.M. Homespun. Dr. William Hiram Foulkes—RED.  
2:00 P.M. Your Health. In cooperation with American Medical Assn.—dramatized radio stories in health and hygiene—BLUE.  
3:00 P.M. Indianapolis Symphony orchestra, directed by Fabien Sevitzky—CBS.  
4:00 P.M. Of Men and Books. John T. Frederick reviews new books—CBS.  
6:00 P.M. Our American Schools. Dr. Belmont Farley conducts dramatization of the function of education and schools in a democracy—RED.  
7:30 P.M. Ask-It-Basket. Questions and answer program with Jim McWilliams—CBS.  
8:00 P.M. One Man's Family. Dramatic sketch—RED.  
9:30 P.M. Wings for the Martins. Educational drama—BLUE.  
10:30 P.M. It Can Be Done, with Edgar Guest—CBS.  
10:30 P.M. The Public Interest in Democracy. Deals with America's problems—BLUE.

## THURSDAYS

- 12:30 P.M. Art of Living. Dr. Norman Vincent Peale—RED.  
2:30 P.M. This Living World. Dramatized presentations of current world events—CBS.  
2:45 P.M. Hymns of All Churches—Joe Emerson—RED.  
5:00 P.M. Current Questions before the House. Members of the lower house discuss their legislative problems—CBS.  
8:00 P.M. Parade of Progress. Interesting facts about food—BLUE.  
9:30 P.M. America's Town Meeting of the Air. Dr. George V. Denny, jr., moderator—BLUE.

## FRIDAYS

- 12:30 P.M. The Inner Drama of Life. Dr. Lloyd Ellis Foster—RED.  
2:00 P.M. NBC Music Appreciation Hour. Dr. Walter Damrosch, conducting—BLUE.  
2:30 P.M. Tales from Far and Near. Dramatizations of short stories, with the authors as guests—CBS.  
5:15 P.M. Men Behind the Stars. Story of the development of astronomy—CBS.  
8:00 P.M. Cities Service Concert. Lucille Manners, soprano; Frank Black, orchestra—RED.  
10:45 P.M. Story Behind the Headlines. Cesar Saerchinger—RED.

## SATURDAYS

- 10:30 A.M. Florence Hale's Radio Column. Talks on subjects of interest to parents and teacher—RED.  
10:45 A.M. Child Grows Up. Talk by Katherine Lenroot, chief of the Children's Bureau U. S. Dept. of Labor—BLUE.  
11:00 A.M. Home Decorating. Betty Moore offering suggestions for improving the interior and exterior of the home through re-decorating—RED.  
6:15 P.M. Adventures in Science. Interviews with scientists on developments in their fields—CBS.  
6:45 P.M. Dr. Walter Van Kirk. Religion in the News—RED.  
7:00 P.M. Americans at Work. Description of work in various fields of American industry—CBS.  
7:30 P.M. Lives of Great Men. Dr. Edward Howard Griggs—RED.

## ON THE AIR By Aileen Soares

AN OLD friend returned to the NBC airwaves last month. Dr. Norman Vincent Peale is back in "The Art of Living." The program is a series of devotional addresses in everyday language for everyday folk, designed to help people realize their possibilities. Dr. Peale explains his series: "It's the simple creed of Wesley which people have forgotten. I am reviving it by personalizing religion." (Thursdays 12:30 to 12:45 p.m., EST, NBC-Red Network.)

PLANS for Easter Sunday and Holy Week are only in formative stages at both broadcasting companies. NBC, however, will present on April 9, during the regular "Musical Plays" series, conducted by Irene Wicker; "The Story of the First Easter." With works of the masters forming a soft musical background, the tale of the Resurrection, taken mostly from the original Bible story, will be enacted. An Easter lullaby will be sung by the character portraying the Mother of Jesus.

AS A result of the testimony by Lenox R. Lohr, president of the National Broadcasting Company, on NBC liquor policies and its subsequent pickup in the press, NBC has received more than 1100 commendatory letters from the general public. And an average of from thirty to fifty letters a day is still coming in.

LETTERS from all over the country carry requests for "The Old-Fashioned Revival Hour" to be listed on this page. The program from Los Angeles does not reach the Mutual Station in New York City, but is carried throughout the nation by 126 stations. Charles E. Fuller, who conducts the series, has been preaching the Gospel over radio for the past ten years. According to one *Christian Herald* reader, "nothing of a religious nature over the air is better than Mr. Fuller's offering." Your local newspapers will give you the time of broadcast.



# Everything You Want to Know About Music

-- in this 900-Page Book Edited by DEEMS TAYLOR

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Over 8500 entries, giving full names, dates, works, brief biographies of major and minor composers, instrumentalists, vocalists, music critics, writers.

In addition there are 36 articles and short biographies on the lives and music of great composers whose works form the major part of all classical music heard on today's radio and symphony programs. Fascinating word pictures of Bach (including a chart of the Bach Family Tree), Beethoven, Brahms, Mozart, Sibelius, Wagner, and many others—by Deems Taylor, Honeker, Newman, Krehbiel, and others.

Fully up-to-date, containing material on Gershwin, Ravel (who wrote a special article about himself), Tibbett, Stravinsky, Gladys Swarthout, Paul Whiteman, Jerome Kern, etc.

### Stories of 90 Operas

Giving plot, names of principal characters, composer, librettist, place and date of first performance, etc. Every opera included in modern repertoires, plus some rarer works.

### 7000 Definitions and Musical Terms

How to pronounce every foreign name and word common to music—a 168-page pronouncing and defining dictionary of musical terms and instruments. A complete phonetic table of pronunciation for Americans, enabling them to use correctly the musical terms and phrases in 16 languages.

### All the Musical Instruments and Their History

Descriptions of all instruments of the orchestra, with histories, tonal ranges, peculiarities, relations to the orchestra as a whole, and greatest exponents of each instrument.

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### Radio Music—Symphonies—Swing Phonograph Records—Harmony—Form—Notation—Jazz—Counterpoint

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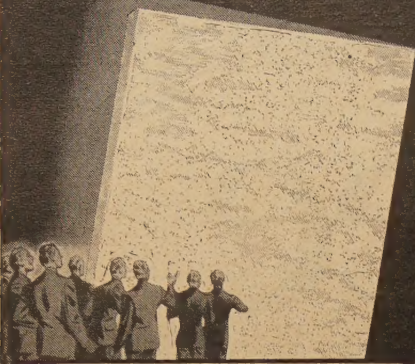
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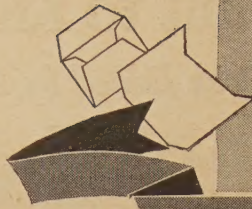
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# Out of my MAIL

B4 DANIEL A. POLING

ORGANIZER AND LEADER OF THE NATIONAL

## EASTER SUNRISE SERVICES

*Dr. Poling, do you not think that the Easter Sunrise Services and all that goes with them have exploited Easter rather than glorified it? To me, it is all like a gigantic secular show.*

I CANNOT agree with the one asking the question. The Easter Sunrise Services, beginning with the original service at Riverside, California, have turned a nation's thought to the Easter message. Millions have, for the first time, caught the significance and felt the power of the Resurrection Truth.

To worship with thousands on the steps of Columbia University has been for me a never-to-be-forgotten experience. In Philadelphia, Dr. Ross Stover has developed one of the greatest of all Sunrise Services in the stadium of Temple University. On Franklin Field another great gathering convenes. Dr. Stover's Sunday Evening Lenten programs in Philadelphia's Metropolitan Opera House are again crowding that spacious auditorium at every service.

No, from observation and experience, I am justified in saying that these demonstrations, in which the hearts of millions are stirred, lift the soul of the Nation toward God.

## MORE ABOUT COMMUNISM

*Dr. Poling, I think your answer on Communism some time recently dodged the question. It did not grasp the social significance of Communism which would alleviate the distress of vast areas of impoverished people.*

FRANKLY, my observations and experiences both here and abroad convince me that Communism and Communist leaders generally are not as you present the case for them. Beyond the rather academic statement that I made, I have no disposition to debate the matter, or even to amplify it further in *Christian Herald*.

Both Communism and Fascism are alien to the American spirit and the American soil. We do need a fuller application of the principles of our own American democracy.

## FUTURE RECOGNITION

*I have been a Christian for more than twenty years, and though I have been taught that we recognize our loved ones after death, I cannot imagine our knowing each other in Heaven. Can you help me expel my doubts?*

I DO not know where Heaven is; but I do know that it is, and I do believe in future recognition. I know that it is a prepared place, for Jesus said, "I go to prepare a place for you." I do not know where the millions who have gone before are, but I do know that they are, and that they are with the Master of us all. The details of the future I am happy to allow to remain just where they are—in the future. For me Heaven is fulfilment, completion, perfection. For me life is a path that begins here and extends into the eternities and beyond.

My most convincing human reason for belief in immortality is personality. Nothing is ever annihilated, no form of life ever dies, without some form of resurrection. The oak has its acorn, and for every sunset there is a sunrise. My reason tells me to apply the principle revealed in all this to personality. Personality may change its residence and lay aside the flesh that clothed it but never is it destroyed. And, for me, the immortality of personality involves future recognition, recognition beyond what we call death.

## POLITICS AND THE PULPIT

*Do you think that the pulpit is the place to answer political or social questions? Does it not detract from the reverence of the service?*

YES, I do think such questions must be discussed in the pulpit. Not partisan politics, but those great measures that concern the more abundant life for men and women and little children. Jesus went about doing good. He touched life at every vital point. Every matter that interested and concerned men, women, and little children was of concern to Him, and must concern us.

I am going to tell you exactly how to vote. Vote for yourself! Vote for those candidates who represent your sovereign sentiments. If you and I do that, then

## BUSINESS AND EDITORIAL OFFICES, 419 Fourth Ave., New York

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## YOUTH RADIO CONFERENCE

America is saved. They have been trying to tell us—candidates of all parties—that unless we vote for particular candidates, the nation is lost. I do not believe it! It will take more than a single election, more than any man's failure or success to destroy America. But, whenever you and I fail to vote, whenever we fail to do our duty and to exercise the franchise, then something is vitally wrong.

## MORE ABOUT THE JEWS

*Nearly all of us condemn the German government for the persecution of the Jew, but is it not true that we sometimes silence our better judgment? Does not the Jew lead in desecration of the Sabbath through his absolute control of theater, radio, park amusements, etc?*

IF IT were true—as it is not—that Jews control all the amusements referred to, we should nevertheless not be excused as Christians for either practicing or condoning Jewish persecutions. A man's Christianity, his personal relationship to God through Jesus Christ, can never be conditioned upon the activities of other men, even their vicious evil doings. It is not what others do, but what I am that fixes my status with my Lord and Saviour.

## RESULTS OF WORLD WAR

*What were the specific results of the World War?*

I DO not think that a more comprehensive and at the same time eloquent answer has ever been made to this question than one recently appearing in "The United Presbyterian." Here is the vivid paragraph:

"The World War cost nearly 10,000,000 lives, more than 21,000,000 wounded, nearly 8,000,000 missing, and a total money cost of \$300,000,000,000. It wiped out the Hohenzollern, Hapsburg and Romanoff dynasties, turned Russia Bolshevik, spread Communism over the earth, gave the world Hitler and Mussolini, bankrupted nations, changed the boundary lines of twenty-six nations, made unemployment the major world problem, drove the world off the gold standard and filled the whole world with the poison of hatred and fear."

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APRIL 1939



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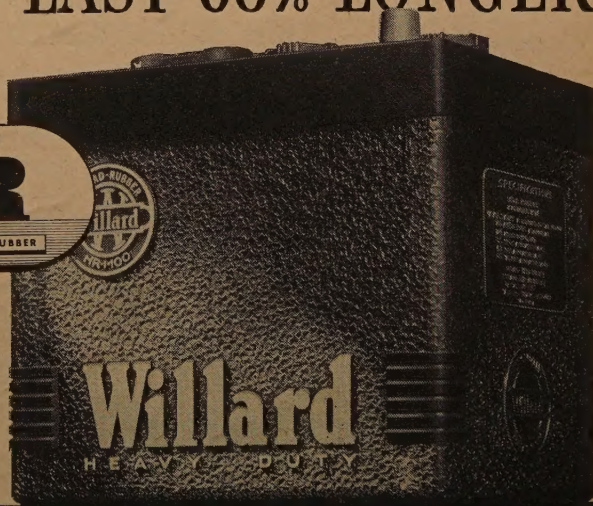
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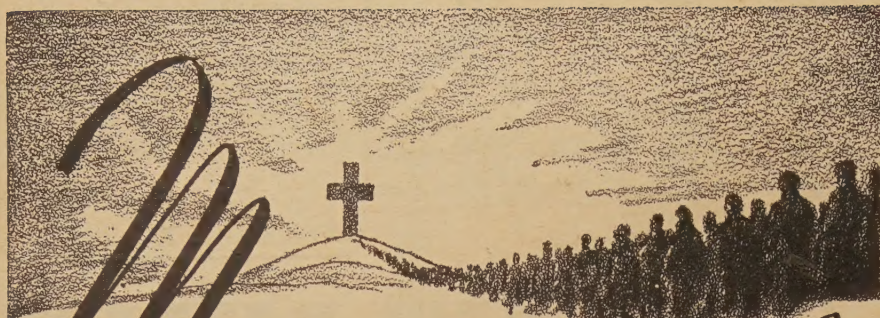
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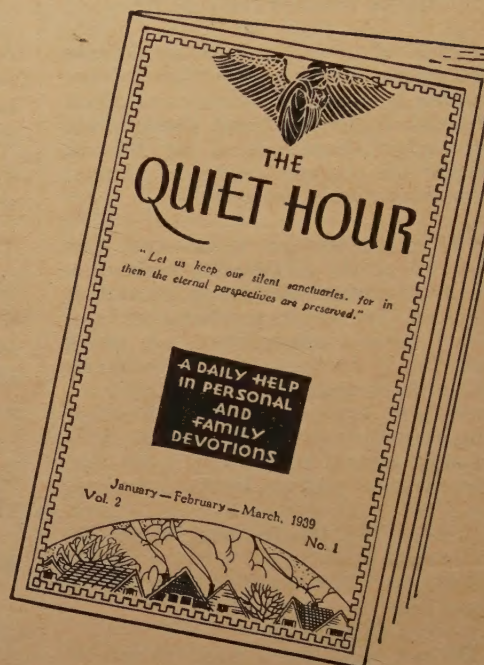




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# NEWS DIGEST *of the month*



A DEPARTMENT OF INTERPRETATION AND COMMENT ON THE MONTH'S CHIEF EVENTS

## *Render Unto Caesar . . . .*

**N**OT since Prohibition lay a-dying under the Capitol dome have so many Protestant churchmen been seen in Washington as were seen last month. Official and unofficial representatives of over 25 million Protestant Americans, they came to put their ecclesiastical knife through the bill known as H. R. 11.

H. R. 11 proposes to put religious, charitable, scientific, humane and even literary institutions under the provisions of the Social Securities Act. In plain English, it means that your church would be taxed to pay *Federal* pensions to your preacher, your janitor, your choir soprano. That, say the churchmen, is bad; it would force the churches to subscribe to two pension systems at once; it would be the entering wedge for bigger and more devastating government taxes on the Church; it would chain State and Church together, and destroy our precious religious liberty. Down with H. R. 11!

There are two sides to this question, of course.

If the churchmen will pardon us, we rise to remark that all too many church employees, preachers included, are *not* adequately provided for under present church pension systems; and we know of no good reason why the choir soloist should not have as good a pension as the radio crooner, or the long-suffering church janitor as good an old-age security as the janitor at City Hall. But when you come to the preacher—that's different. Forty Protestant denominations already have pension boards, and we have never heard of a Catholic priest or a Jewish rabbi going hungry.

The preacher might well be exempt from H. R. 11. We hesitate to see him at the mercy of governmental good will for security in his sunset days; it doesn't seem impossible that many a preaching voice might be muffled by such a process. And if the sound of the trumpet be silenced. . . . ?

H. R. 11, we believe, will not pass. Seventy-five per cent of Congress is Protestant. And the voice of twenty-five million Protestants is a loud, loud voice.

## A T H O M E

**NEW YORK:** Mr. James J. Hines is despondent this morning; Mr. Thomas E. Dewey, his nemesis, is gay; a prison door yawns for the convicted politician and the door of the White House yawns for the victorious prosecutor.

Says my morning paper, "Washington Hails Dewey!" But premature hailing is a dangerous thing. Certainly the fearless foe of the rackets in Manhattan is riding now the top of a tidal wave of popularity; young, courageous, a good vote-producer, he is the white hope of the Republicans. But he was also their hope in the campaign against Mr. Lehman for Governor of New York. He lost that election, say the wise-ones, on two important counts; he was too young; he lacked experience. Would that work against him in a campaign for the Presidency?

Mr. Hoover likes him. So do we all. But would he do better, say, in 1944 than in 1940? His fight for justice in New York is the talk of the nation; the fight to lift him to the Republican nomination will be large in the eye of the nation from now on.

**GEORGIA:** While we're on the subject of politics, there's Gene Talmadge down in Georgia. A year ago we thought he was done, politically; now the picture is different. Once a fiery anti-New

Dealer, he has made his peace with most of the Dealers around him, is slowly appeasing the rest of them; he is said to be playing a watchful-waiting game until Governor Rivers' administration bogs down deeper and deeper in its troubles, then flash up as a compromise between the two inevitable Democratic factions of his state. He has 120,000 supporters who will stand with him to the last ditch; they say he can't miss being elected Governor next year.

But what if the New Deal folds up next year?

**WILD YOUTH:** The American High School Weekly releases a poll of 10,000 students. The poll shows that: girls have less objection than boys to "Dutch dates"; a majority of the girls still like to have the boys pay for all entertainment; they like to be helped out of automobiles, through doors; fifty-eight per cent of them say most boys do not expect a goodnight kiss. Sixty-two per cent of the boys vote that a reputation for petting does not make a girl more popular; ninety-four per cent noticed whether a girl was "clever about clothes"; seventy-nine per cent said makeup improved a girl's looks; more than eighty per cent of the boys objected to a girl's drinking; seventy-nine and three-tenths per cent of the boys

don't drink at all. Who called them "wild"?

**SITDOWNERS SAT ON:** "It was a high-handed procedure without shadow of legal right," says the U. S. Supreme Court of the attempt of the National Labor Relations Board to reinstate the sitdown strikers of the Fansteel Metallurgical Corporation. The decision in their case spells doom to the gentle art of the sitdowner; his art and his high-handed method now stand outlawed.

Coupled with this decision are two others, also directed against NLRB: no employer is a law-breaker when he fails to negotiate with his workers before they have shown an inclination to bargain with him, or when he refuses to take his employees back when they have walked out on a contract made with him.

It is a deadly blow to the sitdowners, a bad blow to NLRB. And it will convince all of us that the Wagner Act, on which NLRB bases its actions, stands in need of drastic revision.

**GOLDEN GATE:** Mrs. Grover Whalen viewed the new World's Fair on Treasure Island some time back and said mournfully: "I'm afraid that this is a really beautiful fair." It ought to be beautiful, for it cost around \$50,000,000. But is it?





THE AGELESS MERCY OF THE GOOD SAMARITAN

Prominent among its exhibits is a bar-room picture, a group of Sally Rand cow-girls costumed as they could be costumed on no bathing beach, in a "D(n)ude Ranch," behind plate glass; a "fun" section called "Gayway," which means "Red-light district" in some sections of the U. S. A.

It may be "beauty," but we wonder why a World's Fair has to be smutty to be a good World's Fair. It will take more than a Rocket Ship, a Midget Village and an Atom Smasher to make it good to some of us. And we wonder if the apology of a Temple of Religion isn't a little out of place in such surroundings. We hope that Mrs. Whalen's director-husband will do a little better with his fair in New York.

**BUNDS:** The German-American Bund grows apace; its membership is estimated at from eight to twenty-five thousand. Yes, it is enough to make any American roaring mad, yet there may be some good in the recent tactics of those city-governments which have allowed huge Bund gatherings. For instance, the recent Madison Square Bund-le told Mr. Hitler plainly that we still dare do something in America which he doesn't dare do in Germany—allow the other fellow to have his say; a meeting like that, of Americans, in Germany, would be crushed to death before it started. Also, in the person of Dorothy Thompson, we have made the New York Nazis seem ridiculous—and when you get the laugh on a man, you've got him. Last but not least, these widely-publicized meetings arouse the resentment of the country as it could never be aroused were the meetings to be banned.

Sometimes one hundred per cent justice works less good than a little tolerance; tolerance is often the rope with which the culprit hangs himself.

**CRIMELESS:** America's crimeless city is colored. Mound Bayou, Mississippi, for thirteen years has had no major crime and

operated no jail. Organized fifty years ago by Isaiah T. Montgomery, it covers 30,000 acres, with most of its people owning their own land; it has fewer mortgaged properties than most mixed white-and-colored cities of the South. Contact with the white race has proved a blessing to the Negro in such communities as this.

## ABROAD

**LONDON:** The Arab-and-Jewish Conference, called to smooth out the bloody differences of Palestine, has collapsed, so far as any "conference" is concerned; indeed, it never was a conference, for the representatives of the two races refused to meet together. Cruellest question of all, put by Colonial Secretary Malcom MacDonald, was this: "Did the Jews expect Britain to maintain the 'Jewish National Home' at the point of the bayonet?" There was no answer.

So Britain's spokesmen moved again: they proposed a scheme for the establishment of an independent state in Palestine which would place the Jews under Arab control. Flags fly today from every Arab citadel in the Holy Land: say they, jubilantly, "We've won."

Bitter critics say the British have sold out the Jews; that now the Hebrew colonists have been deserted and left to certain persecution and murder. Perhaps so. This much, however, is not bitter conjecture, but history: the Arab and the Jew could never, never get along together; the land will not support any further considerable addition to the present population; and times and conditions have changed since Balfour made his bid for Jewish help in the War, with the famous Declaration which led the Jew to think the British would indeed stand behind him with bayonets. It just couldn't work

out. And now, with eighty-six million Arabs from Gibraltar to Suez, who would come in very, very handy in case of war in the Mediterranean, Britain turns its favor to Islam.

It is sad—but it is history!

**CHINA:** Japan has taken Hainan; Britain and France were too busy with Spain to do much about it. Economically, Hainan is almost worthless; but strategically its possession by Japan threatens Burma, Britain, France, the United States, for it lies athwart Hong Kong and Singapore's main road, dominates French Indo-China's ports, and is 800 miles from Manila.

In Shanghai, Japan has "requested" that she be allowed to "protect herself" against Chinese "terrorism." Chinese puppets set up by Japan to manage the "reform government" aren't lasting very long; the mortality rate among them is terrific. But the managers of the International Settlement have turned thumbs down on Japan's request; the Settlement is not Japanese property—yet. There is a piece of Japanese property in Shanghai, however, that is worthy of attention; this is the new Jap-sponsored Tungwen College, in the French Concession. Yesterday we read that Tungwen has a new Dean: he is Dean Prince Fumitaka Konoye, son of former Premier Konoye of Tokyo. Chief of the Dean's recommendations for the job was the fact that last year he flunked out of Princeton! (There are many, many Ph.D. Chinese scholars, graduates of Princeton, Columbia, Yale, within easy reach.) So much for educational "reform" in Japanese Shanghai!

**RUSSIA:** The old Soviet oath, which demanded fealty to "the world revolution," has been dropped; in its place new citizens are now asked for one hundred per cent fealty to "The Fatherland." This is a change of front. Has Moscow so many problems at home that foreign foraging must be dropped?

Another news item has it that the Society of the Godless in Russia is worried. The Christians haven't been wiped out; what's worse, their propaganda is "badly done," accomplishing too little for the money expended.

Well, a lot of money has been put on the line to wipe out Christianity since Calvary, and all of it has dropped down a bottomless hole. You can't crucify an idea; you can't spike a Spirit to a Cross, or shoot it against a wall, and expect it to stay spiked or shot. A city on a hill cannot be hid; the Soviets may as well try to push over Christianity as to push over a city with a squad of pigmies.

**ITALY:** The ways of dictators are strange ways. Mussolini is supposed to hate Stalin; his last shibboleth is "Down with Communism!" That cry may give him an excuse to do what Hitler has already done: annex a few odd million more fresh green pastures for hungry Fascism.

Last week at Livorno was launched a small destroyer, Italian-built; the Italians were proud of it, proud enough to cheer. They didn't know—don't know yet—that Mr. Mussolini had built it for Mr. Stalin, sent it sailing for use in the Russian navy!



**ROME:** Pius XI is dead, and Pius XII follows him in the chair of St. Peter, elevated to the Papacy in one of the swiftest elections known to Vatican history. The Catholic Church carries on without interruption.

The speed of that election is significant. Notice is served on the dictators of totalitarian Europe that the Roman Catholic Church still has a mind and a courage of its own.

Pius XII, the only Pope ever to visit America, is a firm friend of democracy and he has said so in no uncertain terms.

In the prelate, who was Cardinal Pacelli, the Church has a man quite different from his predecessor. This editor saw Pacelli less than a year ago in Rome, and the memory of him is sharp; a fine head held high, a kindly face, and the keenest pair of flashing black eyes in Italy. Where Pius XI was devout and lovable, Pius the XIIth is devout, lovable and determined. It is an election of no little importance.

**BRAZIL:** Brazil has a bogey-man: his voice is to be heard over Brazilian radios, coming from Berlin, warning all and sundry that Washington is an imperialistic rascal, that the good neighbor policy is a shamefaced fake and will soon collapse. Some Brazilians believe it; some do not. Dr. Oswaldo Aranha does not.

Dr. Aranha is in the United States as we write, selling Brazil. He suggests: that several thousand young Americans migrate to the rich Goyaz tablelands to find an easy agricultural fortune; that the United States loan Brazil one hundred million in gold; that agricultural technicians be exchanged. President Roosevelt approves, and calls attention to a precedent: a group of Confederate veterans went to Brazil after Appomattox, and did very, very well by themselves.

Money talks. America has the one hundred millions to loan—and Berlin has not. Wars are won with economic bullets before the fighting starts. Such bullets may win this one, cheaply.

**FRANCE:** Watch for a change soon in the French Foreign Ministry. Everything points toward it, for there is friction between the two great leaders of La Belle. Minister of Foreign Affairs, Georges Bonnet, is an ardent appeaser of dictators; Premier Daladier, on the other hand, has made up his mind that not another inch shall he—or France—yield to Germany or Italy.

Bonnet fails to strike much sympathy in the hearts of the French with his half-hearted attitude; but Daladier's appearance is the signal for cheers. Climax almost arrived when Bonnet had the French News agency, Havas, cut the fiery quotes out of its account of Daladier's speech at Algiers. Daladier is the man of the hour; Bonnet is being booed even in the ranks of his Radical-Socialist party. So, as soon as Daladier can do it gracefully, Bonnet will be dropped out, another put in. That may mean the difference between peace and war in Europe.

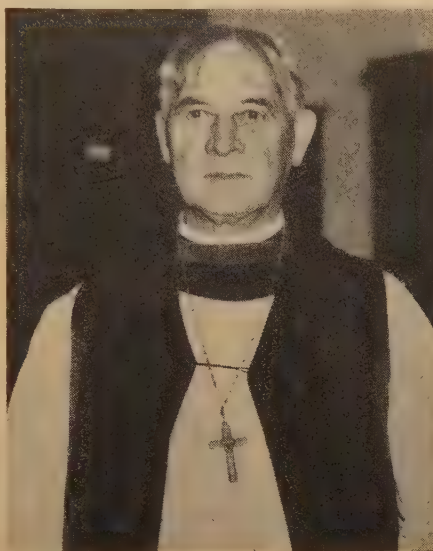
**INDIA:** Call it heathen, backward, decadent if you will, but India is making strides in at least one direction. In many a small experimental area, bars and liquor shops are closed on paydays; the native states in the Moslem Northwest are all

but dry, for the Moslem is forbidden by his faith to drink. About the only real drinkers left in India are the white foreigners; they still insist on their Scotch and soda.

This month India's Prohibition movement gained another great victory; Bombay voted to go bone dry by next August.

**HUNGARY:** There is a little humor in the recent grandstand resignation of Hungary's Premier Bela Imredy. Jew-baiter of the Jew-baiters, the Premier has announced nobly that after a long, long search he had found that he is one-eighth Jew; therefore he couldn't consistently stay on as Jew-baiting Premier. But truth is that Imredy was already on the way out; the politicians, the powerful Catholics, and the Cabinet was glad to see him go; only the Nazis were sorry.

But the Nazis have evidently got their man in the new Premier. Count Paul Teleki



The Right Reverend Peter Trimble Rowe, Episcopal Bishop of Alaska, oldest Bishop in the Episcopal Church. At 82, he is vigorous and active, has never had a day's illness. For thirty-four years he has "mushed" his dog team an average of 2000 miles each winter. Lately the airplane has enabled him to fly much farther and faster

is famous in Hungary as a Boy Scout Leader, but the ethics and principles of Scouting do not deter him from being something of a Jew-baiter himself. A Catholic nobleman, he has announced that he will keep intact the racial laws of Imredy. Jewish legislation may be slightly modified, but the laws stay on the books. Not yet does Hungary dare slap Nazism directly in the face. One of the first acts under Teleki's rule was the wiping-out of Hungarian Nazis one day, the signing of a treaty of friendship with Germany the next!

**GIBRALTAR:** Spain has fallen. Gibraltar may fall. Gibraltar, as a matter of fact, is not and has not been for a long time as impregnable as the world believed.

Last week came the big news that the British had ordered from The Rock all its Spanish residents. A new, stronger "Gib" will be built—with guns big enough to dominate Spanish Morocco and Algeciras, a new airport to link it with R. A. F. bases

in Egypt and Malta. Some British officers want it abandoned; they say it simply cannot be defended.

## CHURCH NEWS

**PRESBYTERIANS:** There is a new Presbyterian Church in our midst: The Orthodox Presbyterian Church. The new name has been adopted by the group of dissenting ministers, who, under the late Dr. Machen, broke away from the Presbyterian Church in the U. S. A. in 1936. The group has 4,225 communicants, 99 ministers, 60 congregations.

As we write, three and one half million dollars has been raised by the Presbyterian Church in the U. S. A., toward its goal of ten millions for the Sesquicentennial Fund. A gift of \$275,000 has been made to Tusculum College, Greeneville, Tennessee, by Cyrus McCormick, III, as his contribution to the campaign.

**EPISCOPALIANS:** Episcopalians are reading their new "Primer on Church Unity," put out jointly by their church and the Presbyterians. The Primer points out the similarities between the denominations and urges that groups of both communions get together to study the whole matter of church union. Pertinent among the Primer's conclusions is this: "Many of the reasons for a divided church no longer exist or have been forgotten; all that remains is an emotional tie which may be very strong although hardly understood." So say we all of us!

The Episcopal Diocese of Michigan, assembled in convention, urges: that public schools and colleges teach the meaning of democracy; that the church establish a consultation service to guide young parents; that temperance be emphasized, that more adequate instruction be provided for couples planning marriage. And the Women's Auxiliary of the whole church is urging a comprehensive study of marriage and divorce; by means of a questionnaire, a women's committee will endeavour to formulate a consensus of opinion to be handed up to the General Convention of the church, meeting in Kansas City in 1940.

**METHODISTS:** There will be no one, unified Board of Education in the proposed new Methodist Church. Not, at least, if the present Board of Education of the M. E. Church can help it; they have voted unanimously against such a move. Final judgment, however, is up to the Unifying Conference which meets on April 26th.

A plea has been issued to the Methodist youth of the South to fast on Good Friday in order to dramatize their "fellowship of suffering with Jews and Christians and others in other lands." The call comes from the leaders of the Church's Youth Crusade of the M. E. Church, South.

Convinced that neither the United States nor South America is threatened with invasion, the General Conference Commission on World Peace of the M. E. Church, in a telegram to President Roosevelt, vigorously opposes increased army and navy appropriations, the militariza-



tion of the C. C. C., and the fortification of Guam. No war in the Far East or Europe, says the Commission, will save Democracy; it will only increase Fascism.

**PLANS:** Preliminary plans for a "National Christian Mission" to begin October 1st, 1940 and continue to the end of April, have been formulated by a special committee of the Federal Council. The plan will endeavor to bring together whole communities in union religious services: high schools, parent-teacher associations, women's clubs, luncheon clubs, shops, factories, labor headquarters, Chambers of Commerce, etc. etc. The committee also hopes to initiate plans looking to the development of a World Christian Mission, through the Provisional Committee of the World Council of Churches.

The first World Assembly of Churches will be held in August, 1941, in Europe.

**CHURCH PUBLISHERS:** Out in lovely Fox River Valley, near Chicago, is a famous family institution sixty-four years old and still going strong—stronger than ever—after sixty-four years in the church publishing business. David C. Cook, III, is President of the David C. Cook Publishing Company; in business with him are his grandmother, his mother and sister. They issue thirty-seven publications used all over the world.

It may be more than a coincidence that the 300 per cent increase in church members in the past sixty years, as reported in *Christian Herald*, came in the same decades in which the Cook Publishing Company has been growing from a one-man organization to an institution comprising over 350 people.

**GOD'S ACRES:** Our hats are off to those 210 Iowa farmers who gave a summer to God and not long ago reaped their harvest—12,000 bushels of corn with which to pay off church debts.

Establishment of their "God's Acres" followed an offer by John Mullins, hybrid seed corn dealer of Corwith, Iowa, to give seed corn to any farmer who would plant an acre and donate the proceeds to the church. The Loyal two hundred and ten responded; notice that we spell it with a capital L; we recommend them for this year's Nobel prize.

**LUTHERANS:** The Missouri Synod is one hundred years old. The churches of that synod began their birthday celebration on January 29th last, the approximate date of the landing of the 665 Lutheran pioneers in the United States, who came here in the quest for religious liberty—and found it. *Christian Herald* offers its congratulations to Missouri; now that their first, hardest hundred years are over, may their ship find smooth and happy seas.

Another Lutheran body, the National Lutheran Council, is evidently true to the spirit of the 665 pioneers: last week they protested officially against the persecution of Jews in Germany and Christians in Russia, and called on America to maintain a vigilant guard against all forces which today "threaten the liberty, the peace and the happiness of the whole of humanity." Hardly were the words out of their mouths when that Nazi Bund af-

fair happened at Madison Square Garden in New York. There is need for the Lutheran spirit, right here at home!

**ODDS AND ENDS:** British Quakers are bitterly criticizing their government's Palestine policy; they suggest abandonment of partition idea. . . . Rumanian Baptists have been permitted to reopen several of their churches in Bucharest. . . . Oregon pastors are uniting in a drive for the abolition of capital punishment. . . . St. Louis churchmen are

## PREACHERS' PELLETS

Our great trouble is in living on the plains of mediocrity in our religious life.—Dr. George M. Derbyshire.

The rural church should not be treated as a poor relation by its city brothers.—Dr. Robert G. Armstrong.

We have seen in our secularization of education the separation of theoretical knowledge from the truth of religion. The result has been a loss of our ethical attitude.—Dr. Henry Noble McCracken.

History shows no agency comparable in influence with Christian religion in bringing the spirit of good will among men.—Dr. Arthur Holly Compton, Scientist.

The fruits of our failure to live Christianity, as well as to believe it, have proven to be one-third of a nation ill-fed, ill-clad, and ill-housed; one-third of a nation dependent on government for life itself; one-third of a nation living in stark dread of tomorrow.—Attorney General Frank Murphy.

If the Episcopalians and the Presbyterians can unite, there ought to be some way for the Methodists and Baptists to do so.—*Zion's Herald, Methodist Periodical.*

The reality of the Christian fellowship is something more vital than organization.—Hugh Vernon White.

uniting in a drive to curb the sale of obscene magazines.

**ALCOHOL AS A REMOVER:** In response to several requests, we reprint the following, from a former issue:

Some one has said that alcohol will remove stains from summer clothes.

This may be true, but stains from summer clothes are not the only things alcohol will remove.

Alcohol will remove the stain all right, but it will remove the summer clothes as well, and also the spring clothes, and the autumn clothes, and the winter clothes.

Alcohol will not only do this for the man who drinks it, but it will do it for all those for whom he is responsible.

Alcohol will remove good food from the dinner table, and shoes from the baby's feet.

It will remove happiness from the home, and then remove the possibility of its ever returning.

It will remove smiles from the face, and laughter from the lips of innocent children.

It will remove school books from the arms and hopes from the hearts of your boys and girls, and then the shoes from their feet, and the warm clothing from their bodies.

Yes, alcohol is a great remover! As a remover of things, alcohol has no equal competitor.

But removing things is not all that alcohol will do.

It will remove stains from your summer clothes all right, but it will leave stains of a far worse character on your manhood.

It will remove stains from your summer clothes, but it will leave pains a million times deeper in your heart.

Yes, alcohol is a great remover.

It will remove stains and leave pains.

It will remove fame and leave shame.

It will remove plenty and leave poverty.

It will remove honor and leave humiliation.

It will remove fine homes and leave hovels.

In fact, alcohol will remove anything from stains on summer clothes to the greatest fortunes ever amassed by intelligent man.

It will remove everything, great or small, that makes life worth while.

## TEMPERANCE

**DRINK AND DIVORCE:** When Chicago piled up a divorce rate of 1.66 per 1000 in 1929, a howl went up that Prohibition was to blame for it; and it was high, no doubt about that. The wets clamored for the lower, more decent divorce rate that was sure to follow repeal.

The Chicago divorce rate in 1937 was 1.93 per 1000 population. According to two University of Chicago social scientists, it is probably the highest in the history of the United States. What makes it seem worse is that divorce-court records since the return of legal liquor show that more and more cases are being tried with John Barleycorn as cospondent.

**SENATE SENSATION:** A U. S. Senator is speaking, at Washington. His voice is a roar: "Liquor is God's worst enemy. Liquor is the devil's best friend. . . . I am merely standing here speaking in terms of questions, asking myself and my fellow-citizens and colleagues what is best for the boys and girls, the sons and daughters, the children of America's fathers and mothers!"

No, kind readers, this is *not* Senator Sheppard speaking, nor is it Bishop Cannon: this is a "quote" from the recent speech of Senator R. R. Reynolds of North Carolina, one of the wettest Senators in Washington!

Wow!

**BONUS:** There is a move on among the Quakers of the Friends' Temperance Association to obtain lower auto insurance rates for non-drinkers. A report of



the Association states that two members have approached a leading automobile casualty company on the matter and had been received with "ready attention and willingness to cooperate."

Good for the Quakers. Why not? Why shouldn't the decent driver get a "break" from the law, as well as the drunk? This editor has never yet run into anyone on the highway; but he has *been run into* by at least one drunken driver. And it is bad enough to be run into, without having to pay for the damage!

**LOS ANGELES:** The booze budget of the City of Angels is a pretty stiff one. For instance: since repeal, arrests have increased forty per cent and arrests for intoxication have increased 345 per cent. About one-third of the time of the Angelic police is devoted to enforcing the alcoholic beverage control act. And there aren't nearly enough police, at that: Los Angeles is asking for one thousand more to protect the public against the benefits of repeal.

According to Councilman G. Vernon Bennett, it costs the city \$51.33 for every drunk arrested; total cost per year, \$2,360,898. Councilman Bennett is asking the State of California to contribute \$2,054,563 a year toward enforcing the liquor laws in his fair town. Yes, it's quite a budget.

**VIRGIN ISLANDS:** In an attempt to help the people of the Virgin Islands, Uncle Sam became a distiller; that is, he entered into the rum-manufacturing business to help the Islanders out of an economic slump. That partnership is now four years old, and Representative Louis Ludlow (D., Ind.) is demanding in Congress that it be dissolved.

It should be, for two good reasons. One is that, as a business venture, it has turned out badly; it is reported by Edward Page Gaston, of the United Dry Forces of the District of Columbia, that the financial losses of the venture are so great that officials do not dare release the accounts; that rum-making machinery is lying derelict in the Islands, still unpacked and rusting into uselessness.

But the other reason is more important: it puts Uncle Sam squarely before the people of America as a "rummy;" Representative Guyer has called him, on the floor of Congress, "Uncle Sam, Bootlegger No. 1," because of his unfair competition with American distillers. That puts Sam in pretty nasty company.

**THE WIFE:** Once upon a time we thought that any woman who went into a barroom was a good woman to stay away from. But that's old-fashioned now, when women follow their husbands through the swinging doors. Says Martin Nelson, secretary of the Keeley Institute at Dwight, Illinois.

"Repeal returned drinking to the barroom and the wives followed their husbands there. Today public complacency about women drinking at bars is making the problem of the woman inebriate tragically serious."

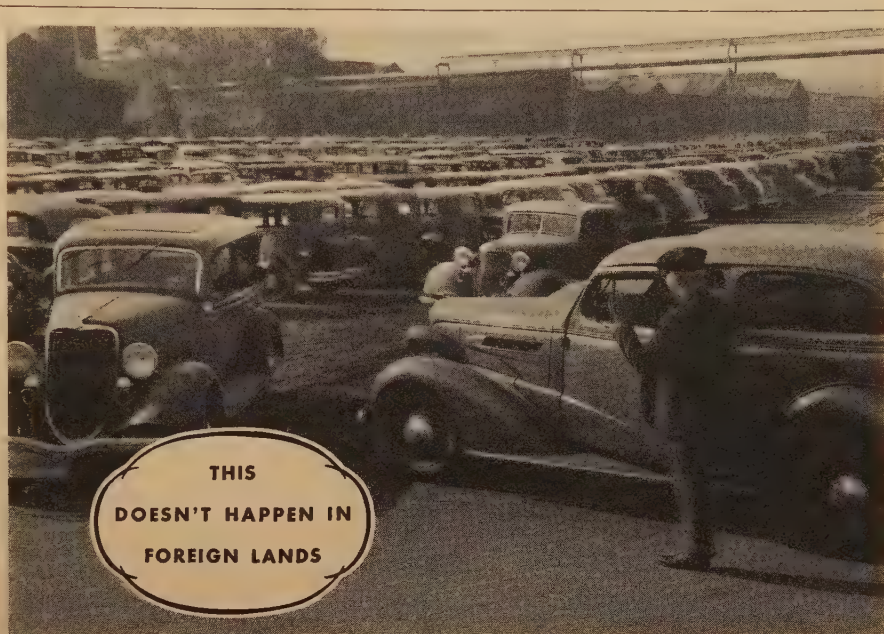
Mr. Nelson should know: *seventy-four per cent of the patients at Keeley are housewives.*

**BROADCAST:** Many times over we have had letters asking whether or not there was a temperance broadcast roaming around anywhere in the air waves. Up to now we have heard of no regular broadcast; but now comes word that Sam Morris has a broadcast, called *The Voice of Temperance*, which is now being heard coast-to-coast three times a day from super-power station XEAW, operating on 960 kilocycles. Although this program is not listed as a nation-wide hookup, you can get it through your local station.

**SURE AS SCIENCE:** To the American Association for the Advancement of Science, now looking into the liquor problem, we present these findings of scientists before them: 1. Alcohol is a narcotic. 2. The value of that narcotic for internal

use as a medicine is exceedingly limited, its value greatly doubted by leading American doctors. 3. Its value as a social agent is based upon its inhibiting effects, which make for garrulity, a loss of sense of responsibility and a false sense of adequacy. 4. Its use even in moderate quantities tends to decrease longevity.

In case you wish documentary evidence we submit this, from the Journal of the American Medical Association: "... Alcohol is a poison, to be handled with the same care and circumspection as other agents capable of producing noxious and deadly effects upon the organism. ... The facts brought out by the researches of Abbott and Laitinen and others do not furnish the slightest support for the use of alcohol for the treatment of infectious diseases in man."



## AMERICA'S BENEFICENT PARADOX

**M**ACHINES replacing men—yet more men put to work! This startling paradox is responsible for much of America's progress. For although machines are doing jobs that would require many times as many men to do by hand, yet the number of factory jobs has increased from 4 to 8 million in the last 50 years. Why has this been possible?

Why? Because machines have multiplied the effectiveness of men's work, have enabled them to produce more with less effort, have so reduced the cost of manufactured products that more millions of people have been able to buy them. And because more people have bought these products, more men have been employed making them. That is why there are twice as many factory jobs today as there were 50 years ago, and, in addition, millions of other jobs selling, shipping, and servicing the new products.

General Electric scientists, engineers, and workmen, by applying electric power to the machines of industry, have done much to make this progress possible. Their efforts today are directed to the task of creating still higher living standards for America.

*G-E research and engineering have saved the public from ten to one hundred dollars for every dollar they have earned for General Electric*

# GENERAL ELECTRIC





# HE LIVES

I have made a carven altar of my heart.  
I have hung the pictured Christ above it there,  
And in that quietness, alone, apart,  
I kneel in prayer.  
Sometimes His white compassion is a flame  
That burns about me like a living fire;  
Often His quiet voice speaks out my name,  
And my desire  
Is granted me . . . But Oh, last Friday night  
I saw them raise my Christ upon a cross!  
He hung there stark against the sunset light,  
And my great loss  
Fell on my heart and weighted it like stone,  
And then today, as dawnlight swept the land  
There in a garden's shadows all alone  
I saw Him stand!  
The weight upon my heart was rolled aside.  
The candle flame leapt up that had grown dim—  
"He is living! Living!" joyfully I cried,  
And ran to Him.

*By Grace*  
*Noll Crowell*





April  
1939



# CHRISTIAN HERALD

A FAMILY MAGAZINE FOR MEMBERS OF ALL DENOMINATIONS

MARY MAGDALEN WAS THE FIRST TO  
KNOW OF THE MIRACLE OF EASTER

## THE CHALLENGE OF EASTER



By WINIFRED  
KIRKLAND

**ARE** you and I afraid of Easter? Do we Christians tremble before the implications of our own creed? Do we forget that this creed was founded, not on a Cross of death, but on a Return after that Cross in deathless triumph? The very first thing those far-off ancient pagans heard about the new religion was Peter's word shouted in the hostile streets of old Jerusalem, flung in the very teeth of the executioners, "The man you crucified has come back!" Someone has risen from the dead—that was the first news that Christianity brought to a world crumbling with despair, and made cruel by its own desperation. Someone has returned from death! The news was just as astounding then as it would be now, astounding alike to priest and philosopher and man in the street, utterly incredible equally to Pilate in the governor's seat and to the beggar Lazarus rotting at the rich man's door. Then as now people were remade, or not remade, exactly in proportion as they believed, or did not believe, that Jesus of Galilee rose from the dead.

It is possible to make the Resurrection as fresh and transfiguring a fact for ourselves today as for the participants in that first most holy Easter. But unlike Peter and Cleopas and Thomas and Mary of Magdala, you and I are afraid to pay the price of beholding the Jesus of the Resurrection. For the modern man and the modern mind the proof that Jesus was a vital reality after death is His vitalizing effect upon other men. For evidence that they had beheld an immortal Face, we look back at the faces of Peter, who had denied, and Cleopas, who had despaired, and Mary, who had been broken by bereavement—faces transformed to glory by immortality reflected. But our faces, yours and mine, as we walk today the black streets of a modern world which reels in its modern paganism—do our faces on this splendid Easter morning, reflect more preoccupation with Hitler or with Heaven?

Our world has tumbled back from the proud progress we thought we had attained, back to the jungle laws of killing.

Today there is no word so popular as preparedness. It signifies readiness for the possibility of death, but this era, concentrated on making and meeting the engines of destruction, has no word that signifies readiness for the possibility of continuing life. Peter and Cleopas and Thomas and Mary, hopeless as they appeared when Jesus left them on that black Good Friday, must still have possessed some strange preparedness for seeing their risen Master, or He could never have come to them. The first Christians paid the price of that radiant security which wrapped them in the presence of an immortal Friend. But we later followers are afraid to pay the price of the unfaltering spiritual awareness that enables us to see the ever-living Christ, and of the inexorable responsibility that enjoins us to live as if we saw Him. There has never been any proof of the continuing life of our Master except his continuance in the dauntless lives of the people who see Him. But you and I, modern Christians, can be observed to shrink away from the terrifying implications of our faith, which declares we are deathless. If we are really immortal beings, we are required to stand upright and to live each mortal hour indomitably. If we look back, and are honest with ourselves, we can see that through recent decades the driving power of the soul to rescue and upbuild a tottering world has declined in exact measure as human beings have been afraid to accept the fact of their own survival as revealed by the survival of Jesus. Slowly, steadily courage has crumbled from Christian character as slowly, steadily, we have come to evade the Resurrection by regarding it as a miracle confined to the past. If you and I cannot perceive Jesus alive and empowering today, glorious as never before, we shall ourselves be guilty of His burial.

Two thousand years ago certain humble men and women, sharing the omnipotence of an invisible Master beside them, reclaimed this world from its pagan cruelty. This same world, now reverted to a cruelty still more tragic, can be reclaimed now, as before, only by humble people who know themselves



immortally strong because of the immortal Comrade beside them. But neither you nor I shall acquire this transcendent efficiency until we see the risen Jesus as clearly as Peter saw Him and Cleopas and Thomas and Mary of Magdala. And we shall not see the Jesus of Easter until we pay, we proud dull-witted moderns, the price His first disciples paid, each one. Let us go back to that earliest Eastertide, let us follow the events of those forty mysterious days of Christ's Return and place our wavering souls alongside the souls of those first Christians in order to lay bare the differences between them and us. Those others had been made visioned enough to see Jesus because they had already walked beside Him through every step of His brief earth sojourn. They had been so close that perforce they must have obeyed the same daily laws for the spirit's health which had controlled His every moment, and which are blazoned for our modern imitation in the Sermon on the Mount. People who have practiced the Sermon on the Mount shall see Jesus splendid beyond all peradventure on every Easter morning. Those far-off first disciples went flying to do Christ's will when He declared it to them on His Return. They did not hold back for even a breath's space of fear when the Master commanded, "Go tell my brethren that you have seen me!"

We read in our Easter scriptures of Peter and Cleopas and Thomas and Mary Magdalene, who witnessed the Resurrection of their Master, but we do not sufficiently ponder the after-effect of this vision on themselves and upon a world they lifted from fear to life.

We may recover that fading but mighty revelation if we go back this shining morning and try to relive the experience of four of the first witnesses to the Resurrection. Let us, let you and me, put ourselves for a little while in Peter's place, once long ago in a toiling fisher boat on a night black with cloud and with the iterated agony of remorse, beating, beating, upon the brain. After the tragic interlude of Jerusalem, the little band of friends had come back to their Galilean lake and in the apathy of their bewilderment, they are now attempting to resume their fisherman's calling. On this heavy night, now wearing toward a heavy morning, Peter's body obeys the needs of his nets more like a machine than a man. Coal-black the water laps the boat-side. Near as he is, Peter is immeasurably separated from his companions. They had all run from the Cross, but they had not all denied. All that Peter can see in the dark are eyes looking down from an upper passage at a group crouched about a brazier of glowing coals in the midnight shadow. All that Peter can hear in the lapping silence of the lake is his own voice shouting his oath of denial. Again and again and again they fling the net into the dark water, fruitlessly. Will dawn ever come for the man who had denied the Friend he worshiped? All the months together came flooding back on Peter's memory, all the happy paths of Galilee, all the shared bivouacs beneath the stars. But the Friend has been crucified, Peter can never now fall at His feet, crying, "Forgive!"

Suddenly on the black horizon there is mounting light, and then swiftly the white beach stretches clear. On it, in the gray dawn, they perceive the leap of a little ruddy, friendly fire. Someone is standing there and hailing them, "What luck, lads?"

"Nothing, though we have toiled all night."

"Fling the net on the other side!"

Now the net strains with the weight of fish. John whispers at Peter's ear, "The Lord!"

Like a stone flung, Peter plunges into the water, shoreward. Like a dazzling incredible dream, there follows the fisherman's breakfast by the shining lakeside in the flooding morning sun. Presently Peter is drawn aside, and a query is repeated three times, like that thrice-spoken denial in the chill shadows of the high priest's courtyard, "Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me?"

This is the same Peter who but a few weeks later is to shout in the sinister streets of Jerusalem, "The Jesus whom you crucified is alive!"

Peter saw his Master because his heart was broken wide by unbearable remorse. But can no such denial and no such after vision occur for us? It is true that we disciples of the present may utter no violent oaths of repudiation; but how often has each one of us denied our Master with silence, not daring to stand up for the Christian way of life when our society acquaintances jeer at it, like the maid-servant beside the brazier? How often have we failed to make avowal of our creed when it is openly laughed at, or oftener, tacitly sneered at! Can we not look back, you and I, on instance after instance when we have let our Christ walk once again toward His frustration, uncomfortable by our courage?

Peter was prepared to see his Master by a great creative repentance.

Follow next another man who saw the risen Lord, follow step by step along that parched highway of blasted hopes. Cleopas was no impetuous Galilean fisherman; Cleopas was an intellectual, a student and a thinker, well read in all the long-argued expectations of this planet, expectations one by one disappointed throughout human history. There is many a heavy-hearted Cleopas walking the high roads of this earth today. They are saying, "But I thought the Christian way would save us! What other way is left us now? For once more the rulers are crucifying Christ!" But to Cleopas and his companion pacing the long hot miles back to their secure home village, escaping as far as they can from the turmoil and responsibility left behind, a stranger steps forth, not recognized. This wayfarer seems to have all learning at His fingertips. Word by word, event by event, He lays bare for the two that slow-flowering Christian ideal in which they had trusted. Like a seed rushing up to spring, the heart of each burns within him. The mysterious incisive words and the strong step of the splendid stranger go with them to the inn at their journey's end. The mysterious glow of His presence fills the room. But not until the deathless familiar gesture of the breaking of bread do they recognize Him.

But are you and I prepared to see the risen Master by the mystic seeding of despair? Only those who have hoped magnificently can despair miserably. Cleopas had raised the Prophet of Nazareth to the pinnacle of godhead before he became capable of falling into a hell of hopelessness when that high



## CHRIST AND PETER AND CLEOPAS BY THE SEA OF GALILEE

Illustrator EARL B. WINSLOW

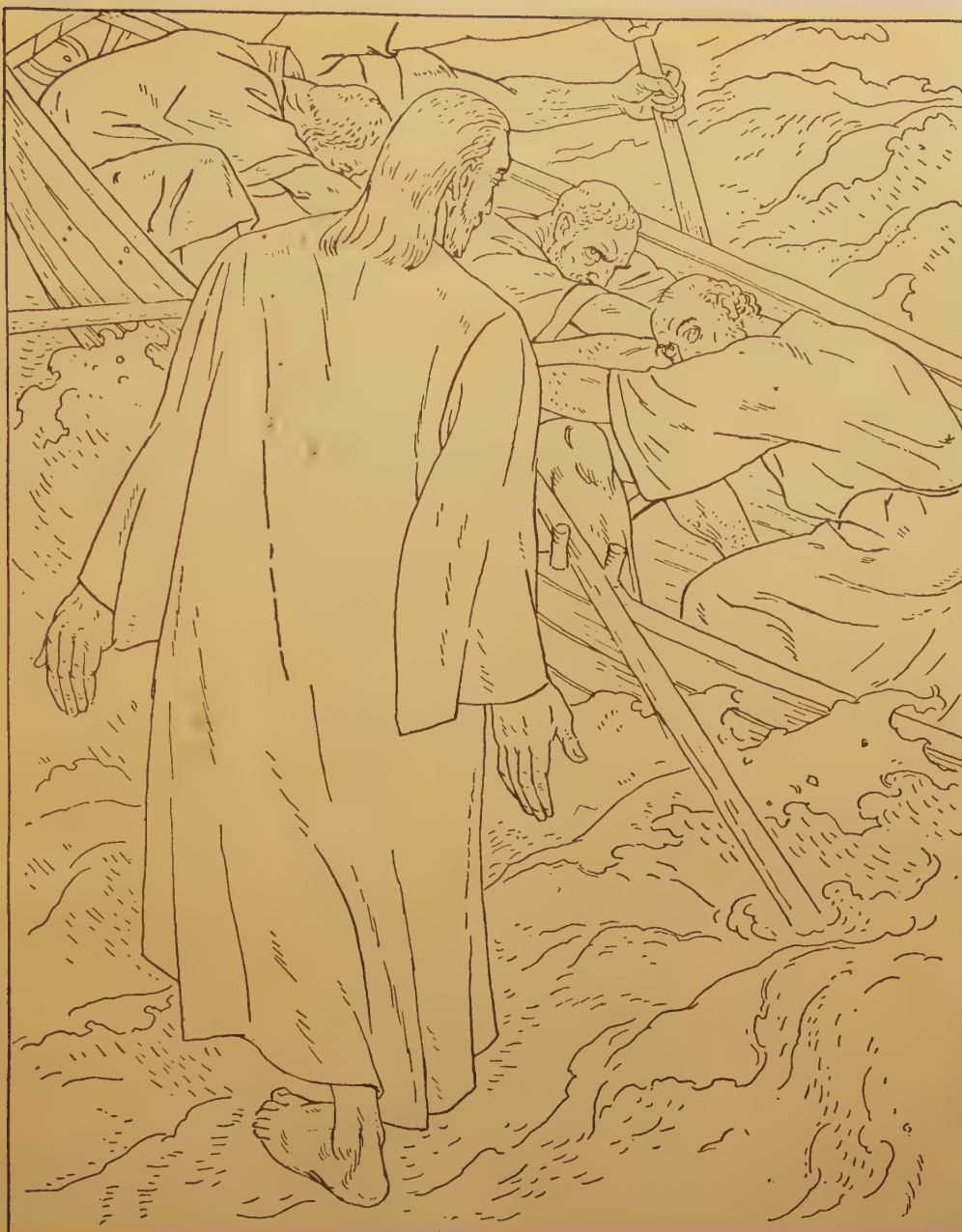
Christ seemed to be destroyed. How high and deep that broken hope had been for Cleopas and the other fugitive from Jerusalem, is revealed by the bitterness of their grief. How true that hope had been, is shown by its splendid resurgence when their risen Master is revealed to them, and by the high-heart glory in which they retraced their steps back to the deadly peril from which they had earlier fled.

But are you and I ready to carry to others an immortal hope rekindled? Do you and I, calling ourselves Christian, do you and I really believe that the Christ of the Gospels, if mysteriously restored to power, could actually save this present world as once He saved that older world? Do we, can we, honestly believe that the incredible words and the incredible example of our Christ, if dauntlessly followed, are the sole hope against this chaos of cruelty? Perhaps we believe it a little, but are we ready to go rushing into hostile cities blazing with conviction, as Cleopas and his friend went flying back to Jerusalem?

Cleopas was prepared to behold the Master of all hope by a great creative despair.

Thomas, the doubter! How flagrantly, how inexcusably, from century to century, Thomas has been misunderstood! But an age that often calls itself, with mingled pride and regret, an age of doubt ought to appreciate Thomas. We should begin to per-





## EASTER IS A CHALLENGE TO US TO HAVE FAITH, AS DID THE DISCIPLES WHEN JESUS APPEARED TO THEM ON THE WATER

ceive that it was not bravado but sheer agony that made Thomas cry, "Except I see with my own eyes the wound-prints, unless my own hands touch the print of nails and the thrust of spear, I cannot, I dare not, believe!" Thomas was no coward, and while the others were still fancying that they were all proceeding to share the glory of an earthly Messiahship, Thomas recognized in the eyes of his beloved Master the oncoming tragedy and exclaimed, "I am ready to accompany you anywhere, even to death!" But Thomas was realistic, scientific. He respects and uses his own brain. He cannot lightly accept fantasy. There is nothing second-hand about Thomas. It was because there was nothing second-hand about Jesus that he had followed Him. Thomas has no such respect for the intelligence of his fellows that he can readily receive their testimony. Jesus is too sacred and precious a friend to take on hearsay. Thomas must see and hear for himself always. A return from death is preposterous! Only his own brain, no one else's, can testify to proof. Thomas loves his Lord too much to take the Resurrection lightly. His can never become a mere lip-service allegiance to an article of the creed.

But note that for all his doubt, Thomas does not withdraw from the little company that clung to Christ; wistfully he comes forth on that second Sunday of the Christian era, to seat himself among the faithful, hoping against hope that he may perhaps catch something of their vision. In the dim-lit hush of that upper room, it is Thomas who first springs forward at the sound of a well-remembered voice, "Peace be unto you!" It is to Thomas wounded hands are stretched, and a wounded side shown. Now comes the transcendent but forgotten part of Thomas's story. He does not even remember to test the wounds. Thomas sees only the love in the shining eyes that understand all doubt, and forgive it. Consecrating all his mind and all his manhood to his Master forever, Thomas the doubter cries, "My king and my God."

But you and I, Christians of today, have we ever doubted, questioned, honestly enough, deeply enough, our creed of Christ to be able to triumph as Thomas triumphed in high resultant faith! Hearsay, convention, custom, compose an appalling part of our Christian living. We look back askance at Thomas, the doubter, we who too often believe *(Continued on page 61)*



By

KARL DETZER

**ON** EASTER morning Americans by the hundred thousand will trudge through darkness to hilltops, cemeteries, parks, and public squares; as dawn streaks westward across the continent they will lift their voices in songs of praise.

These Easter sunrise services have become a national habit in recent years, with scores of cities, hundreds of churches, taking part. Chiefly responsible for the custom is Billy Sunday's old song leader, Homer Alvan Rodeheaver—a chunky, energetic man with a silver voice, a gold trombone, and an ability to pump music out of crowds that has not lessened but rather enhanced since the days of the great evangelistic meetings. Today he is a publisher, world traveler and song writer; but his greatest gift remains that of making thousands of people sing when he wants them to, whether they want to sing, and whether they can sing, or not.

A quarter-century ago, while Rodeheaver was directing Sunday's choir, the idea first came to him of greeting the sunrise with song across the nation. Sunday was holding a revival at Winston-Salem, North Carolina, and a Moravian congregation there asked Rodeheaver to conduct a song service on the church steps at Easter dawn.

As he faced the crowd that morning, someone explained, "We do this every year. The whole city joins in."

"Why not the whole world?" Rodeheaver demanded. "Why not Christians everywhere? The sun, rushing west, met by songs of thanksgiving all around the globe!"

Thus, in the lively imagination of this Trumpeter of the Lord, was born the sunrise service as a national phenomenon. The next Easter he conducted 2000 voices on a hill above Corpus Christi, Texas; each Easter since then he has greeted the dawn with a chorus of Hallelujahs. At Hershey, Pennsylvania, Springfield, Ohio, in Chicago, Boston, Los Angeles, in a Philadelphia ball park where 60,000 citizens gathered three years ago, he has continued to evangelize the sunrise song. Wherever he starts it, others carry on.

This Easter he spreads the custom beyond our shores; he will lead the singing in the famous Outerbridge Floral Gardens of Bermuda as the sun rises over the Atlantic.

Not only at Easter, but nearly every day, Rodeheaver toots his trombone somewhere, and somewhere leads massed voices in hymns, patriotic airs or plain old-fashioned songs. That is his business. Churches, towns, industrial firms employ him to bring them music. It is he who has helped revive the custom of street carols on Christmas eve. In 1905 he led a revival meeting crowd through the streets of a Midwestern town, chanting "Noel! Noel!" while astonished householders rushed to their doors. Each Christmas since, no matter where he is



## Brighten the Corner

... once even in the very streets of Bethlehem . . . he stands on some corner leading a band of carolers, plays *Silent Night* on his trombone.

The past three years, dressed as Santa Claus, tooting his trombone through false whiskers, Rodeheaver has managed the Union Mission Christmas party at Washington, D. C., while the Navy Band played, Mrs. Roosevelt distributed gifts, and 1600 urchins sang.

In 1936, a Chicago newspaper hired him to lead the singing at a summer music festival in Soldier Field. With spotlights pouring on him, he climbed a tower in the middle of the stadium, lifted his agile hands, and a hush fell over the 85,000 persons, some of them a quarter mile away. For three hours he led that multitude in folksy songs—*America, Long, Long Trail, Tell Me the Story of Jesus*—while the sound swept out across the noisy Loop.

Rodeheaver grinned as he put this, the largest chorus ever gathered in America, through its paces. Endowed with a magic formula for stirring emotion and

making men sing, he was proving to purists—"super-musical folk" he disdainfully calls them—that good mass music for and by the plain people was a reality. For the harmony was true, the tempo did not lag.

Fifteen years ago, when Atlantic City employed Rodeheaver to dedicate its huge auditorium on the Boardwalk with a community sing, skeptics who did not know the man and his particular brand of crowd-magic, predicted a flop. But it was no flop.

More than 65,000 persons packed the building, as many stood outside. Battleships offshore turned searchlights on the clouds, a dirigible festooned with lights droned overhead, skyrockets flashed along the beach, the Vice President of the United States fought his way to the platform and made a speech, Creator's band played the national anthem, Rodeheaver played his trombone, waved his hands, and the crowd swelled the building with *All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name!*

No one enjoys these occasions more





than Rodeheaver himself. He brings an enormous enthusiasm to anything he undertakes, whether it is leading a chorus, preaching a sermon, writing a song, selling 100,000 hymn books, or merely eating supper on the porch of his house, Rainbow Cottage, at Winona Lake, Indiana.

That cottage stands on Rainbow Point. Everywhere you look in it, you find rainbows: on your napkin or your teacup, sofa pillows or writing desk, on the huge blue Chinese rug in the living room, even painted on the bathroom wall. Gay little musical notes dance along the bow, spelling out the score of Rodeheaver's theme song, *Every Cloud Will Wear a Rainbow if Your Heart Keeps Right*.

Here Rodeheaver spends three summer months resting violently, riding surf-board, playing tennis, swimming, diving, flying, driving his speedboat recklessly, entertaining as many friends and passers-by as can crowd under his roof. All day long the telephone rings; preachers, publishers, actors, radio sponsors, young musicians wanting to borrow money, call him

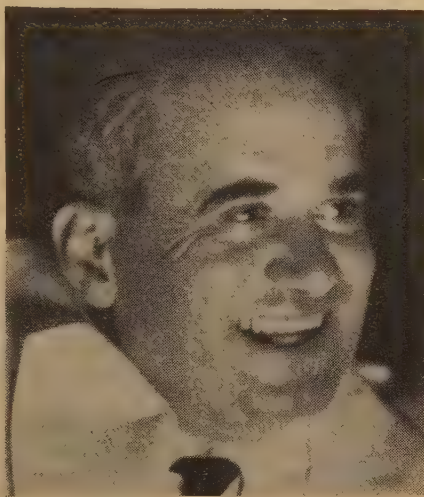
at all hours with a cheerful, "Hello, Rody, I need help."

You know the moment you meet him at Rainbow Cottage why statesmen, taxi drivers, bishops and movie cuties are his friends, why he is "Rody" to rich and poor, to black men, yellow and white.

His voice is full of good health, good will, hospitality and energy. Its rich undertones have a quality which make you believe its enthusiasm. In perfect control, that voice is, and so youthful you think, "But he can't be 58 years old!"

But he is. Born in Ohio, in 1880, he was brought up in Tennessee, just as the railroad was coming through. It was this Tennessee upbringing and the songs of negro laborers on the railroad that first stirred his interest in music.

"They sang at work and at play, with a special peculiar tempo for every mood," he says. "They could make themselves happy or sad, simply by changing the rhythm of their songs, could make labor slow or fast, easy or hard. I was just a kid, but I learned something from them



The two scenes on these pages depict two of the great Easter Sunrise Services in California. In this column are first, Homer Rodeheaver and below him Billy Sunday



I've never forgotten."

From earliest boyhood young Rodeheaver labored in the fields, with his first three dollars bought a valve trombone,

played it at camp meetings and church, at parties in mountain cabins, took it with him to school in Ohio.

"But I never finished college," he explains. "Went to the Spanish-American war instead, playing trombone in Cuba with the Fourth Tennessee Band. One of our company captains was a young fellow named Cordell Hull; last year I visited him in Washington and we talked about the old days."

Twenty years after Cuba, Rodeheaver and his trombone were in another war, in France with the Y.M.C.A. Between the two wars and ever since, he has roamed the world, making the world sing.

Every three or four years he turns his back on his business and, paying his own way, tours foreign lands, seeking out missionaries in isolated stations.

"It's my contribution to the mission work," he explains. "Those poor fellows get terribly lonely. I go to cheer them up. I play for them, tell stories, make funny faces to shock the sedate, bring a little gaiety into their lives. And of course I help them with mission music."

In the valley of the Nile, beside the Red Sea, in a Japanese leper colony, among pinpoint islands on the South Seas, in the upper Congo, where he showed naked blacks how to chant *Swing Low, Sweet Chariot*, Rodeheaver has carried his trombone and his bag of tricks.

In his home he points to the rug with the rainbow, tells how a Chinese Christian, who ran an orphanage in Shanghai, gave it to him in gratitude for teaching the orphans to sing *Brighten the Corner*, the song he made famous.

He clears his throat, lifts his hands as if leading a choir.

"Brighten the corner, where you are,  
Brighten the corner, where you are.  
Someone far from harbor  
You may guide across the bar.  
Brighten the corner where you are!"

Rodeheaver admits that the words are not profound. "But they sum up in five minutes what it takes some preachers six hours to say," he adds.

His speech is quick, his tone resonant. He gestures rapidly, often breaks into song to make a point. He looks like a small-town preacher, a Broadway actor and a first-rate automobile salesman, rolled into one. He calls you by your first name at first meeting, but you don't object. There is nothing unctuous about him. He doesn't let his good cheer turn to sugar. That's one of his tricks. He knows many.

Five years ago, on a tour of Europe, he stopped at Oberammergau, called on Anton Lang, the Christus of the Passion Play.

"How do you make people sing?" Lang asked.

"I'll show you," Rodeheaver said, and half an hour later villagers were astounded to hear Rodeheaver and Lang, singing *The Old Rugged Cross* in duet.

Not only simple folk fall under his spell. Last winter Lowell Thomas introduced Rodeheaver to a luncheon meeting of the New York Advertising Club, and in no time at all several hundred hard-boiled writers and executives were giving everything they had to *Sing and Smile and Pray the Clouds Away*.

(Continued on page 53)




# Parade of BROTHERHOOD

By Frank S. Mead

[PART TWO]

## THE CROSSROADS

THERE is a maxim among the lawyers to the effect that "he who owns the soil owns up to the sky." That is poetry and truth, and it makes us envious of the tiller of the soil, makes us think longingly of the life the farmer leads. He is in constant view of heaven, and we all want that. Lives there a city man with soul so dead that he does not crave a patch of land to call his own, where he can raise a little garden and a few chickens, from which he may look up in rapture at clouds like battlements and twinkling stars and say to himself, "I own it all—it's mine?"

The farmer is monarch of everything from soil to sun. He is healthy, happy, clean. He is free of the filth of cities, free of the rush and the bedlam that give us shattered nerves. He punches no time clock, is slave to no machine or busy desk, gets up with the sun and goes to bed with it. He is never out of a job; the strikes and unemployment and periodic hard times of the crowded ways mean little to him; he provides his own food so he is never hungry. He works hard and sleeps well. His life is more joy than hazard; with his feet rooted in the good earth and his fingers deep in loamy ground he has touched the pulse of life and felt the throb of things growing.

Are you farmers laughing at this idyllic picture of the farm? You might very well laugh, for the picture is too idyllic and we know it. We urban dwellers talk a lot about country life, but most of us have stayed within our city limits. We prefer to go to work at nine and not at dawn. We find it easier to get our food from the corner grocery than to plant, tend and harvest it ourselves. The country boy and girl thought of that, too. And of the higher wages they could make in the town; of a chance to get rich in the stock market; of amusements, big-league

ball parks, movie palaces, patent leather shoes and the laughter of the crowd. Farming was not an idyll to them, but drudgery.

They saw also the better educational facilities of the city; they thought they saw here an opportunity "to live and make something of themselves." They remembered those farmers who had lost their land; the economic chaos of industry that, after all, did have its effect on the country. The city beckoned, and they came. Fifteen million moved cityward in one decade; half of our rural-born children came to town from 1870 to 1920; from 1920 to 1930 the migration was by families and not by individuals. Deserted homesteads litter the countryside. You can buy a farm for a song—or less.

They left behind them the little white church, and with the school and the homestead, it fell on evil days. Less than five years ago Dr. Reid S. Dickson reported: "Undoubtedly there are hundreds, indeed thousands, of small (rural) churches which have come to the place where they will never again be able to support a minister or support a permanent field of labor." One denomination has 4,500 ministers receiving less than \$1,000 a year, including

house rent.

Under-manned, faced with declining memberships and declining financial support, the church in the country was up against it. While consolidated schools were coming to the crossroads; while electricity and gas were coming into the farm kitchen to give the farm woman washing machines and motorized churns and electric gadgets by the score—and therefore more time for leisure and women's clubs, what was coming to the rural church?

Home missions were coming. New departments of rural work, councils specializing in rural problems, larger parish workers, were arriving. The old circuit rider passed; in his tracks came college-trained men in automobiles, covering more ground in an hour than he could cover in a day, suggesting new programs, new ideas, new hope.

Before us is the "log" of a "sky pilot" in the Upper Peninsula country of Michigan. He drives a Ford. For those who think romance and the last frontier are gone, we offer these lines from the log:

"Thursday. Drive twenty-nine miles; call on man who has a broken hip. Seven miles to Trenary, make eight calls, dedi-







The

American pioneers lived in the country and developed it. And it is in the country that what remains of that pioneer spirit is found



cate new hymnals, hold evening service, drive twenty-nine miles to Gladstone. . .

"Friday: Drive forty-eight miles to Hermansville. . . Prepare lantern in church for evening. Give travelogue. (Bark River Indians come in to this service. . .)

"Saturday: Grease the car, drive 198 miles, make six calls, and, to complete the day, study in bed until twelve.

"Sunday: Hold three services, call in five homes, drive twenty-two miles straight ahead, spend one hour in ditch in clay, wind wheels with rope, call for help, whereupon we have two cars to get out of the clay, and go to sleep without reading.

"Tuesday: Make seven calls this A.M., see about new Sunday School work, take box of papers to be sorted, make arrangements to install some pews. . . Kind Roman Catholic friends cheer heart . . . by giving two chickens which (I) send home to wife and family. . . Drive

thirty-five miles, call at six places including high school.

"Thursday: Up at 5:00 and away. . . Drive twenty-seven miles to Eckerman, the sawmill town of the Sheldon Lumber Company. Make four calls, go through the mill. . . After this, junior church and a candle-lighting dedication of newly elected officers; we preach again. . .

"Friday: Drive twelve miles to Hulbert. . . We make nine calls, sick and non-sick, visit the pool room (these men would fight for us any day). We can see these people but twice each month at best. . . We head westward 140 miles for . . . the place called home. We arrive 1:00 Saturday morning, having traveled 673 miles and conducted twelve services in ten days. . ."

From Kittery Point to Quoddy Head is about two hundred and sixty miles, if you sail in a straight line. But so irregular is the coast of Maine that if you follow the shore line you cover nearer three thousand. In and out along this course, three hundred and sixty-five days of the year, sails the sturdy *Sunbeam*, of the Maine Seacoast Mission.

Eighty feet long, sixteen foot beam, driven by a hundred horse power Diesel motor, the *Sunbeam* is home missions afloat. Sponsored by the Maine Sea Coast Missionary Society, she has yet to know a night dark enough to keep her in port, a sky rainy or water rough enough to slow down her engines. She cruises ceaselessly among three thousand islands, covering 7,500 to 8,000 miles a year, carrying relief and the gospel of love to eight hundred widely scattered families.

She breaks through icelocked harbors in winter, clearing the way for the mail boats, bringing food and clothes to communities often cut off for weeks at a time from the mainland. Bar Harbor is headquarters; from headquarters last year went clothing to 160 needy families, went gear, loans, foodstuffs, cheer to over 2,300 individuals. The name on her stack means something to these "Down Easters." *Sunbeam* she was christened by a light-keeper's daughter who knew the meaning of the helpful ministry of her seagoing pastor.

Is a fisherman stricken with appendicitis fifty miles away? The *Sunbeam* carries him to a hospital, and brings him home again when he is well. Is a wisdom tooth jumping two hours sail away? There's a dentist in the *Sunbeam*, on his way. (Recently the little ship took a dentist, a medical hygienist and a nurse on a visit to two islands; they established a clinic in which more than one hundred men, women and children received treatment on board.) Sleeping aft is a nurse on her way to a household afflicted with mumps; reading in the cabin is a welfare worker going to find out how the children in the home of an unemployed father are getting along. Down in the "Glory Hole" of the *Sunbeam* is Dr. C. E. Bousfield, a doctor with a record of forty years of service in China, with all his medical paraphernalia.

The *Sunbeam's* skipper and crew have established Sunday Schools, Saturday schools of Religious Education, weekday schools of religion, vacation schools; they have promoted religious services in twenty-five communities; organized a "Chris-

tian Brotherhood;" visited and encouraged religious workers all along the coast to build better schools and maintain better teaching. By scholarships, grants, loans and expert counsel, ambitious boys and girls have been helped through secondary school and even college. There will be workers for tomorrow out of their ranks.

No wonder Henry Van Dyke, who knew his Maine and the *Sunbeam*, wrote of it all:

" . . . Jesus sails the seas again  
Along the granite coast of Maine.

Entirely different from the labors of our sky pilot in Michigan and our Maine skipper are the labors of Rev. C. I. Lau and Mrs. Lau. These two moved into a Midwestern rural area where there was an overabundance of churches and an underabundance of good farm land. They found 1,335 people in their new community, members of seventeen denominations, attending one of the five churches or none at all.

The first thing they did brought a smile from the community; they bought twenty acres of sparse vegetation and sandy soil. Folks said nobody had ever raised anything on that ground except big families. But the Board of Home Missions approved his buying it, and offered to help him make it a center for a rural demonstration parish and an experiment in rural religious education. The new missionaries bought a few chickens. They announced to the countryside that next Christmas Eve they would hold a new kind of service. (That was needed; the old kind consisted of baskets of food and other articles donated by commercial concerns, and raffled off to the holders of lucky numbers!). The Lau's said they would expect two hundred and fifty people to attend.

The community laughed again. Two hundred and fifty! You never got that many out, in this place, for anything but a funeral. Besides, the churches had all planned their separate services, just as they had for years; they didn't believe a union service would work out. But it did. More than four hundred came, young and old, to discover a fellowship they had never known before, and to enjoy a Christmas service that was a combination of story-telling and musical arrangement of Van Dyke's *The Story of the Other Wise Man*. A farm mother who was asked to take the part of Mary (she had never been asked to do anything like that before,) said months later, wistfully, "Why, I never thought I knew how to do anything but wash dishes and milk cows." Others had the same experience; there's a lot of talent going to waste in rural America.

These people discovered that the churches they belonged to were not so far apart as they had imagined. They started a series of Sunday evening services at Dream Haven (the new name for the old hardscrabble twenty acres) that have grown more and more popular; this is an outdoor service that has made big churchmen stop, look and listen; the people start the service singing "You go to your church and I'll go to mine, but let's walk along together." They haven't closed any churches, haven't consolidated any organizations; all they have done is to get together and try to understand each other



better. They see now that the little things that keep them apart are little indeed, and the great things that make them one are big indeed.

Dr. Lau preaches and serves three country churches in the parish; when he isn't doing that he stays home to "mind the chickens and the children," and Mrs. Lau goes to work. She is a minister too; she is carrying on a ministry of music. Working on the principle that music is the universal language that everyone understands, she has gone about the parish teaching melody to everyone who can sing or play—or who thinks he can, or who doesn't know but would like to try. In homes, churches, schools, grange halls she gathers them together. They are the little groups from which are recruited the Community Mixed Chorus.

The concerts and rehearsals start with sacred music, with "Oh Love, That Wilt Not Let Me Go," or Gounod's "O Gentle Night." They sing in the churches, at Dream Haven gatherings, at Farmer's Institutes, at P.T.A. meetings, on Rural Life Sundays, May Day, Mother's Day, Commencement night. As they improve they go on to McDowell's "To A Wild Rose," "Largo," "Londonderry Air," "The Jolly Coppersmith." The whole community has come to love the Negro because of the spirituals they hear the chorus sing; there is more sympathy with Germans and Italians than ever before, for the music of the Rhine and of Rome is now a commonplace among them.

There isn't a highly trained voice in the whole chorus, yet it is the pride of the county. They sing from the heart and not from the head. They have a fellowship that laughs at discord. They have sung their county into unity. The Community Farmers' Institute financed the chorus through its first hard year, but now it pays its own way and more. It is an organization of tithers; they give their ten per cent regularly; they have given it to buy new song books for themselves, to send a slum child to the country for two weeks, to aid shut-ins, to help a foreign-born boy sick with an incurable disease, to finance the library of a new school (the old one burned down) and to put a Bible in every room, to help churches rebuild in the flood areas.

The contagion has spread. A stringed orchestra works with the chorus now. The Board of Education gave Mrs. Lau permission to teach music in the public school one day a week; it went so well that they employed a full-time teacher—in a school that hadn't had a musical instructor for ten years. All over the countryside there are portable victrolas and musical appreciation records; Walter Damrosch is no stranger here; children and parents all know him.

A newspaper reporter sat on a bench under a tree at Dream Haven last year and watched the annual rural play-day. Three hundred people were there; long tables built of lumber taken from the old barn groaned with "eats;" the men had laid out a baseball diamond, put up swings and sand boxes provided by the 4-H Club, cut winding paths through the woods, and built a miniature golf course. Rural leaders from nearby counties were watching, taking notes. The reporter wrote in his notebook:

## Was I the One?

Was I the child  
Who in the stillness of  
The night  
Wept when I thought  
How men had killed  
The Christ?

Am I that one  
Who, daily with the mob  
I once condemned,  
Now crucifies again  
The Christ I loved?

Grace Bratlee



"Dream Haven is not a mechanically equipped amusement park. It is a rural community project, an attractive rural playground, a nature lover's retreat for all who care to enjoy it." He might have added that Dream Haven is also an outdoor temple. In the two natural amphitheaters on that farm, children are gathered to listen to Bible stories, with trees and flowers and the great blue dome of the sky for a background. Vesper services are held in the evenings.

Up through the gate, which has no bar, come the cars; they wind slowly up the long lane to form a circle of giant fireflies around the rim of the amphitheater. There the people sit and worship. The wind in the trees is a prayer; the song of a nearby lark is as much the echo of the voice of God as a golden organ note. Here they play and have their recreation; here they pray and are recreated.

Faith has been renewed and strengthened; courage has come back; a new sense of the harmony possible between God and man is born. It has been done here; it can be done anywhere.

The Rural Church Committee of the Ohio Council of Churches believes that "when Christian people operate competitive churches with competitive money they are dividing the seamless robe of the Master and they are guilty of willfully wasting the divine resources. This is sin (!)" We talk a lot about united fronts in politics, economics and society, but we have been a long, long time applying the principle to the church. The Ohio Council has applied it.

Seventy-one rural communities were surveyed by the Council; overlapping and competition were found in forty of them, and it was decided to withdraw, gradually or immediately, all financial aid from the forty and to concentrate on the remaining thirty-one. That was as painful as cutting off a finger to save an arm, but it produced the same result.

In one locality the Council found eight Presbyterian churches on a circuit served

by ministers, each of whom lived on a farm or followed some other occupation to keep himself and his family alive. All of them were underpaid; all their churches had empty pews; all were struggling to get along and keep the doors open. They joined six of these churches and a mission chapel, at the suggestion of the Council, into one cooperative parish with two pastors and a full-time social worker in charge. They found a new name for it: The Parish of Templed Hills. They bought a fourteen-acre tract of land in the open country, built a manse on it and transformed a dense thicket into a conference ground. That tract became a training ground for the youth of southeastern Ohio; it is in use today for group meetings, days of prayer for missions, youth conferences, farmer's institutes, 4-H Clubs, ministers meetings—and an occasional picnic.

To the southwest part of the state is the "Christian Fellowship Parish." Six Congregational Christian churches organized it two years back, with a representative for each church, six members-at-large and a representative from every denomination in the parish; they drew up a cooperative scheme of systematic pastoral visitation, regular Sunday schools, worship services, vacation schools, leadership training institutes and mission study classes. They cooperate with every other church in the vicinity, but it looks as if there wouldn't be any other churches very long. They are all talking of joining the one parish. In union there is strength!

North Jackson lies to the northeast. Ten years ago the leaders of the three local churches (Church of Christ, Presbyterian, Reformed) decided they were getting in each other's way; they came together and devised a program whereby all three would work under one pastor. They decided that each church was to keep its denominational connection, and they would divide their benevolence funds equally; they would hold their services in the Presbyterian building, their Sunday School in the public school, their women's activities in the Church of Christ. They tore down the Reformed building and used the lumber and stone to enlarge the Presbyterian plant. That took courage, and broad vision.

What happened? Well, first of all, this: At the end of June, when most churches close up for the summer, those in North Jackson are just getting under way. Every morning cars go hither and yon all over the township, gathering up the children for the union vacation school. Ninety children come; every available one is brought in, regardless of race, color or creed; the school meets every forenoon for two weeks, and public school teachers are glad to do the teaching, or help with it. A good will undreamed of in the earlier days has spread among the younger generation; their parents (many of them foreign born) flock in every year begging a chance to help.

Any young boy or girl who shows leadership ability has a chance to go to a summer camp. They go in relays of a half dozen each, for training in religious education; the camp runs most of the summer. There are also four other camps of from two to five days duration. The inter-

(Continued on page 51)





# RURAL YOUTH ... goes to Town

By HAYDEN HALL

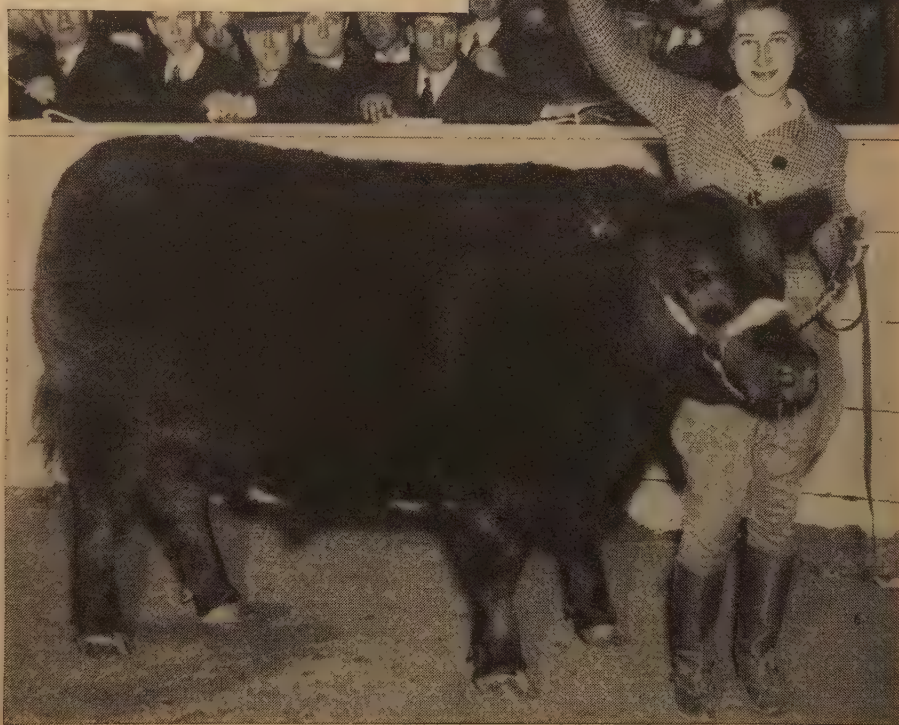
**I**F IT'S a lift you want—a lift that comes from a new and radiant vision of the quality of this country's youth—well, here it is, tailor-made and guaranteed to fit that gloomy spell occasioned by thoughts on modern youth and their future.

Perhaps you were there. Perhaps you can still feel the thrill of it as you watched those 1,500 healthy youngsters from America's rural areas come in and steal the spotlight—and a good many of the coveted prizes—from the veterans of fancy farming and the fanciers of blue-blood stock who had come to Chicago to compete in the world's biggest agricultural rodeo, the International Livestock Exposition. Perhaps, like us, you have been city bred and therefore know nothing of the extent of these 4-H clubs that are doing so much for our country's youth.

If so, you probably wandered goggle-eyed about the vast International Amphitheater connected with Chicago's stockyards, and wondered—as we did—where these kids have been all your life. And perhaps—again, like us—you grabbed a pencil out of your pocket and jotted down some of the vital statistics uncovered at this seventeenth annual congress of the organization. Notes that you felt constrained to point up with exclamation marks—like this:

"There are 1,235,000 members of 4-H, backed by 72,000 clubs and more than seven million 'alumni.' The largest rural youth organization in the world!

"These 1,500 delegates to the national congress come from forty-four states, Canada, Puerto Rico and Hawaii, and are here



by virtue of being state champions in such projects as stock-raising, dairy production, canning, food preparation, rural electrification, handicraft, home beautification, social progress, dress designing, farm accounting, etc.

"Projects to the number of 2,336,721 were completed last year! The market value of products produced by 4-H members last year was \$25,000,000!

"4-H girls canned 8,200,000 jars of food in 1938!

"Brought to this show by 4-H'ers are more than 500 champion steers, heifers,

hogs, sheep and other exhibits of a variety to discourage description. And they'll take home with them upwards of \$100,000 in prizes and scholarships!"

And when you recovered, you probably found yourself ceasing to wonder that this country's youth leaders are looking at the 4-H clubs, made up of boys and girls between the ages of ten and twenty-one, and are being heartened about the country's future, and that politicians are wringing fewer tears out of their handkerchiefs as they discuss our "farm problem."

You probably understand, too, why the





late Will Rogers made the following remark when he saw the 4-H club in action for the first time: "With all the haywire ideas we have, every once in a while we hit on a good one. This one's a thing called the 4-H club. Somebody was inspired when he founded this movement!"

There is not anywhere, so far as I can find, a monument to the founder of 4-H. Indeed, it seems there is a lot of uncertainty as to who he is. Since the thing has taken on such proportions, any number have modestly come forward and offered their heads for the crown, which makes

listen in great numbers to the call of the city. Paree was enticing away the sons of the farm. The result was that agriculture was lagging and the rural population decreasing steadily.

The statisticians and the statesmen began to be alarmed. Youth was making a too rapid exodus from the place to which the country must look for things to put into its stomach. The nation's bread-basket was being depopulated. And a threat to the stomach is a threat nobody can take lightly. The economists, therefore, began to join the moralists and the farm

On page 21, top, are the 1938 National Health Champions—left to right, Gerald Hawley, Nebraska, Britt Phillips, Georgia, Hubert Littlefield, Louisiana, Kendall Wilson, Iowa, Ruth K. Mason, North Carolina, Louise Johnson, Alabama, Jeffie Poland, Louisiana, and Barbara Beebee, Iowa. Below that is Irene Brown, Illinois girl with her Grand Champion steer, Mercer. This page, top, Vera Podleford, of Austin, Minn., with the Grand Champion Southdown, Penn's Luton Hoo. Below, the winners in the 4-H National Dress Revue, left to right, Laura Trosper, Oklahoma, Adele Fellett, Arizona, Dorothy Schilder, South Dakota, and Ruth Lewis, Kentucky. Acme photos.

the idea's paternity somewhat uncertain. But we have the feeling that the thing should be sifted down, the real founder's identity established, and he should be garlanded and shoved into a secure niche among the country's real benefactors. For this man, you'll admit, took a pretty dark situation and illuminated it with a bright idea.

It seems that Paree was to blame for the dark situation. Remember the ditty we all sang during the World War, "How're you gonna keep 'em down on the farm after they've seen Paree?" But Paree was more than a city; it was a state of mind. Paree was all of urban life; it was city pleasures, city industries, city education, city habits of living. And it existed long before the war. Back as far as the turn of the century, when farm machinery began to release agricultural labor in large flocks, Paree made its bid. The more aggressive of farm youth, robbed of opportunity for their talents and horizons for their ambitions, began to

parents in searching their souls for new cries of alarm. How to keep 'em down on the farm became the hour's burning question.

Here and there individuals sought the answer. Will B. Otwell of Illinois promoted a corn-raising campaign among 500 boys; a school superintendent in Iowa, O. H. Benson, began to give school credits for scientifically managed farm projects; Mr. A. B. Graham, a school supervisor in Ohio, who later was attached to the United States Department of Agriculture, stimulated his farm youth with a contest and prizes for the best products raised; and other sporadic efforts were staged in various parts of the farm belt, some of the most effective being led by ministers and other leaders of rural churches.

Finally some organizing genius shouted, "Let's get together!" And the result was a single movement which eventually adopted this pledge for its members:

"I pledge my *head* to clearer thinking, my *heart* to greater loyalty, my *hands* to larger service, and my *health*, to better living for my club, my community and my country."

An emblem bearing a four-leaf clover with an "H" on each of its leaves became the club's banner, and the march began. In 1913 the organization had more than 100,000 pledged members, and a year later Congress began to sit up and take notice of the possibilities inherent in the 4-H club. The legislators made funds available for extension services of agricultural colleges, and counties began to get expert farm supervisors whose jobs included the duty of promoting 4-H programs in their communities. Since 1914, 4-H Club work has been under the administration and supervision of the U. S. Department of Agriculture and the State Colleges of Agriculture.

The 4-H idea spread rapidly. And in 1921 a number of business leaders, industrialists and professional men banded together to give the club their backing, forming the National Committee on Boy's and Girl's Club Work, solely to encourage and assist the 4-H movement, with G. L. Noble as managing director. It is this committee that organized the annual congress each November, tying it in with Chicago's ambitious International Livestock Exposition.

A very important part of the real genius of the 4-H movement is the work of 125,000 volunteer leaders, who are in charge of 80,000 local clubs, which are found in every state in the Union.

A monthly magazine, "National 4-H Club News," was put on the press, and all over the land farm boys were scaring the rabbits out of the furrows with the 4-H plowing song:



*Sons of the soil are we,  
Men of the coming years,  
Facing the dawn,  
Brain ruling brawn,  
Lords of our land we'll be.*

The result was that farm youth with itching feet were soon pausing on their pilgrimage to Paree. It might be a good idea, they felt, to close an ear to the city's siren voice and see what was going on down on the farm!

Many are the glittering deeds that span-gel with glory the 4-H banner. Clubs all over the country, shepherded by county agents, school and church officials, and civic societies, such as Rotary and Kiwanis, are accomplishing things that even the most disinterested admit are "really something," important both to the youngsters and to their communities.

A good case in point is 14-year-old Irene Brown, a hazel-eyed, brown-haired, high school sophomore of Aledo, Ill. Irene came to the congress accompanied by her 1,100-pound Aberdeen-Angus steer, a sleek black beast named Mercer II, with the marks of pampered aristocracy upon him. Irene entered her steer in a number of preliminary contests, all of which he won without half trying. Then he was eligible for a shot at the loftiest prize of all, the highest honor America can confer in her livestock realm, namely, the title of grand champion. And he won, hoofs down!

It was the first time in the thirty-nine years of the exposition that a girl had fattened, groomed and exhibited the prize animal. And the feat brought her more than applause. She won twenty-five dollars in the feeding contest, received \$100 for owning the grand champ and \$500 as a gift from the American-Aberdeen-Angus Association—and, when her steer was auctioned off, the haughty Mercer II brought \$3.35 a pound, or \$3,785. Just a farmer's daughter who made the city slickers pay and pay.

I had a talk with Irene, and learned that she paid sixty dollars for the steer eleven months previously. She took the feeding and grooming of the animal as her 4-H project for the year, and, in addition to her normal farm-girl chores, managed to find time to be meticulous about his diet of grain and clover, and to scrub his velvety coat with castile soap as faithfully as she cared for her own brown tresses. And now that the mighty Mercer had paid off in a big way, Irene told me she was going to take her prize money—totaling more than \$4,500 altogether—and put herself through college.

And there are 1,234,999 other 4-H'ers like her. They are raising finer cattle, sheep, wheat and corn than their dads ever did; they are sprucing up school buildings and farmhouses until they're like new, staging drama contests on a state-wide scale, producing opera and equipping their own orchestras out of the money realized on pigs and chickens they raise; they are canning carloads of vegetables, planting trees by the millions, preventing forest fires, checking erosion, making wild game preserves; they are putting themselves through grade school and college on money earned from their individual projects, and doing a thousand and one things—all on the slenderest of shoestring capital.

But what does all this activity mean in character development? True, the 4-H

program offers these sturdy sons and daughters of the soil diversion, stimulating competition and a chance to earn blue ribbons and prize money. But the by-product of their labor is far more important than their labor itself. And that by-product is character. While urban youth's character has been floundering in the depression, in multitudes of cases gypped out of the chance to work and even the right to hope they may find their place in the scheme of things—and hence have been developing



## E A S T E R

Not vain the promise of white  
Eastertide,

And not in vain the green  
ascending grass.

Grim was the spear that pierced His  
tortured side,

Sad His dark hour, alas!

But O that moment when He rolled  
away

The stone that bound Him in the  
prisoning tomb;

And on that same triumphant Easter  
day,

Rose many a trembling bloom:

Lilies that loosed the iron gates of  
Death,

Tulips that told once more that Life  
is good;

After His silence the awakening  
breath,

The abandoned Cross of wood;

A light upon the earth that had not  
shone

Without this miracle of Easter  
day. . .

O heart, rejoice! O soul, look back  
upon

The stone He rolled away.

—Charles Hanson Towne

★ ★ ★

an apathy toward honest labor and a dangerous attitude toward a society that gives them no break—rural youth's character has been receiving, through 4-H activity, that conditioning and toughening that can come only through minds and hands being occupied with worth-while endeavor.

While they have been busy on projects, those projects have been busy throwing struts of strength into their character. The qualities that are bred from close contact with the soil and the creatures on it, and from intercourse with nature and all her moods, are being stored up in their character, to present themselves when the ex-

igencies of life call for them. The farm is no place for a sissy, no place for the fellow who can't take it on the chin and come up with a grin and with knuckled fist for the next round. Crop failures, land sucked dry by drought and smeared over by dust storms, the hundred and one afflictions that can make potential prize-winning animals sicken and die—these and other adversities the 4-H'er learns to take in his stride, creating morale out of menace.

But let's not get too far ahead of our story. Let's dress up our show window with a few samples of what 4-H does for and to the kids who are active in the order. I talked to and investigated the records of scores of the young delegates to the 1938 congress. And there's a story in every one of them.

Take Katherine Sire, for example. Katherine, who hails from Belt, Montana, was one of the two winners of the most coveted prize of the 1938 congress, the "national achievement" award. According to the judges, Katherine devoted her spare time to accomplishing the following miscellany of odd jobs:

She canned 6,632 pints of food, prepared 1,052 meals and 736 dishes, entered twenty-one judging contests, modeled twenty-three times in dresses she sewed, made forty exhibits at various shows, held fourteen offices in her local 4-H club, served two terms as vice-president of the county club, assembled a complete college wardrobe, and, during the last six years, made 148 garments. The value placed on her club work is \$2,253.

So I sought out the young lady. She is a modest, poised person, and comes from a Montana ranch. She told me of her start with the 4-H some eight years ago.

"My first project was a dress," she said. "I was only ten, and I'll never forget bouncing along on our old horse to the nearest neighbor who had a machine I could use to sew on."

Nor could she forget the 1937 congress of 4-H when, with forty others, she walked across the large stage at Chicago's Orchestra Hall in the national dress revue held each year as a feature of the congress, modeling her own creations. And when she was declared the national winner, "I almost passed out!" she gasped, remembering what any girl, city or country, would consider her life's highlight.

Self-decoration was only one of the arts Katherine learned through the 4-H Club. As a "Home Improvement" project she tackled the task of making more livable the three-room log cabin that was her home. "I'll always remember my thrill of accomplishment when, after putting up those curtains of colonial checked design, I stood outside to see how they looked," she said. "No mansion ever seemed so grand. It was fun, too, refinishing the furniture in its natural color, painting the floor, making a woven desk, chair and table with leather accessories. In this little 'made-over' haven of discarded furniture I lived—and learned."


Becoming a junior leader of 4-H, she gave music lessons to finance the starting of projects for her club. And last summer, she took on the task of cooking for a crew of harvesters, planning and preparing no fewer than 414 meals for the hungry farm hands. In Katherine's achievement record at the National Committee office I was

(Continued on page 52)



By

DR. CHARLES  
M. SHELDON

 THE Editor has asked me to write an article for the *Herald* on the kind of town I would like to live in. I already live in a town I like pretty well after fifty years' residence. But I don't want to make people who live somewhere else jealous of mine, so I am going to draw a picture of a town that does not really exist except in the imagination, but might actually become a real town if it were planned by the right sort of citizens. So here goes for the town I would like to live in, (or in which I would like to live, to please the grammarians).

I would like to live in a town of not more than 15,000 people. The big cities have never attracted me, and I have never understood why the Apostle John pictured the future heaven as a City. Of course he said "The new Jerusalem," which might mean a very great difference between some of the old cities we know if they could be made over into new.

This town of mine would contain people who would for the most part live in houses that were their own, and not in hotels and apartments. I would like to have the streets in this town follow graceful curves and not laid out with straight lines; and in front of each house I would like to see a flower garden graced with pin oaks. (There is such a town in America, but I don't want to tell where it is for fear of too much correspondence.)

Then, to complete the surroundings of the homes where the people live, I would have a generous space of land behind each house that could be used for a practical vegetable and fruit garden, where each family could raise its own lettuce and radishes and strawberries. (I had such a garden back of my house where I lived some years ago, and one year we had on our table all the fresh vegetables we wanted, all the sweet corn and peas and strawberries, right out of our own garden and enough potatoes to last us all winter.) In many towns that don't belong to this ideal one I am telling about there are multitudes of citizens living with vacant land back of their houses where gardens of this sort could be worked with pleasure and profit. I have often wondered why they don't do it.

In this 15,000-population town there would of course be some organization called a church. What kind of church? I would like a People's Church. I know a town not many miles from the town where I am living, of the same population as the one I would like to live in, where there are ten different churches of ten different denominations. But in the town I am choosing there would be one church for all the people with perhaps eight or ten ministers looking after the religious and cultural needs of all the people. That would mean buildings enough to accommodate the peo-



A PLACE I'D LIKE



ple and the different ministers could divide the duties of preaching and looking after the young people and carrying on departments of music and art and literature and everything that goes with the Abundant Life that Jesus came to give the world. But no sectarianism or denominationalism. A People's Church, preaching and teaching the things that Jesus taught and lived. In this town I would like to live in, there would, of course, be a newspaper, an evening paper carried on by a staff of editors who regarded the daily press as much bound to preach the Gospel as the Church. This Daily I have in mind would have a different front page from the one that all the dailies in America now print. I think, myself, that the American public is getting very tired of the front page of the "Morning Shudder" and the "Evening Depressor." The constant iteration of crime and accident and trouble on the front page is beginning to pall on John Citizen, as he picks it up off the front porch. The milk on the back porch has been inspected but the paper on the front porch is thrown there with all the filth and disease and bad actions of the human race smelling to heaven or the other place, and it begins to look to me that a paper like the one I would like to have in my little town would receive a welcome from the general public.

I would like to see on the front page of my daily at least once a week just one article and only one, some great thing that would make the reader think and then

go and do something. And once a week or oftener the Editor would put his best editorial on the front page and sign his name to it and it would all be read. I haven't time to tell all the things this daily would do, but I would want such a daily in my town.

There would probably be a movie in this town of mine, but the Town Manager, who would be hired to take charge of the town, would not have the movie giving shows on Sunday and he would see to it that the films shown would have to be decent and worth while. I am not sure in my mind at this writing how this can be done under the present United States laws which prevent the local movie man from seeing the films sent him before he can choose the ones that are decent and worth while; but the town that I prefer to live in would find a way, I think, to make the amusement and recreation part of the town clean and wholesome. In this connection also I would be sure that the Manager who ran the business of the town would be able to wipe off the news stands the vulgar magazines that disfigure the scenery and place on the stands the papers and magazines that can be read without a blush or the sneaking up, furtively, of the buyer to get what he wants.

Instead of billboards advertising beer and radios and general merchandise I would have boards that would have printed on them quotations from the great literature of the world and sentences that would





## TO LIVE IN



make people think and then go and do something. These boards could be put into the charge of students in the High School, (I don't need to say that the town I want to live in would have a High School), and the students could take turns selecting the sentences to be painted or printed on the boards, and perhaps some sort of prizes for the best sentences given each week. Most of the towns I go into are disfigured by the advertising billboards which do not belong to a civilized town, at least not to the one we are talking about.

And speaking of beer, it goes without writing or saying, that there would be no beer parlors in this town that I want to live in, and no slot machines or gambling devices of any sort. It is an amazing fact that in most towns and cities of the United States these devices "get by" the authorities, and while the local police will pinch Johnny for breaking an electric light bulb Halloween night, they never touch his father when he plays the game of trying to get something for nothing. The town I want to live in, of course would have police or town guardians, men and women, and the Town Manager would make as a requisite to get on the force that all the members of it must be college graduates, and of a sort as good as the men and women the missionary societies send to foreign lands to convert the heathen. For it has always seemed to me like one of the curious civic blunders that we put over our cities, to police them,

men with a club to punish crime instead of men and women whose business would be to prevent crime by the same process that foreign missionaries employ to change the lives of cannibals and idolaters and make decent Christians out of them. As for example the tremendous educational work of the missionaries in the islands of the South Seas, and in other desperate human surroundings. The police system in the cities of America is without excuse. The policemen and policewomen in my town will have the same social standing as the school teachers and the members of churches—educated, refined, cultured, lovers of mankind, Big Brother to the children and on the part of the women police, Big Sister to all the women in her ward—saving life instead of punishing it. And so much for that.

Of course this town of mine would have recreational centers and parks and beauty spots. I would like to see what is called the business section beautified with artistic store fronts and some gardens around the stores instead of the dreary stereotyped brick walls and sidewalks. I go into a good many towns where the business section is an eyesore—nothing to please or gladden the eye, nothing artistic or compelling, just nothing but a blunt demand to come in and buy something. My town would make the business section as pleasant and artistic as the parks or playgrounds, and the merchants would not lose anything by it, but make more honest money.

Well, I have about used all the words the Editor said I might use for this article, but I want to close by saying that this town that I would like to live in wouldn't be worth living in unless the people were the right sort. For after all, towns are people and not buildings. Sometimes when I get off a train where I am going to give a talk or a lecture, the Committee on the Program will meet me and the chairman will say, "we have time this morning and we would like to show you the town."

So I get into the auto and the Committee drive me around and show me buildings, the new Court House, the Vinegar Works, the big Post Office, the Town Hall, the Button Factory and then, to put a climax, they drive out into the residence section and point out where the richest man in town lives.

And they think they have shown me The Town.

But what I would like to have them do would be something like this as we start up the street.

"See that woman over there? That is our police matron. She is one of the most useful persons in this town. She saves the girls from going wrong. She is one of our most important citizens." We drive on and the chairman slows down and says, "See that woman over there? She is one of our many splendid school teachers and we don't know what we would do without her." We pass by a house where a man is just stepping out of the front door, and the chairman almost stops the car and he says, "See that man? He represents hundreds of others. See him kiss his wife goodbye? He is just starting down town to do an honest business to keep his home going. He and his wife

## Travail

Till now, O God,  
I could not understand  
Gethsemane.  
Life's cup of woe  
And crown of thorns,  
Had passed so far  
From me,  
I could but sense  
Deep mystery.  
Till now I could not feel  
The pain of Calvary.  
Thy broken body,  
Bruised hands,  
And blood for others spent,  
Were hidden in the  
Shadows of the Garden,  
Where you went.  
Till now the night of tears,  
Seemed but Thy destiny.  
If I were one of those  
Who slept whilst Thou  
Didst pray,  
Forgive, dear God;  
I had not glimpsed  
Life's sacrificial way.

—Mrs. Claude Allen McKay

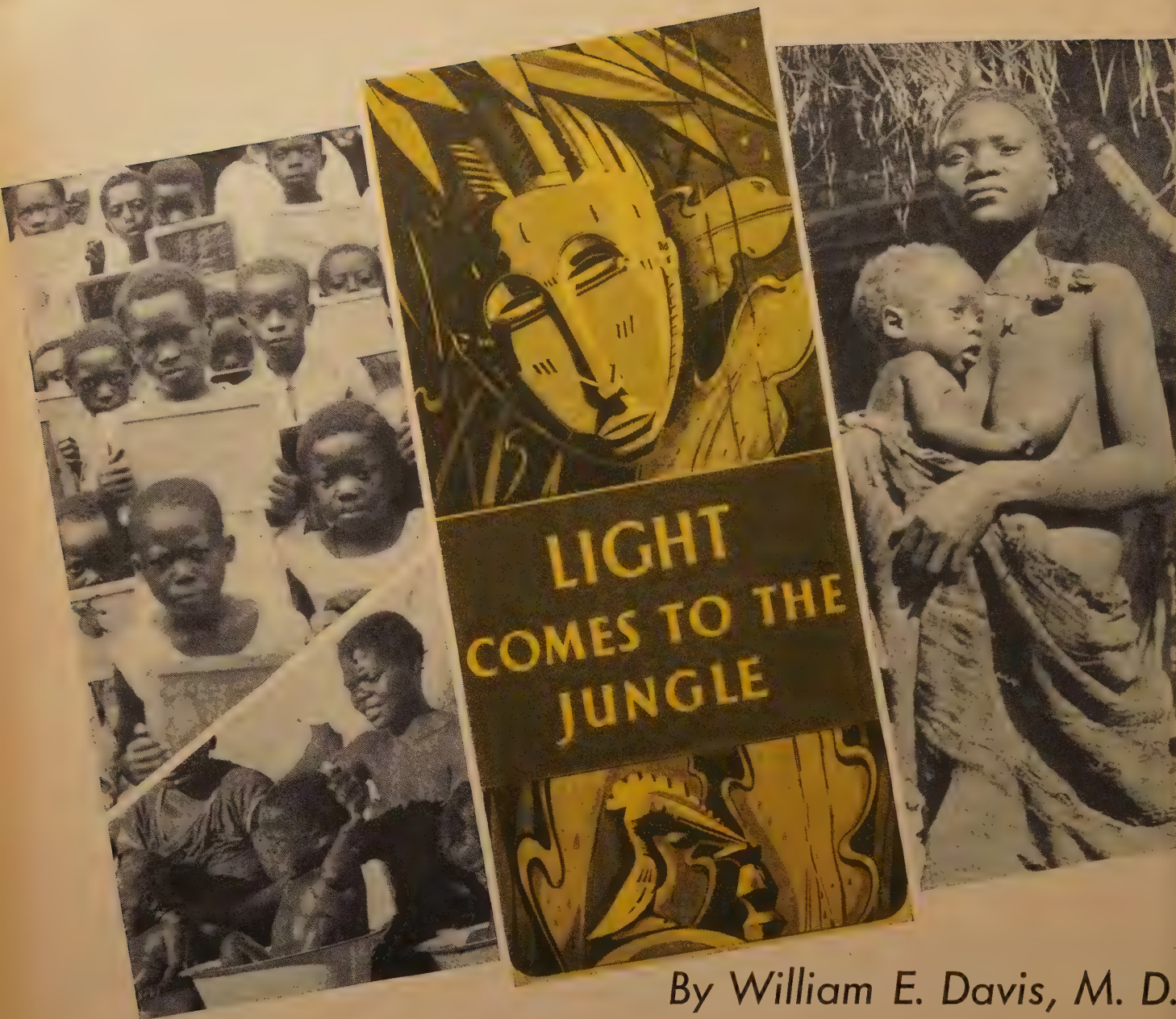
belong to a church and his children belong to a Sunday School and he is coming home at night to spend the evening with his family. Law-abiding citizen, clean and decent and a good citizen, and we have a lot like him."

So the Committee drive me along pointing out folks that live in that town and when I get back to my hotel I have seen that town. For towns are *people*, not buildings. I have never had the Committee do that to me but I wish they would.

"Well," Mr. Editor says, "where is this town you would like to live in?"

And I confess I shall have to answer, "I don't just know, not yet. But when I find it I will let you know, and perhaps you will ask me to write another article about where the folks can be found to make such a town. For after all, towns are not institutions or buildings, but people. For people make towns, towns don't make people."





By William E. Davis, M. D.

**I**T MAY be that we who know it and love it see it with a somewhat romantic eye, but we call it Bolenge, the beautiful. Built on a high bank on the east side of the Congo, this typical Central African mission station looks far out across the muddy waters of the mighty stream toward the setting sun.

In the late afternoon the breeze blows in from the river, rustling through the palm branches and dispelling the intense heat of the equatorial day; and as the shadows of the evening lengthen there descends upon the watcher of the tropic scene a profound sense of utter quietness and peace.

It is a place where visions may be seen—and I have seen them there. I have dreamed dreams of the development of the dark-skinned inhabitants of this country, these Bantus of ancient lineage, the children of the forest.

Evening after evening I have watched the sun go down in a splendor of cloud effects of breath-taking beauty; and as it dropped, a great, red ball of fire, beyond the rim of the far-distant jungle it painted the wide waters with a crimson band. The colors of the sunset slowly faded—from brilliant red to gold; to pur-

ple; gray; and then to black. Darkness—and high in the heavens above the quiet earth a star appeared. A bright star. It was, I thought, the star of hope and promise for the future of this emergent race.

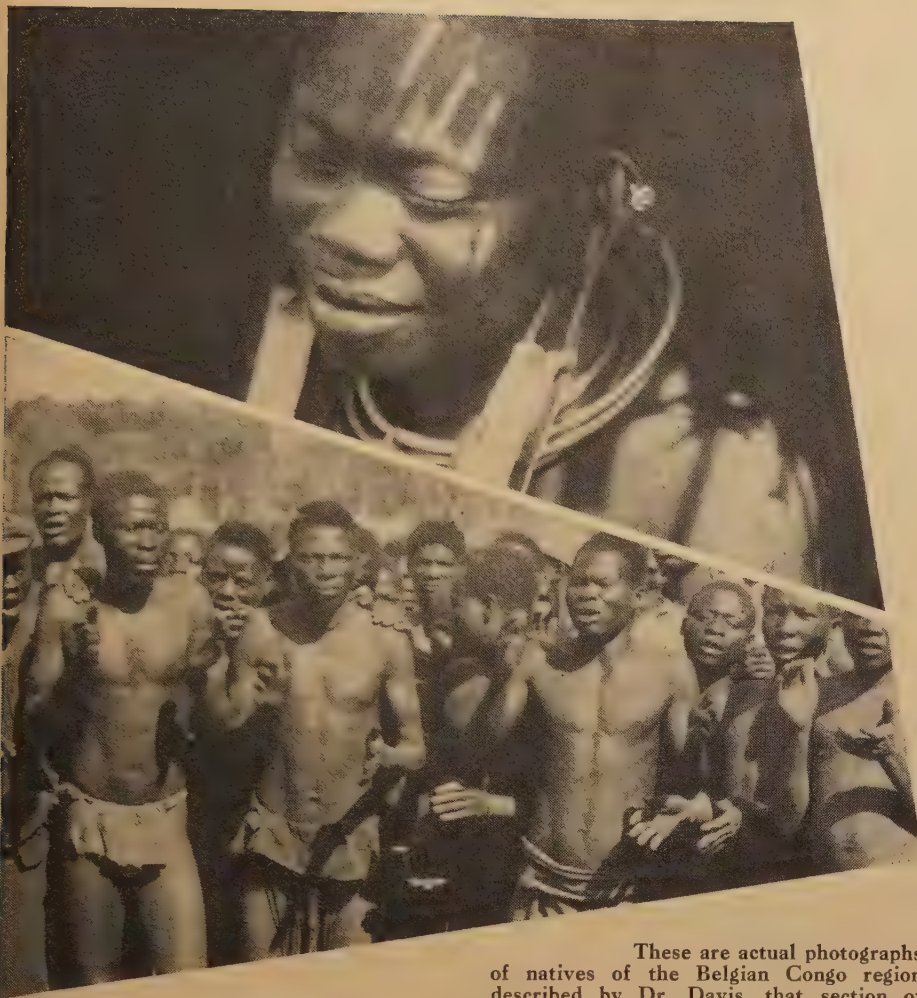
There is, at Bolenge, the advanced school of our mission, the Congo Christian Institute, where especially selected students from all over our field come to be trained for leadership. I have often wondered if they, too, watch that star and if they see in it a mystic significance. And will they follow it as the wise men of old did the star of the Bible story to the feet of Jesus, the Saviour?

I cannot say how much their minds may run to mystic signs but I am sure of this, that there are many of them who have caught the practical vision of the advancement of their people both economically and spiritually. It has been one of the biggest satisfactions of my association with the missionary work in Congo to see these young chaps as they have developed from typical sons of the jungle into mature and responsible and spiritually sensitive men, with a definite grasp of the problems which confront them and with the ability to carry out constructive programs.

It is not to be understood from such a statement that the way of transition is easy. On the contrary, it is extremely complex and difficult. These people are jungle born; their animistic heritage may not be lightly put aside; and powerful forces bind them to their traditional way of life. "Can the leopard change his spots or the Ethiopian his skin?" A native may dress himself in European clothes and to all appearances he is a different character; but to change him from within—to bring about a fundamental shift in his ideas and ideals and to imbue him with the adequate moral force to follow them—that is a greater matter.

They are facing a hard task, these new, young leaders. The lateness of the discovery of this part of Africa and the delay in its development has resulted in an anomalous situation. Civilization (so-called) has literally exploded like a bomb-shell in their midst. These people who have been hidden away for centuries in the density of their tropical forest are now being subjected with great suddenness to all the contrary currents of our modern life. These forest aborigines who have been living as their forefathers lived for hundreds, perhaps thousands, of years





These are actual photographs of natives of the Belgian Congo region described by Dr. Davis, that section of Africa which, until recent years, has been the least visited and most unknown part of Africa—as well as the least developed



are now being brought forcefully into contact with our highly mechanized western culture. Never before has a considerable population been called upon to make so rapid and extensive a transition. Young men who have never before even seen a wheelbarrow are put to tending complicated machinery; the Congo native has come naked out of the jungle and gone to work in a garage.

If Walter Lippmann could quote, a few years back, that "whirl is king" when he was referring to the modern mental and moral confusion, what might be said of the effect of the impact of the unsettling and disintegrating forces of the present age upon the wholly untutored and totally unprepared mind of the Central African?

This is a critical time in the struggle between the forces of good and of evil. Still essentially primitive and comparatively uninfluenced in their beliefs and emotions, possessed of no organized religion or system of philosophy, the Congolese offer a unique opportunity for the spread of Christian teaching—an opportunity and a challenge; for the white man has been responsible for the sweeping away of most of the old economic, social and moral groundwork of native life and in common decency he must concern himself with an attempt to put something in its place which is at least as good.

I do not mean that the process is finished, for there are great masses of the population that are as yet relatively unaffected with regard to their social and moral customs; but the rate of demolition is rapid. Each day sees a further dis-

ruption of the old order and a greater resulting confusion of ideas. Swept from their moorings by the waves of foreign influence and buffeted by the winds of the worst that our civilization has to offer, the life lines must be thrown out quickly or the small, uncertain spiritual craft of the Congolese will founder in the sea of utter materialism.

And these lifelines, what are they? They are the convictions and enthusiasms of the indigenous leadership of the country. Against the oncoming forces of evil—whiskey, gambling, harlotry, commercial vice, graft, complete money-mindedness—the modern missionary pits the sincere spirituality of the Christian educated young men.

If the flood of commercialism and entire worldliness is to be stemmed and the people are to be led out of animism into an enlightened and adequate social and moral life, these young men are the ones who will be best able to do it. The young graduates of our own advanced school and the similar schools of the other missions, both Protestant and Catholic, are, to my mind, the main hope for the future advance of the principles of the Kingdom of God in the Congo, and I am convinced that they will acquit themselves well and will stamp their impress deeply on the life and character of the people with whom they work.

Do not mistake me. They are not fin-

ished products. They will be sorely tempted. They will falter often and often be led astray; but by their sincerity and by their earnestness and by their faith they will go on to accomplish a worthwhile work for the Master.

There is Itofe. Itofe who styles himself in his letters to us "your very own son." I remember him as he came raw (I mean *raw*) from his forest village of Ilongo Nkindo to enroll as a schoolboy at Wema. Ugly and puny, with filed teeth and prominent tribal markings on his face, he was as ill-favored a looking lad of eleven or twelve as it is possible to imagine, but he was fired with a tremendous desire for learning. No more persistent questioner ever lived than he. Regardless of what my wife or I happened to be doing we could never be sure that Itofe wouldn't pop up from somewhere with his perpetual what and why. In the middle of the night we were apt to be awakened by his voice under our window demanding to know the answer to some problem in his mind.

With entire singleness of purpose he finished the Wema school and the Institute at Bolenge and then went for two added years to Kimpese, the advanced school for the Presbyterian and Baptist missions. He had a great desire to come to America to continue his studies, and while he was at Kimpese he wrote to my wife saying, "If I could only go to America where I would have the opportunity for higher learning I would gladly crawl there on my hands and knees."

When our first boy was born there were no other white people on the station (indeed there were no other white people within two days' journey,) and he had scarcely arrived when I was called to do an emergency amputation of a crushed leg. I called Itofe and told him to stay close at hand so that he might bring me any message my wife might wish to send. For the better part of two hours he never took his eyes off the baby and every few minutes he would whisper to my wife, "He's breathing, mama." I have confidence that Itofe will be faithful to any trust that is imposed in him.

There is Bongeimba who came from another mission to enter the first class at the Congo Christian Institute. He made an outstanding record for scholarship and all-around cultural development and has been on the faculty of the school since his graduation. Quite young, enthusiastic, tactful, with a keen sense of humor and possessed of a great store of native folk tales and proverbs, he makes a fine teacher and leader.

There is Mpengo (also on the Institute faculty,) who ran away from his family as a lad to follow an itinerant evangelist. "It is fitting," he said to his parents in trying to get their permission to go, "that I follow this man and learn more of the things that he is teaching." He has learned much in the years since then and has caught, as few have caught, the vital spirit of the Christian message.

There is Njoku Jembo—he of the fine capabilities and erratic temperament. He couldn't ever bring himself to play a minor part. He had to be in the limelight and have things his own way or he would sulk. Egotistical, now enthusiastic, now sullen, it looked as if he would never get settled down to anything for any length



of time. Now, however, it looks as if he had struck his stride as a government clerk. He had many faults but he was likeable and his intentions were always good.

There is Litele who, since his graduation from the Institute, has done a most excellent piece of work in organizing and supervising the Sunday Schools in our mission area. His effectiveness and fine spirit are an inspiration to all who have contact with him.

There are the others—the many, many

checked and the collection money taken.

It was on such a trip that Mr. E. B. Smith was inducting Bokenge into his new office and I went along to hold a series of medical clinics, there being no hospital or dispensary in that particular section.

We went up the Momboyo and Loilaka rivers for a journey of six days by river steamer and then returned overland by a circuitous route, arriving home at the end of two months. The teachers and preachers (always referred to on the mission as evangelists) had been sent word to fore-

our only avenue of contact with the outside world and the arrival of news was so slow and far apart. Perhaps it is that all rivers invoke a melancholy mood and Congo rivers are only like the rest.

At any rate they are very pleasant to travel on. Our mission has a seventy-five or eighty-foot, double decked, stern-wheel steamer named the "Oregon," and a trip of a week or so on it was a major delight.

No one ever packed to go aboard but simply moved his plunder on loose with the aid of some dozens of little native schoolboys, very much as if he were moving from one room in his house to another.

The start is always made in bustle and confusion with a great crowd of natives on the beach shouting and waving goodbye to their friends and relatives, who travel (sort of second class, as it were,) on the lower deck of the boat with the steamer workmen. But after the boat is well away things quiet down and one settles himself for the utter enjoyment of life.

The days on the little steamer are all alike. Early in the morning, long before daylight, one becomes aware, without fully waking up, of the noises of the building of the fire in the boiler and the getting up of steam. Later he is stirred to semi-consciousness by the singing of the boat crew who begin the day with a short service of song and prayer. But when the singing stops and the boat pulls out one allows the easy motion, the rhythmic beating of the paddle wheel and the soft puffing sound of the blower through the stack to lull him once more into sleep.

One rises when he chooses and breakfasts at leisure and then, with book or magazine in hand, adjusts himself comfortably in a deck chair. Slowly time passes. The steamer chuffs steadily on. Hour after hour, the unending and unchanging panorama of the jungle unrolls before the eyes. It is always the same—a solid, monotonous wall of living green with no more variation in it than a plate of spinach. And yet it fascinates and never tires.

Now and then there is a village—a tiny clearing along the bank and a huddle of huts. The naked village youngsters run along even with the boat as far as the path by the river extends, waving their arms and shouting in greeting.

One alternately reads and simply sits staring at the forest. He sinks a little deeper into his deck chair. He sleeps. After a while lunch is served and then there is the siesta with another hour of good repose—blessed institution! One returns to his chair on the deck and sits relaxed in body and mind. Again he reads and stares and snoozes. The day wears on. Long shadows form on the water. The fleecy white clouds that hung fixed in the cobalt sky of the early afternoon are darker now and more closely spaced. One arouses from his lethargy to bathe and prepare for dinner. In spite of a sedentary day the appetite is good and the cook boy has prepared an excellent meal.

The darkness comes quickly and the little stern wheeler ties up at some village where there is steamer wood for sale. The villagers come thronging to the beach and mingle with the natives from the boat while the crew loads on the wood for the next day's run. Fires are soon built along

(Continued on page 48)



The shaded portion of this map shows the Bolenge District, in the Belgian Congo country. By placing this map over the map of Africa in your atlas, so that the mouth of the Congo, shown above, is directly over the mouth of the same river in the atlas, you will get a clear conception of the location of Bolenge

more, the seekers after knowledge that have accepted Jesus as their spiritual leader and are working for the spread of His kingdom. Not all have done what we might have wished for them. Some have drifted back into the old ways. Some have turned aside to follow the lure of money. Some have allowed desire for personal prestige to prevent them from doing their best work. There have been failures and disappointments and heartaches but on the whole they have done well—amazingly well when one considers their background and handicaps.

And I must not fail to mention Bokenge Daniele, who was lately installed as a supervisor of the evangelists and teachers of a large section of the Lotumbe field, and with whom it was my privilege to travel on his first trip of inspection.

Perhaps I should say a word about these fields. Congo mission stations are situated at strategic points in large areas from where the work can be carried out as effectively as possible. The area supervised by Lotumbe is approximately the size of the state of Maryland and in a thousand tiny villages hidden away in the depths of the tropical forest the native preachers and teachers carry on their labors. Every year and sometimes more often some missionary goes through these sections and visits centrally located villages where the workers gather to worship, to be paid, and to have the membership of their churches

gather at certain villages and the news spread that medicine and "the needle" would be available. We stayed in each of these villages—about a dozen all told—from four to five days.

I was always glad of a chance to make a river steamer journey. I know of nothing more enjoyable in the way of travel (for a person as lazy as I am, at least!) than a voyage on one of these tributaries of the Congo.

Congo rivers are quiet, thoughtful, melancholy currents that wind, with innumerable twistings and turnings, in and out of the dark, low-lying, impenetrable forest—thick, coffee-colored, silt-laden streams; the homes of the crocodile and the hippo. Not always melancholy, of course, for they have their more cheerful aspects; but for the most part I have found their shadowy, smoothly-flowing waters somber and depressing. I can't exactly say why that is. Perhaps because they have accumulated something of the dark and mysterious quality of the jungle from which they spring and through which they pass. Perhaps they share the heavy burden of fear of the spirit-ridden people of the region. Perhaps, in verity, as the natives believe, their swirling eddies are the dwelling places of the "bilima" or spirits of the water which are to be propitiated with bits of food when anyone goes by. Perhaps it was just my impatience with them because they were



# By Arthur C. Baldwin

[Part Eight]

**W**HEN Tom Moore had suggested that Bruce call on his aunt, that Mandy had decided to do something for the new church, Bruce had not expected very much. He had not even been hopeful when he knocked at her door. A few hundred, perhaps, but nothing to touch that gnawing deficit that had been his burden for many months.

Miss Peel had seemed very feeble when he was ushered in, unable to leave her chair. She had welcomed him, however, with something of her old acerbity and brusqueness.

"How's the new church coming along?" she demanded.

She listened intently, her eyes seeming never to leave his face as he recounted the progress they had made on account of the open winter. The foundations were practically completed.

"We're going to have a really modern building," he concluded, "and we shall expect you to be there when we lay the cornerstone."

As he was speaking he was conscious of how weak she really was, a transparency in her skin, her hands blue ribbed and wasted.

It was then that Miss Peel had bade him get her papers from the old mahogany secretary. Slowly, hesitantly, with hands that trembled and fumbled, she had man-

aged to open what proved to be her will and extended it to him. "Read it."

Smiling indulgently, he had taken the paper and glanced through it. It was not long. In legal phraseology it divided the testator's possessions both real and personal equally between her nephew Tom Moore and the First Church of Millvale. There was attached a list of securities that made him catch his breath. Untutored as he was in market affairs, it was clear that the whole summed up to more than \$20,000. It meant at least ten thousand for the church.

"There's just one thing," said Miss Peel. "You ain't to say a word to a living soul, nobody, not even Jim Knowles. I don't want 'em to be pesterin' me. I'll be gone soon enough and they'll know old Mandy was thinkin' 'bout 'em. You promise."

Of course he had promised.

As Bruce gratefully recalled the conversation, he was only sorry that the pledge of secrecy was on him. He could not speak to a soul. Perhaps it would not be for long. Mandy looked very frail but until she died, the wonderful news was corked up tight in his head.

Several days after the election, Bruce saw Mary Knowles drive her car up to the curb in front of the house. Then Mrs. Caleb's voice sounded from the

Bruce followed Mary up the broad stairs. She was very close to him and he was very conscious of her. "Wait, Mary," he called breathlessly, "I want to talk to you"

porch, and Mary smiled, waved, and stepped lightly through the gate. Safely hidden behind Mrs. Caleb's lace curtains Bruce watched her hungrily as long as she was in sight. He heard her greet Mrs. Caleb on the porch. Then doors closed and there was silence. They had gone back into the kitchen where Mrs. Caleb entertained her more intimate friends.

Bruce gloomed. For the moment all the glad thoughts had been driven out by the torture of Mary's presence. He loved her and to see her was to be reminded of what he could not have. Her presence down in the kitchen was tantalizing. He played with the idea of popping in on them as though he had not known she was there. Or there might be some bit of business, something to do with her class to talk over. But of course he could not go down. The subterfuge would be too apparent.

Mrs. Caleb and Mary had been enjoying themselves. After the girl had planted an eager kiss on Mrs. Caleb's cheek she had herself led the way to the kitchen. There she had promptly possessed herself of two cookies from a fresh batch that was temptingly spread out and sat down to enjoy them.

Mrs. Caleb watched her with loving pride. "My land, Mary, seems like you git prettier every day. Stephen's a lucky man."

Without a word the girl held up her left hand. It was ringless.

"Why—why, where's your ring?" Mrs. Caleb seemed unable to believe her eyes and stared first at the bare finger and then at the girl's face. "You mean you gave it back?" she gasped.

Mary nodded. The light and animation had left her face. "It was all a mistake," she said dully. "We didn't look at things the same way, ever. It was my fault. I ought never to have gone into it. I am afraid I was just in love with love. I respected him. He was bright. He helped Daddy, but we had such different ideas about the church and life. We could not have been happy. He was ambitious for things that did not appeal to me."



Through the window he saw the firemen convey the bride and groom to the decorated buggy and take it up the street, a noisy, whooping hilarious crowd

*Illustrator* HENRY LUHRS

"Come here, honey. Sit on the arm of my chair," Mrs. Caleb invited. Then when Mary came to her she put her arm around her and drew her close. "It's just what I was prayin' for," she said, not attempting to conceal her satisfaction. "Say, Mary," she said abruptly. "You and Bruce Hardy ought to take up with each other. He thinks a lot of you. He fairly worships the ground you step on."

"Why, Aunt Hannah," Mary cried, startled, her cheeks aflame. "You must not talk that way. It couldn't be. Why I don't believe he ever thought about me, that way."

"Oh, yes he has. I know," returned Mrs. Caleb confidently.

The eyes of the girl had grown large as Mrs. Caleb talked with her. "Oh," she gasped, "I never dreamed—" Then she threw her arms around her and hid her head in her ample bosom. "Oh, it is too late," she sobbed. "I've made such a mess of things."

"There, there," Mrs. Caleb comforted, patting her head. "It's goin' to be all right. It ain't no reflection on a girl if she realizes she has made a mistake. There ain't no call to feel bad now. It was before that I was feelin' bad."

This same week Bruce Hardy discovered that he needed nearly a thousand dollars and needed it right away. John Dale had phoned and when he came into the store to see him, the merchant led him to the raised platform that constituted his office in the rear of the store.

"It's about those payments," he said when Bruce had seated himself.

Mr. Dale adjusted his glasses carefully and opened a ledger. "Our costs are going up," he announced. "Some contracts are higher than we expected. We've been getting estimates on pews, and the new organ and they cost more. The way I figure it we are going to need \$19,000 more than we have in sight, call it \$20,000. That's a lot of money, Pastor. I was wondering if you could pay your subscription now. You know you said on your card," he picked it up, "that you'd pay anytime we were ready. You've paid something but not so much. How about it?"

Bruce nodded as he took up his card.

"When I wrote this," he said, pointing to the card, "I had a thousand dollars free in the bank. It was a family inheritance that I wanted to put into this church. Then I had a very serious emergency come up, a matter of life and death, and I loaned the money. It was the only thing to do and I would do it again," he added, half defiantly. "I am being paid back in small amounts and I am turning it over to you as fast as I get it."

"Well, I suppose we'll have to let it go that way," agreed Mr. Dale slowly. "I guess perhaps it might be just as well not to say anything about it."

"It will be a lot better not to say anything," Bruce agreed heartily.

That night Bob Wallace came home in

a very disturbed condition of mind. Over and over he was rehearsing the scene of the early afternoon when John Dale had come into the bank and conferred with the president. What he had to say was easily overheard over the low partitions. Entirely too casual had been his lament that if the Pastor had paid up as he promised he would be asking for a thousand less.

"Confounded old hen!" Bob raged in futile wrath. "He'll be telling that everywhere." And if once the story got started, Bob knew his Millvale. The whispered slur would go from lip to lip.

He knew Bruce Hardy had rescued him, cheered him, provided the loan that gave him freedom. He had not realized at what cost he had made that loan, not until he heard Dale's complaint.

He writhed in bitter shame. What could he do about it? Desperately he wondered what Kathryn would say. The time for secrets had passed. He must make a clean breast of it. And yet it was hard. What would she think of him?

In the morning he faced his young wife across the breakfast table. Very sweet and pretty she seemed in her morning dress. Somberly, he watched her pour the coffee.

"What's the matter?" she asked, noting his silence. "Didn't you sleep well?"

"Not so well," he admitted. Then desperately he blurted. "John Dale was in yesterday to get a loan for the church. He was complaining because Mr. Hardy hadn't paid the thousand dollars he subscribed—said he had loaned it to a friend in an emergency."

Kathryn's eyes flashed. "I'm not surprised. You know what I think of him."

"Wait, Kathryn. Stop where you are. I've got to tell you something."

There was an imperative note in his voice that made her hesitate. In another moment his arms were around her and he led her to a chair. "Sit there," he said grimly, taking his stand directly before her. "You've got to hear this story straight. I'm the man he loaned the money to."



She looked up amazed. "You? What do you mean?"

"That's what I'm going to tell you," he said. Then in a low voice he told her of what had happened, not sparing himself. Stolidly, in an exaggerated self-control, holding himself by a supreme act of will, he told the entire story while she listened amazed, incredulous, frightened.

"Oh," she whispered, her hand seeking her throat.

"It was disgrace and prison or a pistol shot," he continued in a monotone as though she had not spoken. "Bruce Hardy stopped me, saved me. He gave me the money to make good. I didn't know then it was the money he was going to give the church. I was to pay him back as fast as I could."

The color had drained from her cheeks. Bob had sunk down in a chair and was sitting, his head down, his hands clenched. Then, light as a bird, she had flown to him and her arms were around his neck, clinging to him.

"My poor dear," she whispered, "and I love you so much. You ought to have told me, Bob. . . ."

The result of this talk was an immediate call by Kathryn on her father, a long and earnest consultation in which the daughter did most of the talking, and a surprise visit on Bruce Hardy the morning after.

Hard at work on his Sunday morning





sermon, Bruce did not notice the insistent honking of an automobile, an imperious ring at the door, and heavy footsteps coming up the stairs. He was aroused to a consciousness of mundane things by a solid rap on his door and the immediate entrance of Bob Wallace. Without a word, Bob strode across the room and with something of a flourish laid a New York draft down upon the table.

"There," he said grimly. "Take that up to John Dale and tell him to go chase himself."

Bruce fingered the draft in surprise. "What's this? Why! Why, this is for the whole amount. How come? You can't afford this. There is no hurry."

"Yes, there is," Bob was still grim. "That old man-milliner of yours is getting in some of his dirty work and it's time we stopped it. It's time he was paid off."

"But," Bruce was staring at the draft, "you and Kathryn are just getting started. You need this for that pretty little house of yours."

"We can get along and you can't," Bob chuckled, with a grin that seemed to cover his face. "Pshaw, Dominie, Kath's in this right up to the hilt. Man dear," he fetched Bruce a joyous smack between the shoulders that made him wince, "that's once when you were wrong. I've told her the whole thing, made a clean breast of it. Wish I'd done it right when it happened."

She's a wonder and don't you ever think she isn't."

Bob sank back in a big easy chair, slapped his thighs and laughed until the windows rattled. "I'm sitting on top of the world," he roared. "Don't mind me, Dominie, I'm so happy I can't see straight. That darned treasurer of yours," he wiped his eyes, "he was going round clucking like an old biddy. Between you and me he's the biggest gossip in town, next to Fannie Law, and he was giving you thunder. And I told Kath about it. It was time. And Kath, she went to her father."

"What's that? You mean she told Sam?" Bruce demanded in consternation.

"Sure. He's got her money, handling it for her. She's had another think about all this political business, too, and she went and told him a few things." Again Bob's happy laugh boomed. "And she got this," he pointed to the draft, "or rather she got Sam's check and I changed it into a draft. Old John will put his eyes out trying to find out where that's from."

"And that's not all," Bob chuckled, giving Bruce another tremendous slap. "I won't tell you the rest. Kath's outside. Come down and let her tell you."

Bruce followed him to the door. Outside he could see Kathryn's car and her in the driver's seat. She sprang to the curb when the two men came out and met Bruce half way, extending both her hands.

"Oh, Mr. Hardy, can you ever forgive me," she breathed.

Bruce straightened up. "Forget it, Kathryn," he said easily. "I knew and you didn't know. Lots of our misunderstandings come that way; we don't know. You were loyal to your father and I respected you. Now it's all right and we are all happy eh, Bob?"

"You bet," Bob glowed.

They were standing on the curb close to the car. Kathryn removed her veil and laid her hat on the seat. Her hair was shining, auburn, in the spring sunlight and her husband was watching her proudly. Up on the porch, Mrs. Caleb was standing in the open door, her ready ear cocked for such sounds as might reach her.

Kathryn dimpled and waved to Mrs. Caleb and then turned to her Pastor. "I just feel I must do something," she said eagerly, "something that will show, something that will be visible. I have sent Mr. Dale a note telling him I would give a thousand dollars for the new church. And I think he'll tell it. Don't you think he will, Mr. Hardy? Let people know?"

"I am quite sure that he will," Bruce agreed.

"That's nice. I want people to know where I stand. And we are going to come to church next Sunday."

"And that's not all," Bob chuckled as his arm stole around his wife. "Give him the rest, Kath."

"You be still," Kathryn held up an admonitory finger. "You'll spoil everything. Here," she was fumbling in her bag. "Here's an envelope for you to open after we're gone. I've got to get this young man up to the bank. He's terribly late." She turned as though to get in her car and then turned back. "There's just one thing I really blame you for, Mr. Hardy," she said seriously, in a low voice so that Mrs. Caleb would not hear, "and that's your telling Bob he must keep all this secret from me. If you were married, you'd understand that's no way to do, for a husband to keep secrets from his wife."

Bob paused in his work of cranking the engine. "That's right, Dominie. You'd better get married."

Bruce nodded, trying to be nonchalant and kept the talk on the bantering level. "I'd like to," he laughed, "but who would have me?"

Kathryn who had been carefully tying her hat down with her veil, flashed a devastating smile. "Why don't you try for Mary Knowles?"

Bruce caught his breath and then attempted to laugh heartily. "That's a good idea, if you could get Stephen to agree."

Bob straightened up. "Stephen! Why you inspired idiot! Stephen's been out of it for weeks. Didn't you know that?"

Goggle-eyed, Bruce turned to Kathryn. "Is that so?"

"Of course it's so. She gave him his walking papers weeks ago. I guess every one knows it but you. Mary is heart-whole and fancy-free. Come on, Bob, we must be going."

Waving farewells to Mrs. Caleb, smiling to Bruce, the couple proceeded down the road, leaving Bruce standing as though petrified, while the meaning of what had just been told him penetrated his understanding. The (Continued on page 43)



Part of the roof at Hearthstone, showing the deep, heavy thatch




## PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

Conducted by

Honoré  
Morrow

# ATLANTIC CROSSING

 MY DAUGHTER, Felicia, and Jules, her young Belgian husband, came to Hearthstone for Christmas. They arrived about ten o'clock in the evening and Cnüt and I went to meet them. Of course, Cnüt's Great Dane bulk does crowd a taxicab a little, especially if three other people and a considerable amount of luggage are added. But Cnüt does dote on meeting trains and Felicia and Jules dote on Cnüt, so his great black muzzle thrust through the waiting room door was the children's first intimation that they were being met. Felicia said it made everything seem just right. That is, as right as it could be for anyone suffering, as she was, with an abscessed tooth, which, she informed me, she had carefully nursed for days so that the dental work could be done in Brixham at my expense!

She was not going to be done out of her joy in a real Christmas dinner, she explained; and brave as a lion, the very next day as ever was, (being the day before Christmas) she took herself to the dentist and had the tooth pulled. And contrary to everyone's prophecy, including the dentist's, she was able to eat a most satisfactory share of turkey and "fixings."

Jules had never had a Christmas tree—the Yuletide is quite a different matter in Belgium; and he took the keenest delight in trimming our little tree. Felicia insisted on taking charge of the trimming of the dining room. I was very much amused when she demanded the box of colored draperies and bells. "Don't you remember how you scorned those, your last Christmas at home?" I asked her. "You said they were cheap and Christmas-cardish and you wouldn't let me put them up."

"But that was three years ago," grinned Felicia, "when I was young and arty. I've been away from home long enough to be homesick for all the childish things that belonged to the old days. Where's that box of gew-gaws?"

Mrs. Searle produced the box and while Jules worked in most serious concentration on the tree, and while Penn sat in

the warmest corner by the fire nursing a cold, with myself and Cnüt crowding her close, Felicia festooned the dining room with red and green paper garlands. Surely no room ever lent itself more readily to Christmas than Hearthstone's little dining room. The low ceiling-beams are the oak ribs of some ancient shipwreck, supported along the center by a fine old mast. The fireplace is Seventeenth Century, of red sandstone, while the latticed windows, set in deep alcoves, must be four hundred years old. Felicia drew the orange curtains, and I stirred the fire. Jules lighted the Christmas candles and all the world dropped away, leaving only ourselves in a fairyland both of body and of spirit.

Outside was fog and bitter cold, yet the Waits were about and when I answered our doorbell, a group of children carrying lanterns grouped themselves at the gate and sang "God bless you, merry gentlemen" and "Good King Wenceslaus," so sweetly that it made me want to weep. The British Legion band stopped by, too, but the frost was so intense that it froze the mouthpieces of their wind instruments and they had to give up in the middle of "Come all ye faithful!"

People said this was the most intense frost England had known in seventy years. In Devon even the oldest inhabitant didn't know how to meet the fierce cold. As far as we were concerned, though, Hearthstone met it for us. We were the only people of my acquaintance who had no frozen pipes. The thatch did that! Warm and fragrant and still, it simply ignored the weather. There was no snow but the hoar frost was very beautiful and gave the final Christmas-card glamor to Hearthstone. We four were very happy together.

Felicia and Jules went up to London soon after Christmas day, to give Penn and me time to do our packing; for we were sailing on the 31st of December for a visit to the U.S.A. A telegram from the Cunard Company on the 29th told us the sailing had been delayed until January 1st. We were glad of the reprieve, for you know how even in the most carefully planned journey, everything piles up at the last moment. But all was ready at eight o'clock New Year's morning when Jones arrived with his car to drive us to Southampton. It's always hard to say goodbye, particularly to my little safe haven of Hearth- (Continued on page 62)



Robert opened the door and ran after her, waving the blueprints



# A NEW EARTH

By Helen Welshimer

**T**HE minister's brown-eyed daughter knew that the red-headed young man with the disturbing gray eyes was watching her splash through puddles in the yard of the construction office. But by not so much as the flicker of an eyelash did she let him guess she noticed. She was trying to look determined—and did succeed in looking very charming, her cheeks slightly flushed, her eyes shining with excitement.

Sarah Anne Mitchell was on her way to call on the young man. There were any number of things she would have preferred doing—easy things, such as having a tooth pulled or training a lion cub—for she knew there'd be an argument, and she hated arguments. But she had a mission to perform, and she was seeing it through, with the zeal of a Peter or a Paul.

She was out to save the church—not the institution, but the brick and mortar affair half a mile down the road. Incidentally, her father's job was included in the salvage act; and—also important—the little vine-covered cottage which had been her home through all of her twenty-one years.

Robert Kennedy, the tall young man with the rebellious red hair was the only person who could help her; and from the way his face had lit the few times she had met him recently, she believed she could influence him. She blew some raindrops from her tilted nose, hoped its seven freckles were covered with powder, and wondered how she could think of such trivial things at such a crucial hour, and opened the door.

Robert Kennedy held out a lean brown hand. He smiled, and the smile made

friendly wrinkles around his gray eyes. "Come in, Sarah Anne. Sit down." He pushed forward the only comfortable chair in the hastily constructed building that housed the offices of the Muskingum Watershed Conservancy District. "Didn't I say you were smart? I knew you'd come around to my way of thinking." He nodded his head and his eyes laughed down at her.

She ignored the chair. "I'm not smart or I'd have found a way to stop you and your crew before this." She unrolled a blue print and spread it on the cluttered desk. "An engineer in the city made this and he says you don't have to move our church up hill or dump it in an alfalfa field. It can stay where it is and not upset your old dam."

"Yeah?" He raised his brows quizzically.

"Yes." Her voice trembled a little. It was so desperately important that he see this her way. Because of the church and her father—and her home.

Robert Kennedy was looking over the plans, carefully, then ruefully. Now he shook his head. "Sorry, but the guy's putting something over on you. There isn't a chance. It changes the natural flow too much. I'm no end sorry about all this but it's the law of progress. Must I explain all over again?"

Sarah Anne spoke steadily. "I've been known to catch on the third or fourth time when a proposition made sense. I'm sorry I troubled you when you have so many things to move around." She wanted to get away, far away.

"Sarah Anne . . ." That was as far as Bob got. A girl stepped out of the shadows in the back room. A thin, small girl

with flashing black eyes and a lot of black curls that bounced around her pale face. She gave Sarah Anne a quick look, and her eyes gleamed momentarily—"Jealous!" thought Sarah Anne. Then she walked over to Robert and took hold of his arm, possessively.

"What's this, Bob dear?" indicating the plans.

"Oh, hello, Eleanor! Why don't you whistle to let me know you're around? That? Why that's Sarah Anne's idea of the way our dam should be built."

"Sarah Anne's?" She withered the other girl with a look of infinite scorn. "What have you got to do with it? Who are you that Bob must give in to you—you, to come in here and tell him what to do? You're a—"

"Hold everything, Eleanor!" Bob interrupted. "Now suppose you say you're sorry. . ."

The small figure whirled on him and Sarah Anne felt the warmth of the black eyes. "Because I'm not! But you're such a big-hearted bozo any day you'll let her make a monkey out of you! That's why I'm talking."

"Whew! Listen, we'll have a talk later. You have this all wrong. Sarah Anne—" He paused. Sarah Anne had opened the door and was running toward the old second-hand car, in which her father made pastoral calls, which she had parked across the road.

He opened the door and ran after her, waving her blue prints in one hand. She was in the car before he caught her. "I'm no end sorry! Eleanor's a good kid, she's just upset. By the way, here are your plans. How about lunch? Eleanor and I—"

As a rule Sarah Anne was a well-behaved minister's daughter. Now, though, she took the plans, crumbled them into a ball, and threw it viciously into the mud. She stepped on the gas and wished that once, just once in its ancient life, the car would do more than thirty miles an hour.

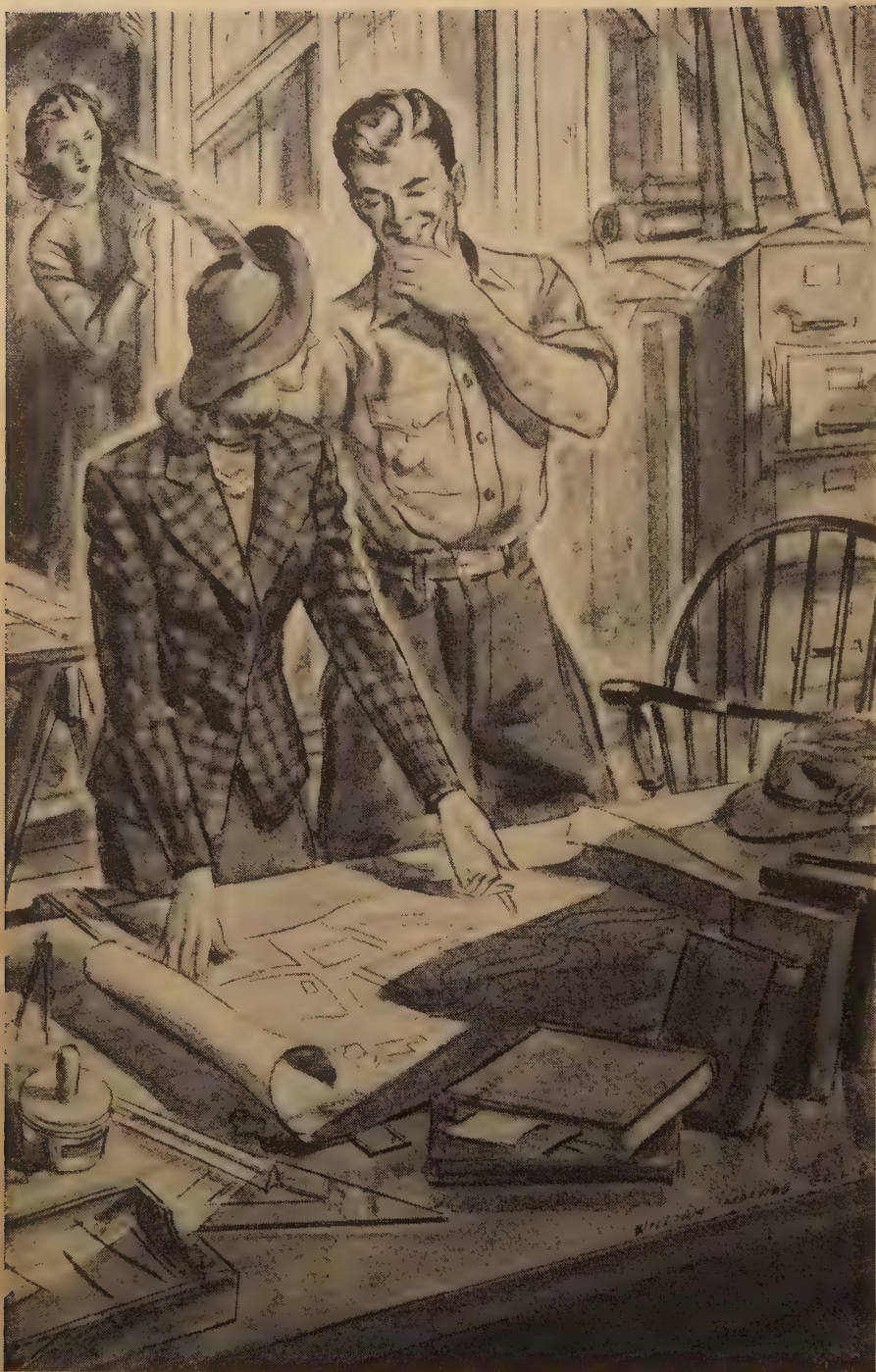
"Eleanor and I . . ." Well, if that was the way he wanted it, it was fine. "Eleanor and I!" Well, Eleanor would land him—and lead him around by the nose the rest of his life. What did she, Sarah Anne, care? She hated Bob Kennedy—hated him—hated him! She was trying hard not to be conscious of the queer little pang in her heart. . . .

Along the road she saw gaps where houses had stood a few weeks, even a few days, earlier. Gardens were a tumbled mass of confusion. The whole town of Elmwood was being uprooted by Bob Kennedy, his crew and his tractors. Yet eight weeks ago it had drowsed in uneventful security. Eight weeks ago she hadn't even known Bob Kennedy, and Eleanor was just the daughter of a foreman at the tile mill—a girl in a shabby cherry red sweater and tam who had lived everywhere with her vagabond family and talked about liberty and rights with smoldering eyes and voice.

In a vague way Sarah Anne heard that maybe some houses would be moved to new sites so flood waters could be backed into the valley.

Then the moving crew, for the relocation of the town, had arrived. Bob was chief engineer, and he had set about changing the world. She might have become deeply interested in the goodlooking, good-





natured young engineer. But the fact that he was an engineer repelled her—he'd never have a settled home. And now he was going to destroy hers.

Sarah Anne heard that the government was supplying new sites, new foundations, lights, water, paying all moving expenses. Over and over she heard Bob tell the townspeople about the great exodus. Once or twice she wondered if he understood that roots went deep, that homes weren't things one dug up like dandelions; but because he was so boyishly enthusiastic and nobody demurred much she pushed the worry aside. But it persisted.

She listened while Bob told people that it was necessary to erect the Great Bolivar Dam on Sandy Creek, a tributary of the Tuscarawas River, which was one of the main tributaries of the Muskingum River. The Muskingum, in turn, received the flood waters. Henceforth, during super-flood periods, the gates of the dam

would be closed, the water backed up into the village inundating a goodly portion of it, and houses and stores, unless moved, would be under water. Elmwood, being below the spillway elevation, had to pick up its foundations and get out at once.

At first nothing was said about the church. It stood half way up a hill. Then almost overnight orders came for its removal. That might not have been so bad, she mused now, but an announcement had followed—an announcement that stated that the congregation would sell its site outright and unite with a body of the same faith in an adjoining town. The Reverend David Daniel Mitchell, twenty-two years minister of the local group, was without a pulpit.

"Think of the sermons you'll have in stock to give your new congregation!" Sarah Anne had tried to be philosophical. Inwardly she was thinking the unemployed clergy could organize a fair-sized union.

She unrolled

a blue print and spread it on the cluttered desk. "An engineer in the city made this, and he says if you follow it you won't have to move our church—it won't upset your dam"

**Illustrator MACRAE GILLIES**



"Just because this job is sunk—I didn't mean to pun—doesn't mean that there aren't better ones around."

To Bob she had expressed her real reaction that night. They were in his roadster, long and powerful, and silver stars were blowing down the dark blue sky.

She said, "He's married and buried everybody who needed marrying and burying! He's heard their troubles, found them jobs, and built up the best rural church in the state. He's waited months for his salary when crops were bad or the tile mill closed down. If this is your idea of a joke, Mr. Robert Kennedy, I'm not laughing!"

Riding alone now, Sarah Anne remembered the slow voice in which he had answered. "Sarah Anne, believe me when I say I never wanted anything so much in my life as I want to leave your father's church intact."

"Then prove it!"

"You believe in extending your influence, your help, don't you? Social stuff, missionary work?"

"What has that to do with this?"

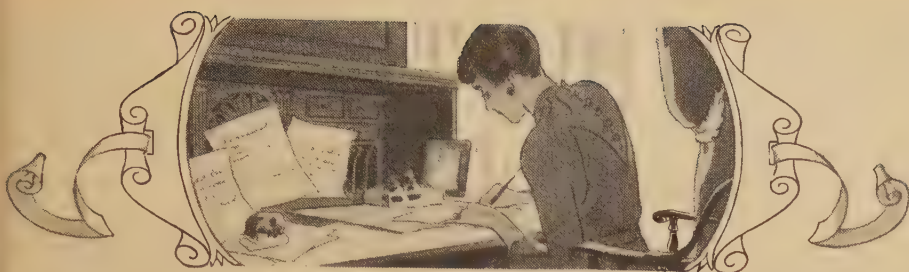
"More than you seem to know. People can't live to themselves any more. You can't put some money in an envelope and drop it on a plate on Sunday and expect a reformed world. Our hopes, our fears, our aims—we rise together now! We have to think of the people whose lives will be saved down the river when the floods come, and because of that, well, someone has to make the sacrifice."

"My father." She said it briefly. "You travel around building bridges and tearing down churches. You don't know what 'home' means. I do—and it means everything to me. I love my home—and now I've got to lose it—because of you."

He stopped the car then, and took her slim hands in his strong ones, on the country road. She caught her breath and jerked her hands away. "You're a wonderful girl," Bob said, "but you've got a lot to learn. Somebody has given you the cockeyed notion that anything important is built with brick and stones. Well, it isn't. I had to learn that, too. I was beginning to think a lot of you—but you now can take your precious church and sling it straight to Bermuda and I won't cry!"

That had been more than a month before. Not until today had Sarah Anne spoken to the young engineer again. Because the town was so small, she often passed him. Sometimes he was alone. Sometimes Eleanor was with him. Her rather plain little face was shining now, and when Sarah Anne heard them laughing together, she felt that pang at her heart again. But that was foolish. The man and the girl were alike, vagabonds, troubadours, bound for anywhere. Her heart told her, (Continued on page 50)





MARGARET SANGSTER'S PAGE

## The Days Before Easter

**T**HE days before Easter are like shining milestones that lead to a high hilltop. Not the hilltop that is Calvary—but a hilltop from which a vista of the whole world may be seen, in beauty and peace. Easter is this hilltop, and the view that we glimpse from it is the glorious one which our Saviour gave us when He returned from the grave.

Easter is the most radiant day in the world, but the days before Easter do not lack in loveliness! Easter is a day of triumph, but the days that lead up to that triumph are fraught with deep meaning and deeper sentiment.

The days before Easter hold Christ's thrilling entry into Jerusalem, when the feet of His patient steed walked over a carpet of palms. They hold the Last Supper, when Christ—knowing that his life on earth was nearing its conclusion—broke bread with the ones He loved best. . . . There is Holy Thursday when Christ prayed in a garden, and was kissed by a traitor and betrayed by a friend. There is Good Friday, that crowned the Supreme Sacrifice with thorns. There is the Saturday between Good Friday and Easter—a period of grief and patience and prayer. And then there are lily flowers in bloom and birds singing and the moment of Resurrection.

What do the days before Easter mean to us? They hold many lessons—and each lesson can be adapted to a current need. They teach us that applause must be accepted humbly; that it can swiftly fade into the twilight of forgetfulness. They teach us that we should be meek in our moments of triumph and that we should rely—not upon the fanfare of the crowd—but upon the unspoken praise of the Greatest Judge. They teach us tolerance—never the tolerance of a Pilate who washed his hands and let it go at that, but the sort of Christian tolerance that offers sympathy and help and refuse to take part in any wrongdoing. They teach us that God's will is not always our will, but that we must accept it. They teach us that life and love can survive even scorn and crucifixion.

Sometimes we know that there are barriers ahead and that pain will be a part of the future. Christ knew, all too well, that torture was His heritage—that, during Holy Week, He was rapidly approaching a moment of extreme grief. And yet the knowledge did not make Him a spectator at the feast. He kept His appetite and His philosophy and His good cheer, and His

trust in the Father. . . . He was able, by so doing, to join in the festivity that filled the city!

Christ knew that one of His followers would deliver Him to His doom, but He did not shut that follower out. Sometimes we, also, realize that certain friends are misguided—but we must not shut them out, either. We must try, as Christ did, to influence them toward the ways of honesty.

On the cross Christ spoke words of pity to a crucified thief. Out of His own agony He opened the way to heaven for



### HOLY THURSDAY

He knelt alone with folded hands  
In dim Gethsemane—  
He knelt beneath the shadow of  
A spreading olive tree;  
And night-swept flowers hung their  
heads,  
And night birds stilled their cry  
As, through the silence and the dusk,  
The centuries swept by.

His yesterdays were crowded with  
Cruel treachery and sadness—  
The morrow would hold racking pain  
And storm clouds and mob  
madness.  
And yet He knelt beneath a tree,  
Calm to the very last—  
And murmured, "God—Thy will, not  
mine!"  
While time and space rushed  
past. . . .

one of His lost brothers. Out of our suffering we, too, may sometimes point the path. Books have been written by authors who have walked their Calvary—and those books have been like a light to folk who dwelt in darkness. Pictures have been painted by artists who have tasted the bitter cup, and those pictures have brought comfort to the waiting multitudes. . . . Music that has stirred many a soul has risen from a tortured spirit.

The large majority of us cannot write books or paint pictures or create music. But everybody—and I mean everybody—has some medium of expression. All through the year we can give the message of Holy Week to our fellows—not only in large ways, not only by sacrifice, but by small gestures and tiny acts of thoughtfulness. A flower from a simple garden may bring the story of the ages to a neighbor who is physically or spiritually ill. A smile may translate new courage to that wayfarer who is fainting by the wayside. A helping hand, outstretched at the right moment, may aid someone to rise from the slough of despond.

The days before Easter are like shining pearls upon a long strand, and each one of them has its own particular luster. Friends of mine, these pearls have been given to us for our adornment, and we must not hide them away! We must wear them proudly—hoping to take on a trifle of their opalescent quality.

## My Letter

... OF THE MONTH

**O**NE of my readers had a favorite article that appeared in *Christian Herald* in 1933. On the same day every year she and her mother read it together, but this year the daughter read it aloud—to an empty chair. She writes:

"Mother was taken away in March—fifteen minutes before the first day of spring. Flowers fed her very soul, but she was so terribly sick that she was never able to raise them, and have the garden she longed for.

"Today, as I stood looking at the frozen bud of a lilac, a bush that never bloomed—a flower she starved for—this verse came to me:

"Do the lilacs bloom in heaven?  
Are there roses everywhere?  
Will my mother have some iris  
And some daffodils up there?"

"Does a garden spot await her  
In a sheltered, sunny nook—  
Shrubs and trees and sturdy seedlings  
By a busy little brook?"

"As I go to church at Easter,  
By the lilies on her tomb  
I shall pray her crown's a garden—  
Where the lilacs always bloom.

"I called it 'Lilacs For Mother.' I am not a poet, but it helps my lonely heart to think Christ needed a gardener and so he chose her."

A Friend





# EASTER SERMON

By  
**DANIEL A.  
POLING**

**T**HE supreme question of Easter morning is not, "Did Jesus rise?" but "Is Jesus Risen?" Here joins life's greatest issue. Immortal hope trembles in the balance for us all, as we turn our eyes toward the tomb in Joseph's garden where Mary hurried through the dews of that first Easter dawn, and as we hear again the angels' stupendous declaration, "Why seek ye the living among the dead? He is not here, but is risen."

What does Easter mean to us? As we look upon that great event and lose the sense of time and space, what does our angel spokesman say? What is the message of the voice—"He rose," or "He is risen?" He was, or, He is? The tense is everything. Our peace of mind, our happiness, our moral health, depends upon our answer to the question.

There are those who give at least mental assent to the miracle which opened the tomb, but who by their practice deny louder than any words the living Christ. They move with those who, as the day went dark upon the skull-shaped hill, named Him a dead king; they are of the mixed multitude which turned away from His agony, whatever else their judgment may have been, however well they may have loved or hated Him, without a promise for their grief or a premonition for their exultation.

The challenge of the ultimatum then is "Dead King or Living Lord?" When Pilate wrote the superscription for the cross, "King of the Jews," he was not uncertain of the crucifixion's outcome. He made letters to brand a dead man and not to honor a living ruler. Vacillating, pusillanimous, cowardly and jealous, he would have them acknowledge no personality longer to dispute with him for public attention and homage. Nor would he have taken the chance of offending the greater Caesar by acclaiming the wonder-working Jew, had he not already, though to be sure with a certain fearful reluctance, made the destruction of the Nazarene a certainty. Not until the way was cleared to Calvary, not until his own first and entirely selfish objections had been overruled, and God's dear Son was on His Via Crucis, did the nervous Pilate take his stencil in hand. To the Praetor of Rome Jesus was a broken body, a powerless will, a dead king.

And to the church whose priests mixed their hate with spittle to drown His forgiving glances, the church decadent and infidel, straining at gnats and swallowing camels, praying at length in public, and in secret short-changing the people, the church a tomb of sacriliges, Jesus was a charlatan exposed at last, a repudiated prophet, a popular idol overthrown, a dead king. That His had been a name to conjure with, their very presence at the Cross confirmed, their shameful demonstrations proved. But to them His day was ended, His glory departed; He was dead.

There were strangers in that mount of suffering, merchants from the far corners

of the earth, curiosity-seekers who came for the spectacle and who, encouraged by the rumors of this man's miraculous gifts, hoped for a new thrill. Thousands watched that day upon the green hill without the city gate, the painful ascent of the Cross, as other thousands watched the "Human Fly" go to his death up the sheer walls of the Martinique in New York City. How these rude fellows must have waited, breathless, for His answer when His temple tormentors cried out in derision, "Come down from the Cross," and when they had shaken themselves free of the momentary terror the darkened heavens and other strange manifestations must have inspired, I suppose they sought their lodgings thoughtful but disappointed, and saying, "Well, whatever he was, he is dead now. Strangely we felt ourselves drawn to him. Ah! we were sure that he would come down, and even now we somehow believe that he could have come down, but he is a dead king."

And what of the little group which gazed through weeping eyes upon that spectacle—the faithful John, to whom the Royal Son bequeathed His mother, and those others who had taken bread from His now pierced hands. And what of her who bore Him? Woman of infinite woes. Surely these knew! Surely these understood! No! Their judgment, different in quality, was not different in character. They saw a beloved form stiffen; eyes that had so often looked upon them with vast yearning, glaze; hands that had so often carried to the suffering multitudes the touch of healing, become lifeless; the voice that had spoken





as never man spake, grow dumb; and as they watched, and wept, hope saw no star, for hope was dead, and listening love heard not even "the rustle of a wing." "For as yet," as you will find it written in the ninth verse of the twentieth chapter of St. John's Gospel, "They knew not the Scripture, that He must rise again from the dead." And beyond that first Easter morning their great doubt stalked, until Thomas had thrust his fingers into the yet open wounds. Then faith found tongue. Afterwards came the vindication of history, and the fulfillment of time.

He was not a dead king who commanded the intrepid saints of the early Church, who led them out on the most sublime adventures of human experience. He was not a dead king who lit the signal fires of the Pentecostal upper room, who held the gaze of

Stephen, when through the showering stones that first Christian martyr lifted his dying eyes to the opening heavens and claimed forgiveness for his murderers. He was not a dead king who took command of Saul of Tarsus, blinded him with lightnings and then thrust him forth to compass the earth with the truths of redemption. He was not a dead king who conquered Rome more completely than did Hannibal or Attila, who made out of a heathen Coliseum a Christian church, and who set up a spiritual empire by the Golden Horn more extensive and potent than the temporal throne of Constantine. He was not a dead king who went before the cross of Augustine, who tamed the fires for Savonarola, who led the Ironsides of Cromwell, who calmed the seas that broke about the prow of the "Half Moon" and eased the waves that washed the decks of the "Mayflower." He was not a dead king who opened up the wilderness before the circuit rider and gave to the first missionaries the islands of the sea for an inheritance.

John Calvin and John Wesley, Zinzendorf and Luther, Carey and Paton and Morison, Livingstone, Adoniram Judson, Bishop Thoburn and MacKay, Sam Lapsley and Horace Pitkin, and that numberless company of their faith and kind who accepted the great commission and went forth to make the waste places of superstition and idolatry blossom with the flowers of salvation, followed not the banner of a dead king but marched in the train of a living Lord.

A supreme evidence of the fact that Jesus broke out of His tomb, rose from

the dead and conquered death, is this other fact, scarcely less sublime, that men and women live and die for Him and for His cause, and that "the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church."

The institutions of modern civilization that are our greatest pride are not monuments of a dead king; they are memorials to a living Lord. And the finest impulse of the human heart, the free and unselfish aspirations of the human mind, the holiest ambitions of the immortal soul, these two thousand years since Pilate wrote that taunt for Israel and had it nailed above the Galilean's thorn-crowned head, have sprung from the deathless fountain opened under the cross for the healing of the nations.

Pilate was wrong; the priests were wrong; the curious onlookers, the disappointed spectators were wrong; the disciples and Mary were wrong. He was not dead when on the cross His body died—He was the living Lord.

And now we have cleared the way to the more vital matter. He rose. Is He risen? What is the answer?

It is not difficult to be an infidel. A very ordinary mind can doubt, and doubt impressively. To this fact I am a competent witness. Any poor fellow can deny. And beyond this, the times in which we live are fruitful gardens for rank growths of cynicism and discouragement. It takes a far vision to catch the promise of a dawn beyond the moral, the social, the industrial, the international night in which we seem to live.

Nor would I have you think that I refer only to a state of mind when I speak of doubt and denial. The most dangerous infidel is not the one who with his lips denies. It is possible for me to sit in church on Easter Sunday, before the resurrection lilies, joining with affirmation in the creed, and uniting in the hymns of faith, giving mental assent to all the most evangelical of preachers might say, and yet with my life acknowledging not a living Lord, but confirming with Pilate and the priests and the rest, a dead king.

What is my confession on Easter day? Yes, and also what is my confession the following day? What is my life? Do I practice Jesus Christ? And how far have His principles, which we declare to be true and righteous altogether, possessed the mind and practice of human relationship? Does a dead king lie beneath the Ruhr valley today, or shall a living Lord of reconciliation patrol the boundaries of Europe? Will the leaders of capital and labor worship at the tomb of a dead king or listen to the voice of a living Lord? Statesmen and captains of industry, employers and employes, those who sell and those who buy, rich and poor, you and I, must face the great question, must meet the ultimatum. As individuals and as social units we must meet it, and we must make reply not only with our lips; we must answer with our lives.

Have I confessed a situation that has encouragement for the pessimist? Well, I might go even further, and confess a sense of at times appalling discouragement, a mood that cries, "The days are evil; the good is dead; the end is worse than the beginning. What's the use?" But then I hear a voice that never fails, the ears that strain to hear the bugle of the dawn: "Say not, the days are evil, who's to blame.

Stand up, speak out and bravely, in God's name. Be strong."

Against the present chaos in internationalism sounds the Christmas chorus of Bethlehem, and in the awakening, sacrificial conscience, opposed to the futility and wastage of war, I see a star of hope that will shine more and more unto the perfect day of brotherhood. Against the greed of profiteers and the cruelty unto the perfect day of brotherhood. Against the greed of profiteers and the cruelty of the exploiters of weakness, who are satisfied to fill their coffers at the expense of empty bins and scanty larders, appear the ever-increasing number of men and women who measure their profits by the Golden Rule, and who share their power.

"Say not, the days are evil," nor advertise the mote of infidelity in others, unless and until you have taken the beam of selfishness or idleness or injustice or idolatry out of your own eye; unless and until you have joined yourself to that goodly and growing company that challenges the evil and battles the wrong.

I know a man in a far country. He is drilling an oil well. He is the kind of adventurer men call by another name, "Wildcatter." He, of course, is sure that he will find flowing gold. Perhaps he will. At any rate, he will deserve to. He has sold no stock and has interested no one with him who cannot afford to share disappointment as well as success. And where always before, I believe, the rule of work in oil fields has been the seven-day week and the twelve-hour day—the latter being two shifts—he has introduced another policy: six days a week, but with pay for seven, and eight hours a day, with the added expense of three shifts instead of two, for twenty-four hours. Seasoned oil men call him a fool. He knows it and smiles. I call him a pioneer and a Christian. I think of him when I read my Easter lesson, and thinking of him it is not hard to say, "He is risen."

Once I sat in an old trading post, built from adobe and hewn logs. It stands a hundred miles from the nearest railroad, at Chin Lee, near the mouth of Canyon de Chelly, and six miles below the famous white house of a thousand rooms—that prehistoric cliff-dwelling which housed an industrious people before the foundations of the pyramids were laid down. Now the old post is a mission church, and in it several times every week gather the Christian Navajos. I talked to my dark-skinned, desert brothers as I would talk to you.

I wish that you might know them as I have come to know them—their children, their herds, their *hogans*. I wish that you might see the changes wrought by the spirit of the living Christ that I have witnessed; that you, too, might compare the pagan who still exists in filth and fear, with his neighbor whom God hath healed and who lives now with a countenance of light in a home which fully vindicates the theory that cleanliness is next to Godliness.

I talked with William Gorman, one of the most prosperous and intelligent of the Navajos. His wife, his sons and daughters are worthy of him. I met him first when, seeing our automobile in distress, he hurried across his fields and helped dig us out of the sand. He has visited the great cities and has been the spokesman of his people in Washington.

We talked of (Continued on page 64)



# EDITORIAL FORUM

CHRISTIAN HERALD, always a crusading journal, has this as its permanent platform: To conserve, interpret, and extend the vital elements of EVANGELICAL CHRISTIAN FAITH. To support WORLD PEACE: that it may be world-wide and lasting; CHURCH UNITY: that it may be an organic reality; TEMPERANCE: that through education it may become universal and that the liquor problem may be solved. To carry forward a practical ministry to those who are in need. To champion those forces . . . wherever they appear . . . that bid fair to aid in the effort to make a CHRIST-LIKE WORLD.

DANIEL A. POLING, EDITOR-IN-CHIEF



## Freedom's Manual of Arms

**F**REEDOM'S manual of arms is the Bible. Every worthy democratic institution takes its source from the Holy Scriptures. Certainly the basic parts of the American Constitution and of the Bill of Rights spring from the Book of William Tyndale gave his life to put into the vernacular of his day and country.

Christianity and Democracy are of the same stuff. In significant particulars the latter derives from the former, and each without the other is vitally handicapped. Wherever the Holy Scriptures have gone, the social and economic soil has been cultivated to receive the seed of free institutions. The authoritarian state, whether Communistic or Fascist, has been compelled to close or expurgate the Book of Books, for the ideology of the absolute government cannot be reconciled with either the Ten Commandments of Moses or the Sermon on the Mount of Jesus. Russia has very largely succeeded in her ecclesiastical purges; she has destroyed and torn the altar from the home. But, in spite of the fact that the form of religion denounced by the Soviet had exploited the faith of a great people with age-old superstitions, Communism, in her effort to destroy personal religion, has steadily waged a losing battle, because basically the soul of man searches for his Maker and will not be denied the right of his quest. Neither Church nor State can permanently suppress man's spiritual adventure. A church that had become pagan was confronted by Tyndale; the Dark Ages had their Luther; the Protestant Reformation was born and, because its infancy was nourished upon the "poor milk of the Word," it grew into the stature of a world Evangel that brought salvation to the individual, increasing justice to the social order, and freedom to the community and state.

**W**HAT shall we say of the present crisis? Clearly, there are forces multiplying in the world and in the United States, inimical to our form of government and unfriendly to our civil and religious liberties. These forces and their leaders recognize the fact that Christianity and Democracy are blood brothers, that they have risen together. I believe that more and more the average American citizen cherishes the conviction that the only adequate defense for the American way of life is a moral and spiritual rearmament. Beyond this, I believe that the average American citizen has a growing conviction that to meet invading ideologies from other lands and to answer the challenge of subversive forces within the nation, the individual and the state must experience "a new birth of freedom."

Secretary of State Hull said recently, "History records too many instances of the downfall of civilization consequent upon moral and spiritual decadence." And he added, "History desperately needs today a moral and spiritual rebirth. There is no sure way to this supreme goal save through adherence to the teaching of the Bible." Any program for spiritual rearmament, for moral recovery, for an adequate defense of our life and liberties must be undergirded by principles and truths, by ways and means, to be found nowhere else than in the Holy Scriptures.

Daniel Webster once said, "If there be anything in my style to be commended, the credit is due to my parents, who instilled into my mind an early love of the Scriptures." But Daniel Webster said something even more timely, for he emphasized the more vital contribution of the Scriptures to the character of the individual. The Bible is indeed a book of faith and of doctrine, a book of morals and of religion. It is indeed the special and authoritative revelation from God. Beyond this, "It is the Book which teaches man his own, his individual responsibility and

which makes clear his dignity and his equality with his fellow men."

Recently, a famous church in one of the nation's largest cities gave an entire day, seventeen consecutive hours, to reading from the Scriptures. The life of the congregation was concentrated on the program, more than a hundred individuals young and older participating in the plan. The entire New Testament was read. To superficial observers it may have appeared as a play for publicity, a spectacular "stunt," but immediately it was apparent that His Word does not return unto Him void! Unemotional men said at the conclusion of that memorable day, "In all the years of our association with this church we have not known an experience so profound." An officer of a trade magazine circulating among lawyers wrote, "It was not an endurance test, not a publicity stunt, but an unfolding of Scriptural wisdom at a time when a crisis in world affairs needs Divine guidance and a return to the teachings of the lowly Nazarene. Religion is man's search for God and the truth and a passionate desire for peace and solace in a man-made world of intolerance, hatred and confusion. We all can still use the Ten Commandments, the Sermon on the Mount and the parable of the Good Samaritan in these days of animosity and lost horizon."

What happened in one church, to one congregation in a single great American community, could happen in all the nation. How? is the question. There is at least an immediate suggestion that may be an approach to the answer. The suggestion comes from the century-old American Bible Society, and has in it something of the genius that has enabled the National Tuberculosis Association with its Christmas seals to make the American people health conscious.

"Read the Bible" stamps, picturing the Open Book and the Resurrection Cross rising above the Ascension Mount, have been prepared. These stamps, in sheets of a hundred each to be sold for a dollar, are being distributed throughout the world. Church schools, missionary societies, young people's groups and other Christian activities, are uniting to cover the earth with this call to unchain the Bible again, to set it free, to restore its spiritual supremacy in the minds of men and to establish its program for life in all human relationships.

DANIEL A. POLING

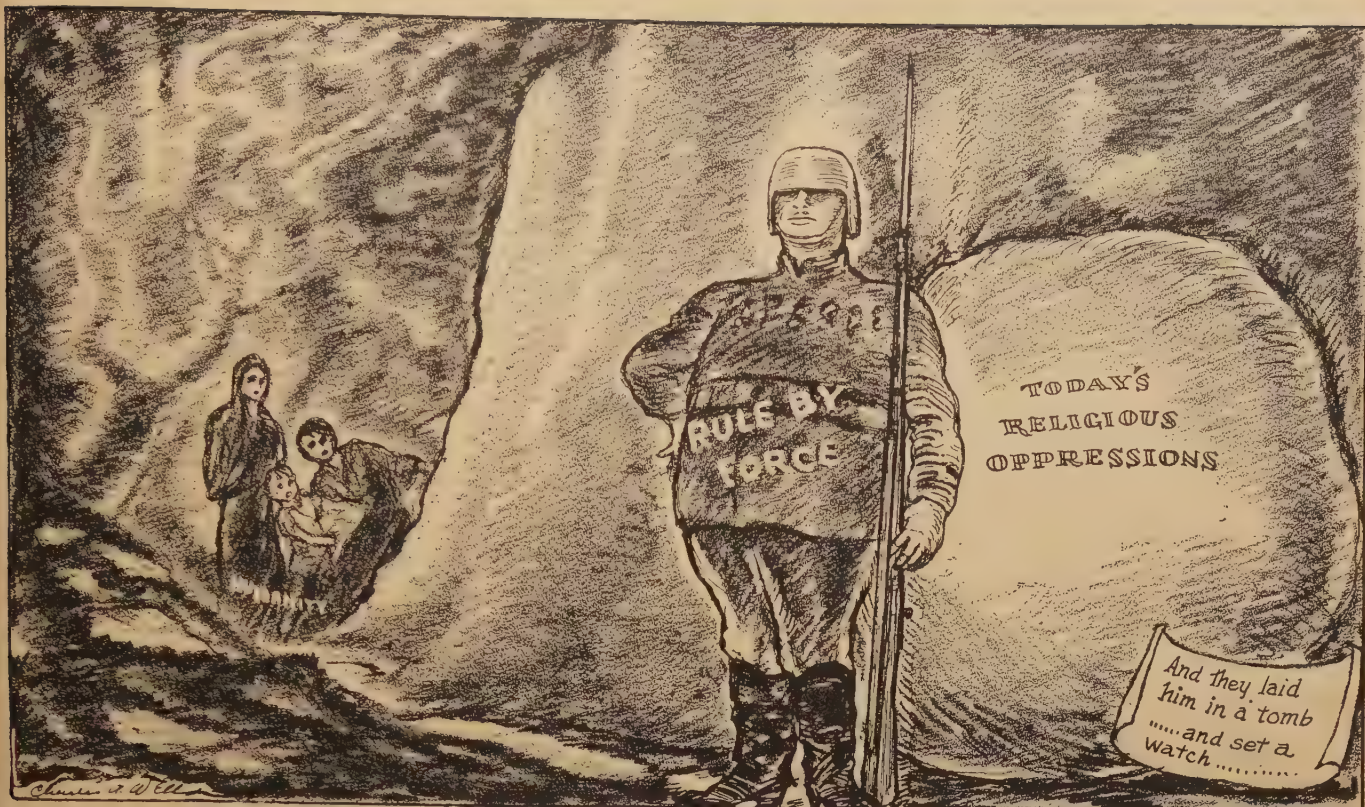
### A Twofold Ideal

**O**NE of the noblest women of the Sixteenth Century was a nun—St. Teresa. She was a Spanish girl of noble birth, a contemporary of Martin Luther's, who also became a reformer.

The convent in those days was the accepted way of the "religious" life.

Convents, however, are not necessarily secure from worldliness. The spirit of worldliness has often entered there in some of its worst forms. Instead of a little world of idealism and devotion, Teresa found a community of one hundred and eighty women, noisy, squabbling, sometimes hungry and scandal-loving. Some sorts of sins, petty meannesses, jealousies, and hyprocrisies easily grow rank in such communities. Prayer can cease to be a reality and such goodness as there is can





## BEFORE THE DAWN

become at best wooden and lifeless.

After her experience of the inside of that convent, she bade fathers marry their daughters very meanly, rather than let them face the dangers of ten worlds rolled into one, in the convents of that age.

She became a reformer, her aim to found a sisterhood consecrated to poverty and good works. One of the most impressive pictures of that age is this woman in her rough habit, neatly patched, in a cart without springs, facing hard and perilous journeys in the interests of her Reform. With amazing courage and patience and sanity she carried through what Popes and Kings had in vain tried to do. Her life is one of the world's inspiring memories.

Her ideal for a convent was twofold. It should be a place so disciplined, that the individual can live there in closest possible association with God, shutting out worldly interests and affections.

It should also be a place for spiritual soldiers with spiritual weapons to fight in the wars of God.

Those two disciplines, one of communion and one of service, are equally needful in any Church. For churches, like convents, may become secular and worldly in spirit and members may love to have it so. The atmosphere of such places becomes inimical to soul culture and to any depth of spiritual life.

For the main purpose of the Church is to keep men's lives open on the higher side. It should help man in his upward quest toward God and to fellowship in the life eternal. That is the true "high" conception of the Church—"a place so disciplined where we can live in closest possible communion with God."

Such a place will have its own atmosphere, in which communion is easy—an atmosphere that uplifts and expands the soul. A subtle and mysterious thing it is,

and it makes all the difference if the atmosphere is right. The right atmosphere only comes as the result of a rich spiritual life, and all share responsibility for it. Each of us should seek to have such reality and glow of spiritual life, that there radiates from us something of this gracious, subtle influence, that helps and enriches.

Teresa's second ideal was that a convent should be a place for spiritual soldiers with spiritual weapons to fight in the wars of God. The fellowship, was to be first mystic and then militant. The old monastic ideal was one of service. If not in some way fighting in the wars of God, they were not fulfilling their original vocation. Service was the true antidote to an unhealthy absorption on saving one's own soul. Monks built the Hospice of St. Bernard and lived up there above the snow line that they might be of service to lonely travelers on those perilous heights. Monks built bridges and cared for roads. Mons. Vincent founded an Order of "Sisters," who literally went about doing good—especially as nurses to the sick poor, by no means limiting themselves to one good deed a day. So we should be ambitious for our Church in some way to play some valiant part in the Wars of God.—F. C. H.

## Your Money and Their Lives

CHINA calls. A new nation of democratic aspiration and idealism, a new colossal unity of peoples in the travail of its birth, calls to the Republic of the West for understanding and relief. While open cities are ravished from the air and fleeing non-combatants are struck down upon their ancient alluvial plains, there is little or nothing that Christian America can do to relieve the tortures of unspeakable twentieth-century warfare. Certainly no worthy cause would be helped by our

joining the orgy of mass murder.

But there remains to us, to the *Christian Herald* family particularly, one "port of entry." Our orphanages, crowded with helpless little children, must not close their doors. Those tables spread with an all-too-frugal fare must nevertheless continue to invite these little ones. The least that we can do is to give our money that their rice fail not. We appeal to you, and the appeal is the hunger cry of children. Our associates in Foochow scan the sky with anxious eyes. Thus far, the buildings which house these children have been spared, but no man knows when the wings of death may hover again. We cannot go out to stand with Bishop, to give him the comradeship of our physical presence, but we may save him and the others from the despair of helplessness in the presence of their super-ordeal.

May we not have your contribution by return mail? Make it as large a gift as your heart and hand united can achieve.

## Why I Plant A Garden

I PLANT a garden, not so much for the food and beauty value, as for the spiritual uplift it gives me.

What could be more soul satisfying than a garden? Truly one works hand in hand with the Creator.

Here soil, water, air and sunshine are transformed into fruit, vegetables and flowers. A miracle, indeed!

I plant a garden because of the culture it gives. It teaches me humility, for many of the fairest flowers bow their heads.

Its color and fragrance gives me joy.

Its fruits and vegetables satisfy my hunger, and by a process no one understands, becomes a part of me, so that my strength is renewed and I am able to go out and serve my fellow men.

Ida M. Crossland





April, 1939

# DAILY MEDITATIONS

## For the Quiet Hour

BY DR. J. W. G. WARD

A PRAYER AND MEDITATION FOR SPIRITUAL PROGRESS EACH DAY OF THE YEAR

SATURDAY, APRIL 1

### MORE STATELY MANSIONS

"GROW IN GRACE."  
READ II PETER 3:13-18.

WHEN Oliver Wendell Holmes says, "Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul," his word applies to us all. His thought is that the nautilus, discarding its outworn shell, forms a new one, more commodious for its growing life. And with our enlarging experience of God's providence, of the counsels of the Holy Word, and of His forgiving love, we should be found growing in likeness to the Christ. Are we becoming more patient with the wrongs which men do to us? Are we more charitable in our criticisms, more generous in judgment, and more capable of seeing good even in the worst? We are meant to "grow in stature and wisdom, and in favor with God and man." We are meant to be like Christ.

*Help us this day, gracious Father, to discard all harshness, intolerance, and bitterness, that we may become more worthy in Christ. Amen.*

SUNDAY, APRIL 2 (Palm Sunday)

### THE COMING CONQUEROR

"BEHOLD YOUR KING."  
READ LUKE 19:29-38.

WHAT a thrilling scene! The narrow ways leading up to Jerusalem are crowded with pilgrims. As they surge through the gates, people press forward. "Who is this?" they ask. The others reply, "It is Jesus of Nazareth. Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord. Hosanna!" But only those to whom faith had come saw in Him the Blessed One of Zechariah's prophecy, the Christ of God. What is Jesus to us this Palm Sunday? Is He merely a figure of sacred story, one martyred for His cause? Or is He—as He verily is—the Son of God, coming to claim His rightful place in men's souls? What is our response today? Let us each say, "O come to my heart, Lord Jesus, there is room in my heart for Thee."

*For the memories of that day of triumph, forecasting the day of our Saviour's sovereign sway, we adore Thee. Give us to work devotedly until His kingdom shall come. Amen.*

MONDAY, APRIL 3

### AT THE FORGE

"I HAVE CHOSEN THEE IN THE FURNACE."  
READ PROVERBS 3:1-12.

THE village blacksmith no longer appeals to the popular imagination. And yet he has something to say about life. Have you thought of the soul as a piece of steel being shaped? It is heated in the fires of affliction, beaten by the hammers of discipline upon the anvil of daily duty, and plunged into the chill waters of sorrow, that it may be tempered. And, as the schoolboy asks, So what? That we may be fashioned for God's gracious purpose. Does not that give meaning to some of the experiences we meet? Then, if the hand of our God be upon us, be sure it is for the soul's shaping, and the perfecting of that which concerns us. Therefore we can trust and not be afraid.

*Aid us, O Father, that we may humble ourselves before Thee. Continue Thy work of grace in our hearts that we may be fitted to carry out Thy divine purpose. Amen.*

TUESDAY, APRIL 4

### ALONE!

"FEAR THOU NOT, FOR I AM WITH YOU."  
READ ISAIAH 41:10-20.

NO ONE can read that moving book by Admiral Byrd, "Alone," without being thrilled. Those long days of darkness, of bitter cold, of appalling silence broken only by the scream of the storms, the partial breakdown of his radio, and the staggering sickness which gripped him, may be summed up in that word, "Alone." The human soul sometimes feels like that. The world seems so uncaring. Friends fail. Circumstances change. Yet there comes God's unfailing promise, "I will not leave thee nor forsake thee." And Christ's pledged word, "Lo, I am with you always—all the days—even unto the end of the world." And in that glorious companionship loneliness is lost in fellowship, weakness in strength, and defeat in victory.

*O Lord, who didst promise Thy divine presence unto Thy servants, go Thou with us along life's pathways rough that we may be kept ever valiant and true to Thee. Amen.*

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 5

### BRIDGE BUILDERS

"OTHER MEN HAVE LABORED."  
READ ISAIAH 35.

AS WE traverse the highways or journey by railroad, what a debt we owe to those who have prepared the way. We come to some deep gorge or swift-rolling river, over which a bridge has been built by forgotten hands. And in one sense, we are bridgebuilders. We must cross the turbulent waters of unbelief and trial. That yawning chasm of sorrow only faith can span. Younger feet will come to those same obstacles. Will they find guidance from our example? Will they be able to use the bridges we have constructed, or be aided to build their own because of us? We are debtors; we have a responsibility to those who shall follow us. In daily faithfulness we can do our part.

*In that other men have labored and we have received manifold blessings through them, grant that we may be found good stewards of Thy manifold grace. Through Jesus Christ. Amen.*

THURSDAY, APRIL 6

### THE DEVOTION THAT DARES

"BE THOU FAITHFUL."  
READ JOHN 11:11-27.

HOW labels stick! How unfair are some of our judgments! We still speak of Thomas the Doubter. We secretly revile him for his unbelief. Yet there was another side to his nature. Even granting that his faith suffered temporary eclipse, it was deep rooted. When Lazarus was sick unto death, Jesus purposed going to Bethany. But that seemed foolhardy. Was there not a price on His head? Would that not mean certain disaster? But one of the Twelve said, "Let us also go, that we may die with Him." And who gave voice to that valiant resolve? Thomas—not Thomas the Doubter, but the Devoted. Would that our trust and love for Christ were as strong. But better than dying for Him is to live for Him. Let this day be marked by devotion and obedience.

*Because Thou hast never failed us, O Lord, grant us strength that we may never fail Thee, but endued with Thy power may we ever be found faithful.*



**FRIDAY, APRIL 7 (Good Friday)**

## THERE IS A GREEN HILL

"HE LOVED ME."

READ MATT. 27:27-38.

"DESPISED and rejected of men?" That expresses our deepest thought as we see Jesus there upon the cross. The soldiers watched Him. What did they see? Merely the victim of man's perfidy and hatred? The object of scorn as the priests mocked Him? A poor, misguided peasant who sought to claim kingship? The king of the Jews! What did the centurion see, as he declared, "Truly, this was the Son of God"? What do we see? Has familiarity robbed us of the wonder of God's sacrifice? This hallowed day may restore our vision. There He hangs, the Man of sorrows, the Lamb of God. Let each say, with Paul, "The Son of God who loved me, and gave Himself for me." For in Him are redemption and peace.

*For the bitterness of Thy passion, the agony of Thy sacrifice, the efficacy of Thine atonement, we adore Thy name. O Lamb of God take Thou our sins away. Amen.*

**SATURDAY, APRIL 8**

## THE GOOD TIME COMING

"JOY COMETH IN THE MORNING."

READ PSALM 30.

WHAT glowing optimism is in Tennyson's word, "Good shall fall—at last, far off—at last to all, and every winter change to spring." In the natural world, winter may hang on, the ground bare, the trees standing stark against the windy sky. Yet the great annual miracle is being wrought. In human life the same thing is true. Things may seem bad for a time. Hopes are deferred, and a great weariness settles on the spirit. And yet—yet—"Good shall fall at last to all, and every winter change to spring." Blessed is the mind stayed on Jehovah, for it shall know His peace. Patience, a firm faith, and resolute co-operation with God, and the soul's springtide shall come. The Lord is faithful.

*For the assurance that all things work together for good to those who love Thee, we praise Thy name. Help us to face life in the spirit of childlike trust. Amen.*

**SUNDAY, APRIL 9 (Easter Sun.)**

## THE FRIEND ON THE ROAD

"JESUS . . . WENT WITH THEM."

READ LUKE 24:13-35.

THE two disciples, walking to Emmaus, might well be downcast. Submerged by sorrow, they failed to recognize the stranger. While they did not, at first, welcome His company, He seemed so sympathetic, that they were impelled to speak. Then He began to unfold the Scriptures, testifying of this great Messiah. As He tarried with them for the evening meal, their eyes were

opened. They knew. It was the Lord of life. He had risen! They hastened back with the news, saying to each other, "Did not our heart burn within us while He talked with us by the way?" Christ is indeed risen. And on every way of bereavement or ruined hopes, we can count on this Friend on the road. "What a Friend we have in Jesus."

*For Thy glorious resurrection, the consummation of Thy life of sacrifice, and Thine atoning death, we give thanks unto Thee. Claim us for Thine own, through Thy redeeming love. Amen.*

**MONDAY, APRIL 10**

## THE LIFE THAT TELLS

"LET US NOT LOVE IN WORD . . . BUT IN DEED."

READ I JOHN 3:14-24.

"ACTIONS speak louder than words." On that memorable morning, when the Risen Lord met Peter on the shore, you recall Christ's thrice-repeated question, "Lovest thou Me?" Three times Peter replied in the affirmative. But on each occasion Jesus bade him prove that love by service for others. Now the outsider sometimes ridicules our ecstatic hymns, our protestations of love for the Saviour. Yet he cannot be blind to the remedial and charitable work which the Church, with all its faults, has carried on. Nor can he refute the witness of the consecrated life. This is an unanswerable argument. The good tree must bring forth good fruit. The Christian must become daily more like unto his Lord. Do our lives witness for Christ? "Actions speak louder. . ."

*For Christ, who gave Himself for us, we thank Thee. Help us this day to follow His example, and to love in deed and in truth. Amen.*

**TUESDAY, APRIL 11**

## HELPING LAME DOGS

"BY LOVE SERVE."

READ GALATIANS 5:1-13.

HAVE you ever thought how much time our Lord spent being kind to people? When Peter says that Jesus "went about doing good," many an unrecorded act which made the way easier, the load lighter, and the heart happier, must be covered by that phrase. Charles Kingsley urges the same thing. "Do the work that's nearest, though it's dull at whiles; helping, when you meet them, lame dogs over stiles." Perhaps no great chance of rendering service like that of the Good Samaritan, may be ours. But we can all prove our love to Christ by our concern for those about us. To go about doing good is to bring gladness to many a heart. That is much. But it also commends Christ to man. And that is more.

*For the thoughtful heart, O Lord, the willing hand, we pray, that other lives may be enriched and blessed through us. Amen.*

**WEDNESDAY, APRIL 12**

## THE CHANGELESS ONE

"I CHANGE NOT."

READ PSALM 102:16-28.

SHAKESPEARE speaks of "The uncertain glory of an April day, which now shows all the beauty of the sun, and by and by a cloud takes all away." We can appreciate that. Joyous hours, prosperity, our plans within sight of fruition? Then—the cloud! Sickness, trial, and sorrow blot out the colors of the day. Then we ask ourselves whether life is worth while. Is it? For the Christian it certainly is. The clouds may come. Yet they cannot extinguish the sun. The radiant light may pass from our day's experiences. Trouble may be our portion. Yet nothing can separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord. What confidence is ours! And by His grace, we shall prove more than conquerors.

*O Saviour Christ, the same yesterday, and today and for ever, we thank Thee for the certainty of Thine unchanging love amid life's uncertain ties, and the confidence Thou dost impart. Amen.*

**THURSDAY, APRIL 13**

## HOLDING ON

"I WILL HOLD THY RIGHT HAND."

READ II TIMOTHY 1:6-13.

A DYING atheist was being urged by one of his unbelieving friends to hold on. To show fear in such a crisis would be an admission that his creed were unsatisfactory. "But, man," replied the first, "there's nothing to hold on to." Compare that with the resolute confidence of Paul who, in the midst of suffering and trials which might well have shaken his faith in God's providence, could say, "I know whom I have believed." That is the faith which overcometh the world. Let us hold on, uncaring what the days may bring. Yet remember this: it is not only our hold of Christ which affords security, but also His hold on us. "None shall pluck them out of My hand." Christ is all-sufficient.

*For the might of Thy saving grace, for Thine unalterable mercy toward us, give us grateful and obedient hearts, that we may make our boast in the Lord. Amen.*

**FRIDAY, APRIL 14**

## SEEING THE BEST

"NEITHER DO I CONDEMN THEE."

READ JOHN 8:1-11.

A DEAD dog was lying in the gutter of a Judean city. Certain men were standing by. "Filthy beast," said one. "Yea," said another, "look at its mangy coat, its matted hair." A third added, "See, he hath lost an eye, and part of one ear also." A stranger passed by, and overhearing the last remark, stopped and said, "Truly, yet how white and even are his teeth. Pearls could not  
(Continued on page 54)





Courtesy Super Market Merchandising

## Mrs. America Meets Her Grocer

**M**R. AMERICA meet Mr. Grocer! It is the members of the Associated Grocery Manufacturers—a nationwide group that supplies our local grocery stores with nationally known products—who have planned this meeting in the form of a celebration they call a “Parade of Progress.”

In no country of the world has the honest food manufacturer made such a contribution to the home as in America. This program paints the picture of what nationally-known grocery products have done to raise our standard of living, to improve the nation's health and to give leisure time to women in which to serve their communities. Now America's finest groceries are on parade in stores throughout the land. To bring the event to a climax, early in April more than one hundred and forty thousand grocery stores will fly banners in red and white carrying the slogan “Quality, Service, Economy.” Your radio, your newspaper, your magazines and public speakers will tell the story of progress in the food world from the first inception of the grocery store in America down to the present when more than 40,000 food factories are producing 1,200 classifications of foods that pass over the counters through half a million food stores.

Along with this parade of facts goes an educational campaign aimed to aid budgeteers in “making their food dollar show more cents.” The theme song for this better buying campaign is, “Know your grocer better and know your grocery brands.”

Don't shop like your grandma did, taking whatever her grocery had on hand. Today you may pick and choose for quality. In olden days women took what the store offered in staples and raw supplies. There was usually but one kind of anything. Coffee beans were sold green and had to be taken home, roasted and ground. There were no bakery cakes, no ready-to-eat breakfast foods. You took your own tin pail to tote home the milk, with a basket to carry the eggs. If you didn't



Top, interior view of Weingarten's new food market in Houston, Texas. Air-conditioned, with 21,000 feet of floor space, it is the last word in modern food markets. Below that, the food manufacturer meets Mrs. America through her grocer

make your own soap you bought a kind ladled from barrels like a thick soup. You bought sorghum molasses by the gallon as you did kerosene. Sugar was chopped from a block.

Men did the shopping more often than not. Early-day stores were the local gentry's clubs. Saturday evening was the big night, when they gathered on cracker barrels and nail kegs to play checkers and declare sides on politics. Father brought home the bacon, literally. But buying then required no special brand of intelligence, for eighty-five per cent of the family's food was raised and “put up” at home. Women knew the complete history from field to table of virtually every dish they served.

Then things began to change. Along came the first bar of soap, the first baking powder, the first cake of compressed yeast. A house-to-house salesman began to sell his invention he called condensed milk—a famous brand today sold in every grocery across the continent. The first packaged

By CLEMENTINE PADDLEFORD

Director

CHURCH HOUSEKEEPING BUREAU



OLD



NEW

In 1900, meal getting was an all-round-the clock job. Today, the can-opener is the extra hand of the busy woman



crackers arrived, big square soda crackers packed in a box long as a rubber boot. With each new product a dozen similar products followed in its wake.

Today eighty-five per cent of our food comes directly from the grocer's shelf. Thousands of items flaunt their charms to tempt the pocketbook. The annual output of canned goods alone is 9,000,000,000 cans a year, an average of thirty-six for every man, woman and child.

Behold 215 different kinds of edibles available in cans, with forty-seven varieties of vegetables alone. Corn was the first of the vegetables to go canned to the grocer's shelf. Now we have everything in cans that the garden can produce. Even Irish potatoes are offered cooked and canned either in julienne style or in balls. There are some forty-one tinned specialties ranging all the way from evaporated milk to molasses and plum pudding. Soups are third on the general list, numbering thirty-seven kinds, closely followed by canned fruits of thirty-three varieties. There are twenty-seven types of fish and shell fish including caviar and oysters. Now twenty-three types of meats are put up in cans. Deviled ham was first of this canned meat parade.

Canned fruit juices occupy miles of space in American grocery stores. Grape juice came first seventy years ago, the fore-runner of all the oceans of canned and bottled juices now on the market. But the majority have arrived since 1929. Tomato, grapefruit, orange and pineapple juice; then the cranberry, the prune. Now comes papaya juice, cherry juice, juice of the passion fruit and a long list of nectars of such common fruits as peaches, plums, pears and apricots. In 1938 a total of almost one billion units of fruit juices were produced.

No longer is a can opener the badge of a lazy housewife. It is the extra hand of a busy woman who must plan, market, prepare, cook and serve over 1,000 meals a year. “Heat and eat” foods mark a general trend in the canning industry. Dozens of short cuts to quick dinners march into stores annually. Chocolate pudding and apple rice pudding, fig and plum puddings come all ready to serve. Macaroni and potato salads, baked apples in cans, chopped (Continued on page 49)



(Continued from page 31)

news seemed so impossible as to be unbelievable. To have his prayer without words so wonderfully answered left him too upset to do anything about it. Why had he not known? Why had not someone told him? Mrs. Caleb, did she know? If she did, she could not have kept still a moment. And then suddenly he threw back his head and laughed, a big, deep-throated guffaw that made passers-by look at him curiously. He was still laughing and smiling as he came up the steps and greeted Mrs. Caleb.

"Well," Mrs. Caleb greeted him with smiles of her own. "It looked as though you and Kathryn have made up."

"We have. She's coming to church with Bob." Bruce seized his landlady by both hands and pump-handled them up and down, bowing and chuckling.

"Well," Mrs. Caleb disengaged her hands with some difficulty and rubbed them tenderly. "I dunno as there's any call to get so excited about it. Course we'll be glad to see her back. Mebbe she'll do something in the 'Aid,' besides helpin' Mary when we have a sale."

"And she's promised a thousand dollars for the new church," Bruce laughed. With difficulty he suppressed an impulse to pirouette about the room. Mary was free. She had broken with Stephen. Glory be!

"Hm, that's good. Every little counts," said Mrs. Caleb practically. "Now if only her dad would get busy."

Suddenly Bruce thought of the note Kathryn had left him. He still had it in his hand. He opened it quickly.

"Dear Mr. Hardy:

My daughter has told me of an extraordinary service that you gave to Robert. In this you saved her from sorrow and did a good job. I want you to know that I appreciate this for her sake. I usually try to pay my debts and today am sending John Dale my check for \$5,000 for the new church.

Yours truly,  
Samuel Darnley."

He whistled and read the letter again. "Sam Darnley's giving us \$5,000," he announced to his impatient auditor.

"For the land sakes! What's got into him? The day of miracles ain't passed," Mrs. Caleb was quite overcome. "How do you 'spose he come to do it?" she wondered.

Bruce had started up to his room. "I don't know," he called back. After all, what Sam did was not his concern at this moment. Mary Knowles was free and he would see her tonight.

At ten o'clock the day of Betty's marriage with Gregory, the telephone rang and Mr. Gregory spoke in angry tones. "Say, Dominie, Betty's just had a big bunch of flowers."

"That's nice," said Bruce innocently. "Betty has a good many friends."

"Yeah, but how did they know about it?" Mr. Gregory was clearly much exasperated. "Who's been spillin' the beans?"

"I'm sure I don't know," said Bruce earnestly. "I've not told a soul." There was a growl in the phone and Bruce smiled as he hung up. Small town gossip. Somebody putting two and two together and making four.

Four o'clock came and with it the wedding party, "Spike," Betty, her mother and a very much perfumed, hair-slicked best man.

"Make it snappy, Dominie, make it snappy," commanded the bridegroom worriedly as Bruce was looking over the license. "There's no tellin' what will break in the next five minutes."

At this moment the kitchen door opened and an eager bunch of girls plus Mary Knowles, plus Kathryn, plus Fannie Law, plus a few tenors and basses of the choir swept in and enveloped the wedding party. Betty was flushed and looked charming in the excitement. "Spike" both frowned and grinned. "Every member of the choir and then some," he muttered: "Probably the rest of the boys ain't far off. Yeah, here they come."

## Eternal Life

There is no death.

The day that seems to die,

Rises anew;

The rain, lost in the soil,

Returns as dew.

Each tiny seed

Dropped from the ripened pod,

Is an unwritten creed,

The voice of God.

And I shall greet

The Resurrection morn,

A life complete;

A soul new-born.

Margaret Wheeler Ross

Outside in joyous procession appeared some twenty red-shirted young men who were dragging an antiquated and dilapidated buggy. A goodly company of small boys and idle citizens had come with them. The company halted in front of the house and quickly formed into two lines from curb to porch.

Mr. Gregory gazed at his friends sourly. "This here is our quiet weddin'," he remarked with withering sarcasm.

Bruce was watching the spectacle with an increasing bewilderment.

"H-h-how d-did they know?" he stutered.

"There's different ways," said Mr. Gregory dryly.

Red with embarrassment, Bruce Hardy went through the ceremony, signed the certificates, congratulated the newly married couple and watched the hilarious company shower them with rice. Through the window he saw the firemen convey the bride and groom to the decorated buggy

and take it up the street, a noisy, whooping, hilarious crowd.

That same evening, Bruce resolved, he would see Mary and end his suspense. Mrs. Caleb, however, kept him so long, rejoicing over his decision, that it was much later than he had planned when he presented himself at the Knowles home. The Colonel admitted him.

"Hah, Dominie, it's you, is it?" He ejaculated in his high, thin voice. "Just the man I wanted to see. Come in here to my den. There's some things I want you to look at."

Bruce looked at his watch alarmed. It had been late enough when he came. "I'm sorry, Colonel," he began, "I know we can't finish this tonight and I wanted to talk with Mary."

"Plenty of time," said the Colonel with more patience than Bruce had dared expect him to show. "Mary will be down in a moment. But we need more money, that is quite evident."

"Have you heard that Sam has sent in \$5000?"

"What's that? I thought you had kicked him out of the window."

"He's come back," Bruce laughed.

"Good work. Don't know what made him change his mind but that's neither here nor there. Even with that we need a lot more, all of \$15,000, I should say."

"I mailed my check today for the thousand I subscribed," said Bruce proudly. He was glad for this chance to let the Colonel know he had paid up.

Colonel Knowles did not seem to notice. "I've been wondering just what we would do about the rest," he went on. "A long time mortgage is possible. A—"

"I am praying the Lord to let us dedicate free of debt," said Bruce firmly. "I know already where we are going to get a lot more."

The Colonel looked up sharply. "You do? Where from? Can't say, eh?" as Bruce shook his head. "That's all right. Mandy always was close-mouthed, though I didn't think she'd mind me. How much is it?"

"Ten thousand."

The Colonel whistled. "Great! That takes a load off my mind. All right, Dominie. We'll keep it dark. Here's Mary." With an air of great satisfaction the Colonel settled back as Mary came tripping in.

"Oh, Mr. Hardy," she cried gaily, giving him her hand. "I'm so glad you have come. Mother has not been so well but she is better tonight and she thinks she'd like to see you."

Colonel Knowles grinned and waved his hand. "All right, Dominie, see you later."

Bruce followed Mary to the broad stairs.

"Wait," he called breathlessly, as though fearful she was again to vanish into thin air. "I want to talk to you."

Mary waited, surprised, on the first step as he came up, her face on a level with his. "Why Mr. Hardy," she laughed. "You startled me."

"I couldn't wait another minute. Mary, I love you. Will you marry me?" He paused a moment, his eyes eagerly looking into hers. "I know it's queer," he went on in answer to her startled look,

(Turn to page 46)






# ALTAR FLOWERS

From a church garden

By Violet C. Gifford

 LAST spring a *Christian Herald* article asked, "who ever heard of a church garden?" Since I have not only heard of one, but have had considerable experience with one, I could not help but answer the question.

Cambria Heights Community Church (Reformed), St. Albans, L. I., was founded ten years ago this fall. For five years it met in what is now the Parsonage. The people had bought an adjacent plot, 100x100, for a future building. About eight years ago, my husband, the Rev. Millard M. Gifford, and I came here. Five years ago last summer we built. The church is rather small—50x28—and is located in the center of the plot. We contemplate an addition but, as far as possible, the landscaping has been done so that construction will not disturb it.

Even before the church was completed, we had offers of evergreens with which to enhance the grounds. We accepted them all and, as soon as the property was graded and ready, neighbors came with their offerings.

But it did not stop here. For, if it had, there never would have been "Altar flowers from a church garden." After the evergreens, as time went on, came flowering bushes—spirea, forsythia, lilacs, hydrangeas. Even before the forsythia blooms in the spring, I cut off budding sprays, bring them in the house to put in a sunny window and the golden bells grace the altar e'er their outside companions burst their bonds. I'll always remember how beautifully the latter brightened our Easter altars (upstairs and down) last year—a very symbol of Resurrection!

Long, graceful branches of the spirea were the floral offering for two or three weeks in June. The lilacs are young yet but we hope to be using their purple plumes in a year or two. A young syringa gives great promise also. A large honeysuckle bush is a note of color.

There are blue and white hydrangeas—eight or ten bushes of them. Not only did we have altar flowers from the blue ones for a month, but I shall never forget what a picture they made with clusters of pink ramblers (with which the back fence

of the church property is covered), at a wedding we had in the church in June. The white hydrangeas, with a few spikes of orange day lilies, were most effective also. Of course, we took care that the orange and the pink did not have too close an acquaintance.

Just before the hydrangeas were so lovely, we had great masses of iris. Four or five years ago someone gave us a number of roots. We planted them in a long row along the southern boundary line. Now they have multiplied and we need no other church decoration for several weeks. We have three or four different colors and they bloom at different times. A great snowball bush blossoms at about the same time. These enormous snow white balls with stately purple fleur-de-lis is a combination hard to beat.

There are two large beds of Golden Glow; and one could not ask for prettier bouquets than these golden flowers with their dark green foliage. Toward the end of summer comes another yellow flower—something like a small sunflower. I do not know the name but they are very prolific and come up year after year from root. I planted a long bed of them four years

ago in front of the back fence. They are small when the pink ramblers bloom and give forth their golden glory when the roses are but a beautiful memory. They, too, are adaptable to arrangement.

Last spring when my own lilies-of-the-valley needed thinning out, I planted over a hundred roots in some of the church flower beds. The Parsonage is right behind the church, making it very convenient to do this. In another year or two we should have some fragrant bunches of these wee bells for a lovely little vase we use on the pulpit. There are a few daffodils, jonquils and narcissus in one small bed. As they increase they too will have their share in beautifying the church.

We also have several spots where flowers which sow their own seeds and come up year after year, grow—cosmos, petunias, nicotina. All of these make attractive bouquets either alone or in groups. Tall hollyhocks march along one fence and a few spikes of these are a handsome decoration.

It is the duty of the Flower Committee of the Ladies Aid to have flowers in church every Sunday. In the winter a local florist has a standing order (unless someone gives a Memorial Bouquet). But outdoor flowers are used whenever available. A great many are supplied from the church gardens. So, aside from their aesthetic value, our flowers save us quite a bit. After the services they go to gladden sick members and friends.

In addition to these flowers which can be used for altar bouquets are others whose sole purpose is to make gay the out-of-doors. All along one sidewalk is a wide bed for portulacas. I put these in last summer and they bloomed oh so profusely! I have started the mate across the path. Eventually I hope to have more of them. Lady slippers grow sturdily and morning glories drape gorgeous ropes of green, purple, pink and white against two adjacent garages in the rear.

We have several barberry bushes in extreme corners and a large, shaped bush of California privet. Ten donors gave young maples in memory of loved ones a few years ago and these are set out between the sidewalk and the curb along the front and one side. Like so many churches, ours has a corner property. A few seedling maples are in back.

Our sexton mows all the lawns about the church, and does the hoeing around the bushes also. He and I do all the weeding as we find time and according to the weather. Very often we work together on it, if there has been a nice rain and the weeds come up easily.

I myself, have indeed planted most of the flowers. My husband, the minister himself, has dug several of the beds for me—that is beyond me! The long iris bed one or two young men dug up, but I planted every one of the roots.

Flowers require a lot of work—weeding, watering, transplanting. But it is a source of intense delight to the sexton and me. All of the bushes were planted by him or by thoughtful parishioners. It is indeed a labor of love.





# THOUSANDS NOW "ALKALIZE" WHILE THEY SLEEP

If You Over-indulge take "PHILLIPS" at Bedtime to wake up with a smile—no sign of acid stomach



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your head feels  
next day

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"to come at you this way. I've been waiting a long time, to say this to you. Mary I love you." He grasped her hand. "Tell me, will you, can you—oh my dear!"

He had folded her in his arms in a quick close embrace as she yielded to him, and his lips sought hers eagerly. After a long moment, they went, arm in arm, into the living room and sat down together.

Mary spoke first. "Oh Bruce," she breathed, "do you really mean?" Tell me again."

Bruce drew her still closer. "It seems as if I have loved you always," he said, "ever since the first day when I met you up there at Emma's. You were so out of reach, like a star. I could only look. I thought it never could be and tried to root the love out, never think of it, kill it, but I could not. It was agony to see you with him. I wanted you. I loved you so much. All I ask, dearest, is for you to be somewhere near. I want you to be with me. I can do anything then." He kissed her again and again and gazed humbly, adoringly into her face.

Gently she was stroking his face, her eyes large and glowing. "Oh, Bruce, I have loved you, too. I was ashamed about it. I tried to be true to—to him and your face kept coming between us." She buried her face on his shoulder.

They heard a chuckle. Colonel Knowles was standing in the doorway, surveying them wisely.

Bruce laughed as they stood up. "Have you anything to say to your prospective son-in-law?"

Arms entwined, the young couple faced him and the Colonel looked them over seriously. Then he smiled, and coming near opened his arms to include them both. "I don't know how your mother and I can ever give you up," he said huskily, holding them tight. "But you have chosen a good man, my daughter. God bless you both."

"Mother will be asleep now," Mary said after the Colonel had disappeared. "But, oh what news I will have for her in the morning." She gazed at her lover, her eyes shining in a transport of happiness. "It seems like a dream still," she laughed settling back in his arms again. "Who told you?"

"About what?" Bruce asked pretending to misunderstand.

"About Stephen, silly."

"Kathryn and Bob the day they were here. I wanted to speak to you then. Mrs. Caleb hoped I would."

Mary nodded and laughed over a memory. "Dear Aunt Hannah. I told her she mustn't tell you."

"Let's go down and tell her now. It's only ten o'clock." Bruce glanced at his watch. "I want to tell the whole world how happy I am and Mrs. Caleb will spread it quickly enough."

They found Mrs. Caleb deep in the locals of *The Clarion*. "My land, Mary, what be you doin' out this time of night?" she demanded.

A moment more and Bruce had put his arm around Mary and drawn her close as they faced Mrs. Caleb. "We were wondering, Mary and I, whether there were not some calls we could make together," he grinned.

Then Mary broke away from his arm

and flew to her friend. "Oh Aunt Hannah," she exclaimed. "I'm so happy and we wanted you to be the first to know."

Mrs. Caleb responded to the girl with an embrace, holding her close.

"Well, I'm glad you both have come to your senses," she said at last. "You two keepin' apart that way was the biggest foolishness I ever saw."

True to Bruce Hardy's expectation, the news of the engagement starting from Mrs. Caleb's lips spread like wildfire.

"There's just one thing we want now to make it all perfect," said Mrs. Caleb. It was the Sunday after her informal announcement and Mr. Hardy and Mary Knowles were being thronged by a congratulatory company of worshipers after the morning service. Mrs. Caleb and Silas Hart were standing aside beaming on the spectacle. "The Pastor ought to have a church weddin' right after the mornin' service, some Sunday."

Deacon Hart's eyes twinkled with reminiscence. "I haven't seen anything like that in forty years. I don't think I ever saw a minister married in his own church. It would be sort of nice."

Instead of going home with Mrs. Caleb to enjoy the Sunday dinner upon which she always put extra effort, Bruce departed with Mary and the Colonel that day and Mrs. Caleb watched him go with mingled feelings. It was late in the afternoon when he came home.

Bruce was in high spirits. He had come bounding into the kitchen and flung his hat across the room to the far table. "Wasn't she wonderful this morning," he exclaimed as he threw himself into a chair. "I could hardly keep my eyes off her when I was preaching. We're not going to wait long for our wedding," he went on, "not even until the church is done. When Mrs. Knowles gets well enough, so Mary thinks she can leave her, we're going to get married. Mary thinks that long engagements are a mistake. You know she's got lots of common sense."

"She ought to know," responded Mrs. Caleb cryptically. She studied the young man for a moment and then said abruptly, "I was tellin' Silas Hart this mornin' that I wished we could have a weddin' on a Sunday mornin' after service." Carefully and with ample attention to detail she explained the old custom while Bruce listened with interest.

"Sounds sort of nice," he commented when she concluded. "That saves a lot of fuss, too. I'll talk with Mary."

"There's one thing," Bruce smiled across the breakfast table the next morning, "that Mary and I have resolved. I'm not to spend more than one evening a week up at her house. There's all this work going on and we're going to make the church first."

"That's fine and mighty sensible," Mrs. Caleb approved, "if you can stick to it."

Following this plan, Bruce and Mary set aside Thursday evening as their own unless an imperative church engagement prevented, with Sunday night after church for an extra hour of grace due them because of good behavior.

(To be concluded)

Note: This serial, which ends with the next installment, is to be published by Harper and Brothers the middle of next month under the title, "The Inevitable Dawn."—Editor



## QUESTIONS I AM ASKED

By E. M. Conover, *Director*

*Interdenominational Bureau of Architecture*

(Continued from March)

### 4. How should children's church school rooms be decorated?

It is very encouraging that this important matter is receiving attention in many churches. Religious educational workers believe that in some cases the "sense impression" received by the child may be as effective in his religious development as the content of the lesson taught.

Children respond readily to environment and fortunately we can create the proper environment for them in the church school. Rooms should be made appealing and should possess charm. Educational purposes demand that the decorative schemes be simple and unobtrusive. Color schemes depend upon the exposure of the room. For example, if one is compelled to use a room with northern exposure for little children, a color which suggests sunshine and warmth should be used to counteract the feeling of chill and cold. A white wall is cold and unattractive and strong colors should be avoided, especially red, blues, and yellows. The ceiling should be slightly tinted in tone with the walls but much lighter. A rough sand-finished wall is undesirable for church school rooms.

To counteract the feeling of chill and cold, use should be made of colors which suggest sunshine and warmth, such as modified tones of yellow, while rooms with southern exposure need restful, quieting colors found in deeper tones of green, blue green, light olive, tea, or tones of gray. Draperies add greatly to the charm and homelikeness of a room for children. High, large windows require dignified treatment; while simple, harmonious hangings are better suited to average windows.

### 5. What are the requirements of a good church floor and what kind of flooring material is to be recommended?

An attractive floor adds tremendously to the charm of a room. In selecting flooring materials and coverings, the considerations to be weighed include beauty, durability, quietness and ease of keeping clean.

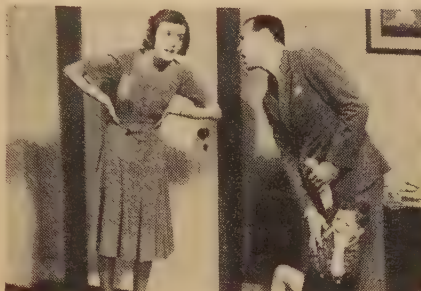
There are many excellent manufactured flooring products that are attractive and durable. Samples and prices can be received by any church upon request. Concrete or wood floors may be covered with cork, rubber tile or other manufactured products which may be had in attractive color effects. Large use may be made of linoleum which is now made in colors and designs suitable for every type of room.

### 6. Are carpets still being used in churches?

The total amount of carpet used in churches is now greater than ever. Many people like the warm, homelike feeling produced by well selected carpets in the main sanctuary. In some places, carpets are used in the sanctuary with hardwood or other flooring under the pews. A large number of church school rooms, church parlors, pastor's and other rooms in the parish house use carpets to advantage.

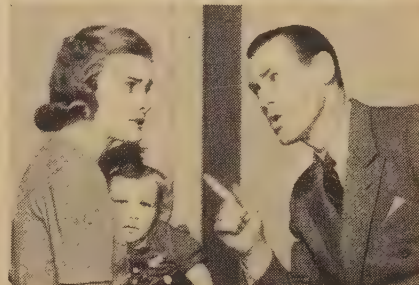
## "Confound it! If it's good enough for me...it's good enough for him!"

*How a young couple learned the modern way to bring up their baby.*



**JANE:** For mercy's sake, Sid...! Are you losing your head?

**SID:** Now, wait a minute. Don't fly off the handle!



**JANE:** My goodness!... The idea of giving that child a dose of *your own laxative!*

**SID:** Look here, Jane. He needs a laxative. Mine works. So what's the harm in giving him a bit?

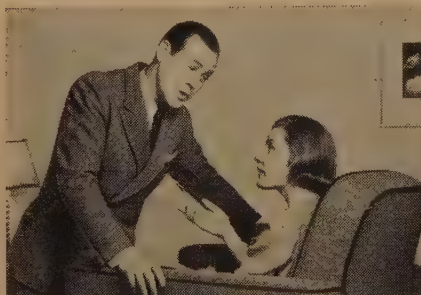


**JANE:** Plenty, my dear NIT-WIT. You see, I just came from the doctor's. I told him about the trouble we were having with Bobby. And I asked him what to do.

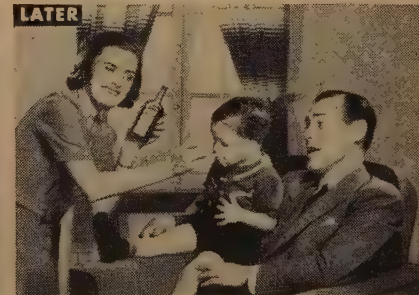
**SID:** What did he say?



**JANE:** He said that the modern method of special child care, calls for a special laxative, too. He said an adult's laxative can be too harsh for ANY tot's immature system...even when you give it in smaller doses. He recommended Fletcher's Castoria.



**JANE:** He said Fletcher's Castoria is a modern laxative...made especially to suit a child's needs. It has no strong, purging drugs and won't cause cramping pains. He said it's on the safe side, yet very thorough.



**SID:** Man alive—look at him go for it!... And with that finicky taste of his!

**JANE:** The doctor was right... Fletcher's Castoria has a wonderful taste... Thank heaven, we found a SAFE laxative he'll take willingly!

*Chas. H. Fletcher* **CASTORIA**

The modern—SAFE—laxative made especially and ONLY for children



the bank and big native pots of food begin to boil. A great amount of laughter and chattering comes from the groups that squat around the blazing fires, eating their evening meal.

A little later there is a religious service held by the Christians from the boat. They sing a song or two and then John Inkima, the captain of the Oregon, speaks. Tall and dignified—one of the best river-boat captains in the province—he stands and begins his talk. He is a forceful and eloquent speaker and the crowd gives him rapt attention. When he has finished they sing again, vigorously and with enthusiasm. The echoes of the final strains of their hymn float back softly from across the river. The crowd disperses, the fires die down and the voices are still. An intense silence—the profound quietness of the tropic, jungle night—descends on everything, under the brilliant stars. One slips quietly off to bed.

At three of the larger villages on our way up river we stopped for four or five day "bikitel" (gatherings) of the teachers and evangelists of the regions around. On the first and last day of our stay in each place we gave injections of neosalvarsan. In these outlying districts, far away from any hospital or dispensary, the prevalence of yaws is so great that the injections are needed by a very considerable proportion of the population and as for the people themselves, they have a fixed idea that "the needle" is a magic that is potent for anything and everything. It makes no difference what disease a native may have, it matters not at all what arguments are presented to convince him that he ought to have a different medicine—he knows what he wants and nothing else will satisfy him but "ntonga" (the needle).

Throughout the years I labored to develop a common-sense attitude toward the injections of this drug but I never could see that I had gotten very far. I might very well have saved my breath. Gradually I became reconciled to the giving of it to great numbers of patients who did not in my opinion need it except as a psychological necessity. Little by little under the pressure of much work and the influence of local witchcraft (it must have been that), I became something of a witch doctor myself and "the needle" was my magic.

These villages presented a remarkable picture on "needle" day. Our equipment consisted of a table, borrowed from some villager if we could find one, and which we set up in the shade of some big tree; two kettles for sterilizing, and the usual armamentarium of syringes and needles and ampoules. Early in the morning the line would begin to form and one of my helpers would start collecting the money and taking the names. I have seen hundreds of such lines form and not a one of them that did not powerfully affect me—the lame, the halt, the blind, the old men and women who were bent and crippled with rheumatism, the babies and little children covered with the awful yellow pustules of yaws, the ones who were so weak and ill they could not walk and had to be carried on the backs of their relatives or swung in a hunting net between two friends. There were always many

who had the vicious, fulminating, destructive ulcer of the tropics. There were always numbers of lepers in all stages of the disease. There were the pitiable victims of sleeping sickness. Scarcely a malady that was not represented and all of them paying down their hard-earned bits of money, their chickens, ducks, eggs or whatever they had with the assurance that "the needle" would cure them.

I always lectured them on the fact that neosalvarsan was good for certain types of diseases and not for everything; but they made no effort to try to understand what I was saying.

When the money had been collected and the eggs and fowls and goats and other produce and live stock had been taken care of we began the business of giving the injections. Our technique might not have gotten very favorable reaction from metropolitan hospitals but it was simple and rapid and in the open clearing of the African forest it seemed adequate and fitting. I sat at the table and as the names were called one after the other the patients came with extended arms and received their shots. I had two assistants. One of them applied the tourniquet and swabbed off the arm with alcohol while the other washed out the syringes in boiling water and kept me supplied with a clean one for each succeeding case.

Hour after hour I reached for syringes, jabbed and injected. It would be difficult to count the number of gallons of neosalvarsan solution I have insinuated into African arms during the course of ten years. I think that the most I ever did single handed in one day was 247.

Such was "ntonga," the African obsession, the Congo panacea. If I had remained with them for another five years I think, perhaps, the native perseverance would have won me over to the belief that it was good for everything.

On other days we held a sort of medical clinic where we treated ulcers, dressed wounds, dispensed large quantities of epsom salts, gave out ointments for innumerable skin conditions and liniment for aches and pains. We lanced abscesses, removed foreign bodies, cut off tumors; but our biggest stock in trade, perhaps, was the pulling of teeth.

A good deal has been said at one time or another about the wonderful teeth of the primitive peoples, but whoever said it wasn't acquainted with our section of the Belgian Congo; for while one sees an occasional fine set and most of them have wonderfully long solid roots, they appear to decay just as fast as those of their more effete brethren in other countries—or faster.

Moreover, the Congo native in some inexplicable appeal to vanity, is given to filing his front teeth. Some tribes file only the two upper, central incisors but others file all the front teeth both top and bottom. Whatever one may think of this practice with regard to its effect on the beauty of the individual it cannot be disputed that it plays havoc with the permanency of the teeth. The native pays dear for the peculiar cosmetic effect he attains and the missionary doctor is given a lot of practice in extraction.

As for me, I am not a very scientific tooth puller but I admit to being one of the strongest and most persistent. It was

on this same up-river trip that I fought (and lost) my most heroic battle over a tooth. We had just tied up at a village for the night and the boat had hardly stopped when a strapping black came rushing on board and demanding to see the doctor. It appeared that he had a tooth that was killing him and if I would pull it he would be everlastingly in my debt.

I got my forceps out of the bag and went ashore with him. The tooth was a lower molar and other than having a deep cavity at one side seemed to be perfectly sound. It had the look of being well anchored so I had the fellow sit down with his back to a palm tree and clasp his hands around it behind him. With that I got a firm grip on the thing and began to pull. I pulled, twisted, yanked, jerked and went into convulsions but the tooth refused to budge. Finally with a supreme effort I loosened, not the tooth, but the man's hold on the tree and swung him practically clear of the ground in a complete semicircle at the end of the forceps. I probably would be there swinging him yet if at that point the forceps hadn't broken and put an end to my endeavors.

The end of the story is that the victim picked himself up off the ground, grinned a bit ruefully and declared that he felt much better and believed that he was cured.

On our trips we met daily with the Christian workers, counting the "mpoji" (offering) they had received during the six month's period, inquiring into the status of the members of each local Church, paying their salaries (if from fifty cents to a dollar a month can be called a salary) and distributing the necessary school supplies.

The meetings were held in the half-open, mud and thatch structures that served for church and school. Most of them were in bad repair and the motley group of natives who assembled there would hardly give the casual observer an impression of great promise. In these groups were many of the early converts of the church who had little or no education but who had a great enthusiasm for the spread of the Gospel. Others were mere boys, chosen for their aptitude in teaching the rudimentary three "R's." Still others were the better trained young men from the mission schools, some of them graduates of the advanced school at Bolenge. There were frequent bickerings and petty jealousies and complaints and naive criticisms and childish poutings. We came from the day's contact with them feeling that there was very little of the conquering army of the Cross about them. But in the evenings when we all came together for a service of song and prayer—then I could not help but feel the power in these newly enlisted Christians. There was within them a basic and fundamental sincerity of spirit. There were no saints among them but they were desperately in earnest and under conviction of the cause they had espoused.

It goes without saying that they lack much of coming to an adequate understanding of the life and teaching of Jesus; but the remarkable thing is not how far they have yet to go but what great progress they have already made. It is not that they are such good Christians but that they are trying so hard. Out of a great need they have come to Christ, and they



are standing like the sinner of old in the temple, beating their breasts and crying out from the depths of their being, "God be merciful."

It was heartening to hear them sing. From their mingled voices out of these humble huts in the thick of the African forest rose an urgency of song but rarely heard in fine stone churches. "Oh to Grace how great a debtor daily I'm constrained to be." "Jesus keep me near the Cross." "Just as I am without one plea." There could be no doubt as I watched the intensity of feeling on their uplifted faces in the flickering light of an occasional lantern that they believed what they sang.

Bokenge preached. He was not as smooth and musical a speaker of the native Lonkundo speech as are many of them, but he had definitely in mind what he wanted to say (which is much more than most of them do,) and he put it across effectively—illustrating and emphasizing his points by the use of their own proverbs and folk tales.

On that trip I heard Bokenge preach on the average of once a day and he rarely repeated himself. He had no reference library, no sermon outlines or preacher's helps; but out of the deep sources of his inner conviction and a thorough knowledge of the New Testament he developed a series of most excellent sermons adapted to the situation where he found himself.

(To be concluded next month)

(Continued from page 42)

fresh celery for salad, are on the canned goods shelf. There is an aspic that jellies in the can when chilled and turns out in a quivering mold. Glance over the ready mixed flours, for waffles, for pancakes, doughnuts, devil's food, spice cakes, white cakes, fruit cakes, cup cakes, corn muffins, biscuits, gingerbread.

A confusing maze of labels meets the shopper's eye. Take canned peas. There are over 300 canning plants in eighteen states and their output is marketed under several thousand different brands. But there is but one sound way to apply good buying sense—buy branded products nationally advertised. Earning a good name in the highly competitive food business is a long and costly undertaking. When a manufacturer spends thousands of dollars to buy the best ingredients, the best machines, the best type of packages to advertise a food to the public, he will do everything in his power not to let his product deteriorate. Success to the corporation depends upon keeping up the quality.

Established food manufacturers favor rigid food laws for it protects their products against inferior brands. So it is no surprise that reliable food producers have put up a stiff fight to pass protective food laws requiring the highest ethics in labeling and enforcement of sanitary regulations for manufacturing processes. It was in 1906 that Congress passed the first Food and Drug Act to control the rapidly growing food industry. It was a revolutionary measure and did much to promote wholesomeness and honest labeling in commercial food products. But in a generation this Act was outmoded. Its most striking deficiency was its lack of authority to establish food standards that had

(Turn to next page)

## WHY MUST I ALWAYS WORRY ABOUT THE SUCCESS OF MY CAKE?



A cooking teacher gave Jean a tip which should help all women who bake.



**Jean:** "Miss Mills, as a cooking teacher, your cakes always have to turn out right. But tell me, just how can you be sure?"

**Miss M:** "Many things contribute to cake results, Jean, but I have found that one is surer of success with a steady action baking powder."

**Jean:** "Why, that's interesting. What kind do you use?"

**Miss M:** "Royal, always. It's made with Cream of Tartar, and has a steady baking powder action that promotes a close, even texture. I use it in my classwork where my cakes have to be light and delicious."

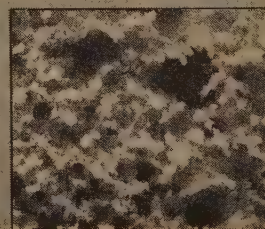
**Jean:** "Well—me for Royal! But doesn't it cost more?"

**Miss M:** "Per can, yes. But only a fraction of a cent more per baking! The other ingredients in a cake cost from 30 to 40 times as much as the penny's worth of Royal you use. It's poor economy to risk a failure."

These photographs of cake, magnified, show why the action of baking powder is so important to success in baking.



**STEADY BAKING POWDER ACTION**  
This is the normal result of steady baking powder action. Note the delicate but firm grain and fluffy texture of this cake. It will retain its moisture and delicious flavor—stay fresh longer.



**UNEVEN BAKING POWDER ACTION**  
See how an uneven baking powder action may ruin texture by breaking down the tiny cell walls, make it coarse...crumbly. This cake will dry out—lose its flavor—get stale more quickly.



### SOMETHING YOU SHOULD KNOW

ROYAL is the only nationally distributed baking powder that is made with Cream of Tartar—a pure fruit product from luscious, juice-heavy grapes. ROYAL leaves no "baking powder taste." Ask your grocer for ROYAL when you buy baking powder!

### A HELPFUL COOK BOOK, FREE!

If you bake at home, you should have a copy of the Royal Cook Book which tells you how to make delicious cakes, biscuits, muffins and pies. Send your name and address to Royal Baking Powder, 691 Washington St., New York City. Dept. 204.

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(Continued from page 49)

legal force and effect. For instance "noodles" didn't necessarily have to have eggs in them unless they were specifically marked "egg noodles." "Ice cream" became a term applied alike to a rich mixture as good as mother's and to insipid frozen stuff more than half air with just a trace of butter fat.

To bring order out of this chaotic condition, last year Congress passed the Food, Drug and Cosmetic Act that authorizes the setting up of standards for food. This section, the real cornerstone of the food part of the Act, gives the Secretary of Agriculture the power to establish standards of identity, quality and fill of containers for nearly every food under its common name. Setting up such standards will take a long time—two years, three years—but when the job is done much of shopping drudgery will be done away with. A shopper may then ask for jam and be assured that it meets the government standard for jam, without analyzing the itemized list of contents on the label. It will be as simple to buy salad dressing or ice cream as it is to buy butter today. Butter now is the only food for which there is a legal food standard. But it will still be up to the woman who buys to decide for herself what the label information means to her family and to apply that knowledge to her choice.

Flavor is the most important characteristic of any food, and that likely will have to remain the choice of the individual. But aside from flavor, food products lend themselves nicely to descriptive labeling. For example, the size of large units, such as peaches or beets, may be indicated, "7 to 10 halves" "15 to 20 whole beets." The size of small units such as peas or lima beans may be described as tiny, small, medium or large. Color may be referred to as white, green, green tipped, or green tipped and white as in the case of asparagus. The kind of sugar syrup used with canned fruits is something else women want to know—is it medium heavy, heavy, or extra heavy? The consistency of products is important and may be indicated by the terms thick pack, or thin pack. Wheth-

er sugar or salt is added should be indicated, too.

The variety of fruit or vegetables as named on the label, along with statements as to method of pack, is helpful information to the shopper. Regarding weight or volume of the contents of the container, that is a rigid label requirement.

Members of the Associated Grocery Manufacturers have been working toward such labeling long before the new food law was passed. Its enactment is to the good of honest manufacturers. Once standards of quality for each kind of canned food are set up labels on foods falling below these standards must be marked as sub-standard products.

Manufacturers are making every effort to let the consumer know what she buys. Now it's up to the buyers to learn to read labels intelligently. How many of you stop to read beyond the large print? How many buy by brand? When a brand proves satisfactory, do you keep a record of it for convenience in reordering? Do you read the advertisements and know what to expect of good food? When you find one grocery store cleaner than another do you patronize the shining example? The consumer must do her part, too, if she expects to get quality foods—and full value for the food dollar.

#### The Food Parade

The newest member of the frankfurter family has a cellophane overcoat with a hemstitched closing that works like a zipper. When the frankfurter has been in the boiling water five minutes and is plumped to a turn the coat peels off.

Garlic has made the social register, New York's largest hotel using five pounds of the stuff a day. The local garlic king, agent for Eastern dealers, reports that fifteen to thirty tons of garlic are handled a week.

A grapefruit juice new on the market is sweetened with dextrose, that quick energy sugar, so called because it is immediately assimilable. Dextrose, you know, doesn't require any digesting, as it

is one of the blood sugars and closely approaches the natural sugar of fruit. The dextrose addition mellows the flavor of the grapefruit juice and smoothes that too sharp taste, all without muting of the pleasing tang of the natural fruit. This juice comes from a thousand-acre Arizona grapefruit grove in the Salt River Valley below the Roosevelt Dam.

Punchinello, clown among fruits, developed by a Florida grower, is a perfect blend of lemon, lime and grapefruit. Extra fancy sour is one description for it. A little of this juice goes far in the punch bowl.

We cannot resist mentioning a new corn mix—although distribution is still limited—that takes but three minutes to prepare. The package we tried yielded twelve medium-sized muffins of nice corn flavor and not the least sweet. These were light-textured and airy and browned to a deep gold. All one adds to the mix is one egg and  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup milk, then beat until smooth. Twenty minutes of oven heat (425° F.) and you have a typical Southern corn muffin to do your table proud.

Whether you can buy them in your town or not, it is news to know that orange juice and lemon juice have both been quick-frosted. Here is a juice exactly as sweet and alive on the tongue and as fragrant to the nose as that reamed from the freshly cut fruit. The juice comes in cans but is not to be compared to the pasteurized canned juice. This is not the least tinny to the taste, nothing has been added to the fresh juice, nothing taken away. Tests made by the company show that these juices have no loss of vitamin C. Only tree-ripened fruit is used.

A breakfast cereal like a new kind of pop corn has corn as its main ingredient with nutritive added to make it rich in vitamin B and D, calcium and phosphorus. According to the manufacturer, one large serving contains as much vitamin D as a teaspoon of standard cod-liver oil. Serve the crisp crunchy corn balls as a breakfast dish with milk.

(Continued from page 34)

though, that adventure alone would not suffice for the man. Maybe not even for the girl. That was the thing that frightened Sarah Anne.

Now, driving along the road, Sarah Anne surveyed the few stores which still huddled together in the same friendly spirit in which their founders had drawn close against the wilderness. This was security. This was the thing Bob did not want. And for that she hated him—or did she?

Bob Kennedy, meantime, watched the dilapidated car wheeze down the road. Then he went back to the office and stood quietly gazing out of the window into the muddy yard. Eleanor spoke softly, her voice sweet and wistful and free from the scorn that had lashed it when she spoke to Sarah Anne. Her words were casual, though.

"I'll run on. Shall I order you a hamburger on a bun?"

Bob grinned, but the girl saw that the smile did not reach his eyes. "Make it

ham on rye for a change. I'll be seeing you."

When she had gone he stood at the door, hands in dungaree pockets, whistling a wordless tune. Some day Sarah Anne would learn that a home wasn't a place where you kept pots and pans and a few chairs. She would find out that a church was more than the parking place for some hymnals and a pulpit. Home was anywhere that you hung your hat on a peg, smelled something simmering on the fire, and shared four sheltering walls—with one you loved. Love—that was the only indispensable thing. And a church? Well, a prayer sometimes had a pretty good chance of getting through when there was nothing but sky above a mountain or a desert. No static to interfere.

Bob laughed shortly. If the men in his crew knew what he was thinking they would split their sides laughing. Move-on-Kennedy, they called him.

The day was growing dark and the lanterns of the gang flashed down the road like gigantic fireflies. Now and then Bob heard a voice raised in an order. It was

funny to think that not a man out there knew him really. Not one of them knew about his years in a Children's Home. Not one of them knew about the lonely little kid who wanted a house and people who belonged to him, and books and a cap that were his and nobody else's.

He had been about ten the day he had his talk with an engineer who was working on a bridge near the Home. The man had been talkative. From his older vantage point, Bob knew now that he must have been lonely, too.

"Always on the go in this work," the engineer explained. "Never stay anywhere long. Maybe a bridge here today, a tunnel in the Andes next month. You can't even have a family. Not if you're a wrecker or a sandhog."

"Suits me," the red-headed youngster had agreed. "I don't belong to anybody. How can I get in?"

"Go to school first—"

"Yeah? Where?"

Well, he had done it. He had worked his way through High School, college and  
(Continued on page 57)



(Continued from page 20)

mediates held a four-day camp this year, with a Sunday-school leader acting as dean, and a campfire guardian teaching leather work. Courses were offered on personal religious living, Christian social problems, and Bible study.

Senior boys and girls have a camp of their own; they hew their own wood and draw their own water and study the principles of democracy, justice, fraternity, Christian service and community cooperation. The out-of-school young people discuss the more adult problems of economics, religion, and sociology. Last but not least is the camp for farm women; it is two days in heaven for the rural housewife. An extra cook is employed so that the campers will have nothing to do but rest, read, think, play and worship. Neglected talents have come to light; indifference about the country Church has flamed into enthusiasm around this campfire.



## VOICES

I am Barabbas!  
'Tis I that should have died  
Upon the tree,  
But there the Holy One was hanged  
Instead of me!

And I am Pilate!  
I might have saved Him  
With a word.  
I washed my hands,  
But made no protest heard.

And I am Peter!  
I knew so well,  
His gentle, loving heart;  
Yet in His hour of deepest need,  
I took no part.

And I?  
My guilt is deeper far  
Than theirs.  
I am the faithless, who  
While centuries have sped,  
Still press the crown of thorns  
Upon His head.

Albertine H. Miller



A "Comity Committee" has been at work in Chauncey, under the sponsorship of the Episcopal Church, and at Nelsonville under the guidance of the Presbyterians. These two churches were responsible only for the financing of a non-denominational community project. Just cast your eye over some of the items in their list of activities: art, music, handicraft classes, instruction in games, a Sunday afternoon story hour, courses in child care, preparation for marriage and home building, libraries, vacation schools, week-day religious instruction in the schools, supervision of neighborhood Sunday schools, religious services for communities not provided with adequate church facilities, women's missionary societies, and friendly visitation in the homes. Everybody has to work together to put over such a program, and everybody does.

Just one state council has accomplished this, and many another state and council can quite probably offer a record of the same sort of service and cooperation. On the face of it, it hardly seems that the rural church is "doomed;" rather, it is just beginning to use its powers.

(To be continued)

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# Fight Acid Skin NOW

## BEFORE ACTUAL BLEMISHES APPEAR

**I**F your skin seems "acid," if it is losing its firm, fresh tone and smoothness, it's time to get to work on it! Don't wait until actual blemishes appear—enlarged pores, blackheads, oily shine, or scaly roughness. Help prepare your skin to resist these faults, through the beneficial action of these remarkable Milk of Magnesia creams!

**PHILLIPS' Milk of Magnesia TEXTURE CREAM.** Here is beauty-giving action you've never known before in a face cream! Its difference is due to the Milk of Magnesia which acts on the external excess fatty acids on the skin and thus helps to keep your skin free from the blemishes you hate. It provides a new kind of aid in protecting against the mixture of dirt and natural oils which furnishes a fertile soil for bacteria.

**A new-type foundation.** Until you try Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Texture Cream, you'll never believe how beautifully it takes make-up and how long it holds it without touching up! This is because the Milk of Magnesia really prepares the skin—smoothing away roughness and freeing it from oiliness, so that powder and rouge go on more evenly and adhere for hours.

### PUT MILK OF MAGNESIA TO WORK ON YOUR SKIN!

Now fight ACID SKIN—that condition which may be the forerunner of many unsightly faults—through Milk of Magnesia! You know how Milk of Magnesia helps an internal condition of excess gastric acidity. In exactly the same way these remarkable Milk of Magnesia creams act on the external excess fatty acid accumulations, thus helping to prevent and overcome blemishes and to beautify the skin.



**PHILLIPS' Milk of Magnesia CLEANSING CREAM.** If you want to experience a really efficient job of cleansing, just try Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Cleansing Cream! The Milk of Magnesia not only loosens and absorbs the surface dirt, but penetrates the pores, neutralizing the excess fatty acid accumulations and leaving your skin soft, smooth and thoroughly clean. Try it just once and it will be your cleansing cream *always!*



## PHILLIPS' *Milk of Magnesia* CREAMS

TEXTURE CREAM—CLEANSING CREAM

2 SIZES  
30¢ & 80¢

shown a raft of her blue-ribbons and citations and a bookful of newspaper clippings that would delight a Hollywood star.

Another 4-H'er that took my fancy was Oliver Larson, nineteen, of Bertha, Minnesota, who received first honors at the congress for his leadership gifts. When Oliver was fifteen his father died suddenly, leaving him and his mother to operate the 160-acre farm. Despite the heavy responsibilities, he finished high school, continued his 4-H project and leadership activities, and is now sole operator of the farm.

And there was Myron A. Johnson. On his father's farm near Boone, Iowa, Myron during the last ten years raised eighteen baby beeves, fifty sheep, eight sows, and their litters, eleven acres of corn. He sold his products for \$3,642, after winning \$411 in prizes with them. That won him a \$300 scholarship.

Sadie Reed, twenty years old, a Yankee lass from East Poultney, Vermont, was voted the national canning champion for 1938. In ten years of club work she canned more than 4,000 jars of fruit, vegetables and meats, valued at \$2,100.

Stamped as the best 4-H cook in the United States for 1938 was Lois Adams, seventeen, of Apache, Oklahoma. Lois is the daughter of a mission preacher who serves the Apache and Comanche Indians out that way. In her family there are seven mouths to feed, and on a mission preacher's scant income this is no easy job. In her seven years of 4-H work, Lois prepared 4,371 recipes, meals and luncheons, and completed forty-two projects valued at \$1,195. She received a \$400 college scholarship as a token of the judges' regard for her work.

Another young man with an undoubted flair for tugging at opportunity's forelock is Elliott Brown of Rose Hill, Iowa. He joined the 4-H when he was fifteen. When he was nineteen, the steer he fed on his father's rented farm was declared grand champion steer of the 1929 show. At auction Elliott's steer brought the highest price ever paid for a grand champion that was to be sold as meat—\$8.25 a pound on the hoof. With his prize money, young Brown had almost \$10,000 reward for his work. After the 1929 congress he went home and bought the finest Aberdeen-Angus foundation herd his money could buy. He went into the pure-bred cattle business. Now he has a herd of forty-five.

Thus I bumped into scads of youngsters whose stories add to the luster of 4-H. There was Sylvia Hunter, who found enough customers for her homemade bread in William Allen White's town, Emporia, Kansas, to support herself through high school and pay for music lessons on the side. There was Ruth Humphrey, seventeen, of Whitewater, Wisconsin, who won a \$400 scholarship because she baked 349 loaves of bread, made 311 garments, canned 1,615 pints of food, set out 608 plants, cared for 7,430 square feet of garden and in between supervises fifty-eight 4-H-ers.

Other nations, from which come reports of the dictators' failure to "keep 'em down on the farm," would be profited by sending their scowling lieutenants over here for a look-see at the 4-H movement. For the 4-H movement doesn't only come to the big city of Chicago once a year. It "goes to town" the year around!



(Continued from page 17)

"I never had a more responsive crowd," Rodeheaver reports. "A little surprised at first, but they came through nobly. I heard one man say as he was leaving, 'This sure was one h— of a meeting, but I'm glad I didn't miss it.'"

It was not Rodeheaver's first Broadway appearance. Twenty years earlier Billy Sunday and he stormed New York, citadel of wicked wetness, built a tabernacle at 168th street, and prepared to drive out drink, political corruption and sin.

With a brass band, his own faithful trombone, and a choir of 3000, Rodeheaver astonished Broadway with a song that resounded from the Battery to the Bronx:

"Oh, no, boys! Oh, no! Oh, no!  
The turn-pike's free, wherever I go.  
I'm a temperance engine, don't you see?  
And the brewers' big horses can't run over me!"

They say it was Rodeheaver, the master showman, who used to set the stage for Sunday. Sunday was an obscure evangelist holding meetings in small towns when he and Rodeheaver joined forces. That was in 1909. Ten years later Sunday was at his peak. A third of a million converts had hit the sawdust trail while Rodeheaver's choirs softly chanted, "I come! I come!"

There is a distinction, Rodeheaver believes, between the so-called gospel song and the hymn.

"Gospel songs are addressed to the people," he explains, "hymns to God."

He has written hundreds of both kinds, words and music, alone or in collaboration with other men. The other men have signed most of them; Rodeheaver is content to own the copyright, thereby adding appreciably to the funds with which he serves the Lord. His publishing houses in Chicago and Philadelphia print the songs, Rodeheaver plugs them with his own voice on platform and air, sells the books by the million. When they are well distributed, when hundreds of people are holding them open in their hands, Rodeheaver is ready for that final, and to him most significant step, in his business of creating song—to make these people sing, and singing, forget their animosities.

Last year the ministers in the mill town of Coatesville, Pennsylvania sent for him. The steel mills were closed, people were desperate, agitators were trying to stir up trouble. Rodeheaver flew to the town, played his trombone, was sympathetic and friendly, and invited the citizens to sing. They did sing, hour after hour. Tension lessened, and the riot of unemployed, which the town had feared, did not occur.

Call these tricks of Rodeheaver's magic, and he scoffs.

"I just give folks a song they can get their teeth in, that's all," he explains.

No magic? Follow him to a temperance meeting in a small Midwestern town. Four hundred middle-aged men and women sit in sober rows. Rodeheaver leans down from the pulpit, suggesting, "I think we ought to sing."

Someone shouts "Number 19" and you pick up a songbook from the rack. Rodeheaver lifts his magnetic trombone, plays

a few infectious notes, the audience takes up the melody. They sing another, another. Imperceptibly the tempo is speeding. With a practised eye Rodeheaver is watching his audience. Suddenly he says, "Now the fire song! I'll sing the words. You hum. Hum any old thing."

Obediently the audience hums quietly while Rodeheaver alone carried the words.

"Oh, my lovin' sister, when the world's on fire,  
Don't you want God's bosom for your pillow?"

He repeats it and repeats. The humming rises. A strange harmony swells from the four hundred throats. There is something unworldly and remote in the cadence and the tone. Something hypnotic. Four hundred people sit on hard benches, caught in rhythmic spell.

This is the proper moment. He starts his sermon. Rodeheaver talks about "temperance," which to him means prohibition. He minces no words, angrily charges the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment with all the troubles that beset America, calls it "our greatest tragedy."

His white-hot voice, earnest, indignant, provocative, yet always in control, touches every man and woman in the room, leaves its mark on each. Then he takes up a collection, which goes to the cause of temperance, not to Homer Rodeheaver.

As soon as the meeting is over, a dozen young people surround him on the sidewalk, he cheerfully invites them to supper, they pile into cars, and rush away at terrific speed with Rodeheaver at his own wheel, setting the pace.

This appeal to youth is another strange quality that he possesses, for the doctrines he advocates, on the surface, do not sound exciting to young people. Yet he always is surrounded by them. They drop in at his house at all hours, waylay him on the street, ride with him in his speedboat, play tennis with him, swim with him, sit on his porch and sing or argue philosophy, politics and world affairs.

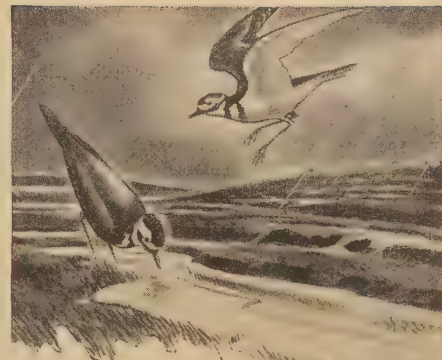
For the latter, too, he has his own solution. Without so much as a smile he announces his conviction that the nations of the earth could sing away their troubles.

"Get people to singing together," he says, "and there's never need for a policeman. Get nations to doing the same thing and there's no need of navies and big guns."

Straight-faced, he outlines his plan. He would bring Hitler, Mussolini, Stalin and the Japanese Emperor into one room—he's a trifle vague on just how to accomplish this first step—make the four of them sing together.

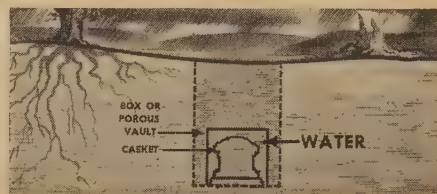
"Give them a world radio hookup, tie all continents and all peoples together, and let that quartet sing."

Is he laughing inwardly at the picture? If so, he does not admit it. For he knows that the community singing *does* work for community understanding, and Rodeheaver is off somewhere tonight, bringing a moment of peace to some corner of the world, some church, or school, or club, or town. He's making men and women sing, making the presence of policemen unnecessary. Somewhere, he's pulling music out of plain people, drowning local animosities in a sea of melody. Somewhere he's brightening the corner.

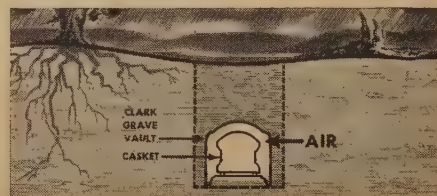


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(Continued from page 41)

surpass them for beauty." As he went on, someone inquired, "Who was that?" "He? dost thou not know? That is the Nazarene." Our Lord ever saw the best in everything and everyone.

*We thank Thee for Thy faith in us, O Christ. Thou dost know the worst about us; and the best. Help us to be both loving and discerning today. Amen*

SATURDAY, APRIL 15

## LIFE'S UNLIKELY LYRICS

"MAKING MELODY IN YOUR HEART."  
READ EPH. 5:11-20.

A FRENCH writer recounts an experience in Paris. He was depressed and sad. Everything seemed amiss. Suddenly a lark burst into song. Looking about, he at last descried it. It was in a cage, hanging outside a poor house. But it seemed to have forgotten its prison and its forbidding environment. Its song was of a sunlit countryside, of green grass, flower-spangled fields, and blue skies. Then the man saw how greatly he was at fault. Surely the wings of faith could lift him high above earth's depression. Gratitude for life's smaller blessings might awaken song.

*O God, who dost give songs in the night to the trustful, enable us ever to rejoice in Thee, that our lives may show forth Thy praise. Amen.*

SUNDAY, APRIL 16

## MISSING THE TIDE

"NOW IS THE ACCEPTED TIME."  
READ JOHN 5:1-8.

"THERE is a tide in the affairs of men." How often have we heard that. The fishing boats lie on the muddy shore. The ocean-going ships lie at anchor, in enforced idleness. They can never cross the sandbars to reach the sea. Then they are doomed to inactivity, like the defeated, the frustrated? Not so. On those ships, steam is being got up. And before long they will weigh anchor. The smaller craft will also be sailing for the harvest of the deep. Are we living so close to God that His grace may supply our needs so that, when the larger opportunity comes to us, we may be ready? Or through lack of faith shall we miss the tide?

*Thou art ever more willing to bless us than we are to receive Thy bounty. Keep us from resisting Thy grace and from closing our hearts to Thee. Through Christ. Amen.*

MONDAY, APRIL 17

## A DAY AT A TIME

"TAKE NO THOUGHT FOR THE MORROW."  
READ MATTHEW 6:25-34.

THE old fable about the two clocks is not without meaning. The tiny Swiss clock, in the store, being taunted about

its size and its inadequacy for the work awaiting it, might arouse pity. It was told that it would have to tick sixty times a minute, 3,600 times an hour, 86,400 a day. No wonder that its courage failed, and its hands were held motionless before its face. But the old grandfather clock intervened. "All that may be true," he said. "But remember, little clock, we are meant to go just a tick at a time—a day at a time. That is all that is required of any of us." Did not the blessed Master say, "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof?"

*Help us to cast all our care upon Thee, for Thou carest for us. Thou art our confidence, and in Thee do our souls take refuge. Through Jesus Christ.*

TUESDAY, APRIL 18

## THE POINT OF VIEW

"THINGS WHICH ARE SEEN ARE TEMPORAL."  
READ II COR. 4:8-18.

"TWO men looked out from prison bars;  
One saw the mud; the other, stars."

Much depends on the point of view. Some people see the world, chaotic and disrupted, and they despair of human nature. They see the day's duties as a meaningless round. And life's trials and discouragements render them disgruntled and disagreeable. The Christian may also be confined in the dungeon of duty and circumstances. Yet from behind the bars he sees, not the mud but the stars. And the changeless mercy laid up for us in God's heart gives him courage, strength and cheer.

*Keep us today with our faith set on the unseen, our hearts set to obey Thee, and our lives garrisoned with Thy peace.*

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 19

## CAN WE TAKE IT?

"STAND FAST IN THE FAITH."  
READ II COR. 11:21-31.

"SO YOU can't take it?" That is the taunt we sometimes hear. It is the world's verdict on our cowardice, our complaints, and our lack of trust. When we fall below the standards which the unbelieving set for us, we bring reproach upon our religion, and also on our divine Lord. He has promised the strength we require. Such is His bounty. And we can't take it without being blessed, cheered, and enabled to stand life's strain. Paul gloried in his infirmities. They magnified Christ in His servant. But we can't take it, on the other hand, without being a blessing to others. Some are just as harassed, but they are without faith. No Saviour have they to help them. But we may point to Him. We may share the priceless blessing of our faith. Lend a hand!

*We thank Thee for the help which enables the soul to be true and to endure. Grant us Thy grace this day. Through Christ. Amen.*

THURSDAY, APRIL 20

## CONSUME YOUR OWN SMOKE

"FRET NOT THYSELF."  
READ JOHN 14:1-11.

THE railroad which pierces the Canadian Rockies suggests a way by which our lives may be benefited. Before the train enters the marvelous figure-eight tunnel, linking Alberta to British Columbia, the steam locomotive is taken off and an electric one takes its place. What is the result? There is no smoke, no clinkers, no dust. And when the train emerges to the sunlight, there is nothing to detract from the glory of towering hills, deep-cut canyons, and rolling lands beyond. If only we could consume our own smoke! If only we could electrify our mental life! Then instead of beclouding the skies by our doleful complaints, our trust in the Lord would add to life's glory and its joys.

*Thou hast promised that in quietness and confidence shall be our strength. Aid us this day that, with patience and courage, we may meet life's demands.*

FRIDAY, APRIL 21

## LOOKING FOR THE BRIGHT SIDE

"MY GRACE IS SUFFICIENT."  
READ II COR. 12:6-10.

MOST things have two sides. A street, a coin, a river, are cases in point. And like a street in spring days, when one side is often in the shadow, the other in the sun, our experiences have two sides. A pessimist has been defined as one who, given the choice of two evils, takes both! But the Christian heart looks for the bright side of all that happens. There are benefits which can come in no other way. Trials may teach us our need of God. Paul's thorn in the flesh showed him that grace would be supplied. Not for the easy way, but for strength to tread the difficult, should be our petition.

*Thou who hast not spared Thine only Son wilt freely give us all things. So fit our backs for the burden, and our hearts for the toilsome way. Amen.*

SATURDAY, APRIL 22

## THE ANGEL OF HIS PRESENCE

"THE LORD IS MY HELPER."  
READ HEBREWS 13:1-8.

THERE is a picture by George Frederick Watts, called "Love." It shows a timorous figure, cowed by the hovering clouds, and daunted by the rough stones of the steep mountain track. But Love, in the form of an angel, with furred wings, grasps the trembling hand reassuringly, and pointing upward with challenging finger, he is also assisting the soul in its ascent. So Christ's great love comes to the aid of struggling humanity. His hand is outstretched to take ours. His uplifted finger points the path to



the heights. But He Himself climbs by our side, to steady and guide by His unflinching presence.

*O God, who didst so love the world that Thou didst give Thy Son for its redemption, as flame answereth to flame, so may our hearts be drawn to Thee. Amen.*

SUNDAY, APRIL 23

## GETTING AWAY FROM THINGS

"BE AT REST."

READ PSALM 55.

THIS is the longing of many a weary heart: "O that I had wings like a dove." We all feel like that occasionally. If only we could get away from things! If only we could leave our worries and our sense of futility, how happy we would be. But would we? As the colored maid said to her mistress: "So you're goin' away? But, honey chile, ain't it yo'self what's unhappy? And ain't yo'self goin' along with you?" As the psychoanalyst insists, we cannot escape from ourselves. But we can escape from our baser selves. By alignment with God's purpose, by surrender, by prayer, the heart can be made brave. Then, not flight, but fight shall be its firm resolve. And the conquest shall yet be won.

*O Thou, who hast promised to keep in perfect peace the mind stayed on Thee, aid us this day to rest in Thy fatherly wisdom and goodness. Amen.*

MONDAY, APRIL 24

## JUST FOR TODAY

"TAKE HEED HOW HE BUILDETH."

READ I COR. 3:10-17.

"ROME was not built in a day!" Yet it was built by the day. Whether we think of that ancient city, with its venerable landmarks like the Colosseum, the Forum, and the Appian Way, or of the great empire of the Caesars, the maxim holds good. Someone planned, others gave their strength to realize the dream. And so is it with life's projects, and the building up of character. Life is made up of petty duties, which in themselves seem unimportant, of the minor virtues of reliability, kindness, punctuality, and integrity. Progress is slow. Delays are frequent and vexatious. Yet the builder of Christian character knows the encouragement born of faith in Christ as the foundation, and the thought that, even though Rome was not built in a day, yet day by day it was built.

*In patience and fidelity, let us do our utmost for Thy sake, concentrating on the tasks of this day that our lives may be according to Thy divine plan. Amen.*

TUESDAY, APRIL 25

## BLAZING THE TRAIL

"PRESS TOWARD THE MARK."

READ PHIL. 3:1-14.

THE pioneers of our country, cutting  
(Turn to next page)

# As you face life's sunset . . .



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(Continued from page 55)

a way through virgin forests, blazed the trail. They did this by a glancing axe blow, which stripped a bit of bark from the trees they passed. This gleamed white even amid the dim-lit woodlands. It showed the way by which the hardy adventurers might return, or others follow in their steps. The path of life has been blazed by Christ. But it is important that, lest it become overgrown and so be hard to trace, we blaze it anew, so that those who come after us may find the way that leadeth unto life, even the Christ.

*O Thou who didst lead Thy people by the pillar of cloud and of fire, guide us until we come to that City which hath foundations, even the new Jerusalem.*

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 26

### KEEP SWEET

"COMMIT THY WAY UNTO THE LORD."

READ PSALM 37:1-11.

THAT delightful lady, "Mrs. Wiggs," reveals a secret. It took the sting out of misfortune and the bitterness from adversity. What was it? She remarks, "When-things get to goin' wrong with me, I says: 'O Lord, whatever comes, keep me from gittin' sour!' . . . Since then I've made it a practice to put all my worries down in the bottom of my heart, then set on the lid an' smile." What a splendid example. It is not easy. Nothing worth while is really easy. But what a difference it would make to our peace of mind, to our effectiveness, to our influence on other people. So, as someone has said, "Do your best, keep sweet, and leave results to God."

*O Thou who dost order the goings of Thy children, help us to trust Thee where we cannot trace, to rest in Thee, and wait the unfolding of Thy will.*

THURSDAY, APRIL 27

### A SOLID FOUNDATION

"A MAN WHICH . . . DIGGED DEEP."

READ LUKE 7:45-49.

THERE is a famous store which points a lesson. Beneath the street level is the basement; below that, the sub-basement; but below that again are the storerooms, then the shipping department, and still lower, the heating and power plant. But for 128 feet deeper still, the engineers sank their piers until they reached the bedrock. A building of such dimensions needed a solid foundation. And it is an axiom that the higher man would build, the deeper must he first go. What did Jesus say about foundations? On what are we building, sand or rock? Remember that "Other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ." Then building on Him we can face life's tempests.

*O Thou Rock of Ages, how firm a foundation have those who build their confidence upon Thee. Let stability and steadfastness mark our character, that our lives may glorify Thee. Amen.*

FRIDAY, APRIL 28

### THE UPWARD LOOK

"LOOKING UNTO JESUS."

READ HEBREWS 12:1-14.

THE youth, climbing the mainmast for the first time, grew dizzy as he looked down at the deck, so far beneath him. But he heard the captain shout, "Keep looking up." And he reached the main truck in safety. Spurgeon, when as yet without Christ, heard an illiterate preacher keep saying, "Look unto Him, and be ye saved." The Epistle to the Hebrews urged the harassed Christians of that day, to think of life as a great race. But they were to find strength and inspiration by "Looking unto Jesus."

*To Thee, who art the Source of all blessing, we lift our eyes in gratitude and adoration. Help us to set our affections on things above. Amen.*

SATURDAY, APRIL 29

### PASSERS-BY

"NONE OF US LIVETH UNTO HIMSELF."

READ ACTS 5:12-16.

THE Scriptures record that when Peter passed by, the sick were laid where his shadow might overspread them. Thus they found healing. When Florence Nightingale passed through the hospitals of the Crimea, the stricken men would feel a thrill as the light cast her shadow across their beds. Have we a similar effect on people we meet? As passers-by, is our example telling for good or evil, for Christ or against Him? Be true!

*Because Thou hast endowed us with wondrous powers, because Thou hast called us to be Thy means of blessing unto others, we pray keep us true to the noblest and the best. Amen.*

SUNDAY, APRIL 30

### THE WAY OUT

"A WAY TO ESCAPE."

READ I COR. 10:1-13.

PAUL escaped from the Damascus fortress through a window. But was that the only time he escaped from a trying situation? In Philippi, he and Silas, suffering greatly, found escape through the window of praise. Cervantes, in a Spanish prison, was delivered by the magic carpet of imagination, creating the valiant figure of Don Quixote. Bunyan, immured for twelve years in Bedford Jail, went on his pilgrimage to the Celestial City, climbing the Delectable Mountains to view the distant gates, and then revelling in its glories. From our temptations, our trials and griefs, we may find a window. It is called prayer. And in communion with the Father, the soul shall find a happy issue out of all its afflictions.

*Thou art our Deliverer, and our hearts may well take courage in Thy faithfulness. Show us the way to serenity and trust that we may magnify our Master.*



(Continued from page 50)

an engineering institution. He had shoveled snow, stoked furnaces, tutored, played football. He had learned a lot, much of it in the three years he had been out of school. He knew how the engineers' wives created homes by hanging ruffled curtains at the windows of the shacks, arranging a row of books, lighting a lamp and swinging a kettle over the fire. He knew that two people could build a universe anywhere, if love were there.

And now he had found a girl who did not understand. Yet—there was Eleanor. Funny kid! She caught his vision. She wouldn't be afraid and she would be loyal. Maybe in time a man could want her at his fireside, as well as on the trek. After all, you couldn't have everything, and maybe she offered more.

He'd better be getting to the restaurant. Tomorrow it was to be moved, too. He grabbed an old raincoat and stepped outside. Then his eyes widened. The road was curiously light, bright red. Great Caesar! He began to run.

Sarah Anne was doing some thinking of her own as the car chugged along.

"You were a dreadful sap," she reproved herself. "You let that long-legged bozo hand you Paradise as though it was a red apple or a valentine. Now that you know the moon is nothing but the top of a shining tin can you can show him that you can take care of yourself."

She swung the car around. Her eyes widened as Bob's had done. Fire had beaten the derricks to some of their work, and houses were burning.

By the time she reached the scene the flames were licking the sky with gigantic fingers, doing it with a fumbling rhythm that became a hissing background for the clanging of the engine that was coming down the road. Half a dozen cottages were crumbling, their walls crashing, and the seventh had just caught.

"It's Peter Martin's!" Sarah Anne said it out loud. Peter was the church janitor, and he and his wife had lived in that house the fifty years of their married life. Peter had planned to retire now that his job was gone. For his house to follow it—"It's not fair!" the girl whispered fiercely.

Ladders were raised and the firemen worked swiftly. The janitor's wife came up to Sarah Anne and the girl put a strong young arm around her shoulders. Mrs. Martin smiled: "It's not so bad, Sarah Anne. Trials and tribulations sort of get passed around. We'll get a nicer house."

Bob had overheard in passing. He spoke quickly. "You bet you will! A built-in ironing board and everything." He went into the space where the men fought the blaze.

Twilight deepened, more people came, the crowd was ordered to stand back. It seemed to Sarah Anne that she had been standing for hours when a hand grasped her arm and Eleanor's voice came beating against her ears. "Where is he? Where's Bob?"

All of the girl's love was in the dark eyes. Brave, proud, defiant.

"He was just here. . ." Had he been? Or had it been hours ago? She didn't

know! Suppose—but nothing could happen to him! It couldn't! Her eyes matched the frenzy in Eleanor's and for a moment the two girls were afraid together. Then Bob came toward them. He was grimy and his face was black. Eleanor ran toward him, but he ignored her and came to Sarah Anne.

"Walk down the road a way with me, Sarah Anne—I've got to talk to you." Then as they moved away, "Listen, Sarah Anne, I had a pretty close call when that wall fell—and that set me to thinking very seriously. Now let's get things straight—we've been pulling against each other too long. I love you—and you've known it all along. And in spite of what you've told me, I believe you care more for me than you let on. Do you care enough for me to marry me, and live the life of an engineer's wife? You know what that is—the ends of the earth. When I'm through there, I'm already booked for a long job in the Kingdom of Iran. Will you go there with me? I love you—that's the only argument I've got."

"No—Bob—I'm afraid—" and suddenly aware of a strange longing to say "yes," she tried to bolster her resistance with a show of anger. "You've taken away everything I had—and now you want to take me, too, away from civilization, to live at the jumping-off place. I won't do it Bob Kennedy! Take Eleanor—she would suit you much better."

He stared at her in silence for a moment.

"Is that final, Sarah Anne?"

"Yes—it's final!" With a quick sob she

(Turn to next page)

## THERE IS NO AVERAGE WOMAN —

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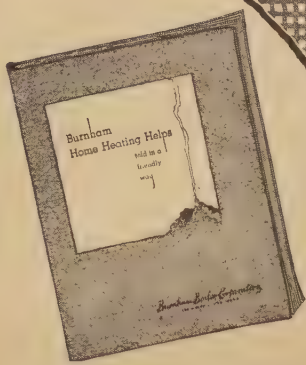
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(Continued from page 57)



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turned and went away from him for fear that she would break down and say what she had suddenly become aware was in her heart.

Her father made an announcement at dinner. "I've good news."

"Yes?" She wondered if some day she, too, could be excited again.

"The Missionary Society has found a place for me. Made one. I'm in charge of church extension in the state—starting new churches, reviving old ones. That's why the local church was combined with another one. I've always wanted to do this sort of thing."

"Do you want to go?" Sarah Anne asked her mother, when the congratulations had been given.

The minister's wife smiled. "Well, we've been happy here, and I imagine we'll travel a lot now. But I'm willing to go. And I understand we're to have a house, too, if we want it."

Was it always the man who found a new path under the snow or heard a bugle on the wind? Was it the woman who need-

wants you there. Sort of a party." She paused, and her voice was cool, contemptuous. "I told her I didn't think you would come."

Even then Sarah Anne realized that the foreman's daughter did not know that her feeling had colored her tones. Her dislike of any girl who had made Bob unhappy, who had appeared selfish, was so intense she could not conceal it. Sarah Anne's head, with its swept-up curls, went higher.

"That's very nice, Eleanor, but I'm going away."

"Away! When? Where?" Bob's voice was more revealing than he meant it to be, but Sarah Anne did not notice.

"Tomorrow. Everywhere." Why not? Her parents would move soon. She could get a teaching job in a new city, or do social service work, or—"I must go home to pack now."

Sarah Anne knew all morning that she would drive past the restaurant at noon. She wanted a glimpse of a red head, a cleancut profile, the lean length of a tall body. Just one glimpse to carry away, though a girl with a mad riot of untrained curls was at his side.

## HEAR MR. CULVER ON CHINA

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Mr. Culver has made many new friends for China and for Christian Herald's Missions and has brought our old friends closer to the work they are doing in China; we have had many words of praise and appreciation from ministers all over the country who have invited Mr. Culver to talk to their congregations.

During the next few months Mr. Culver plans to work in the Midwestern states; if you are interested in having your church groups hear his vital speech on China, please write Mr. Charles Culver, 1716 E. English Street, Wichita, Kansas.

ed a place of brick and mortar to fortify her love?

This thought was in Sarah Anne's mind an hour later when she carried some bedding and food to the Martin family, quickly quartered in an empty room at the tile mill.

Mrs. Martin greeted her warmly. "Sit down, my dear. I was just telling Peter we haven't lost anything that really matters. Just a lot of things. Do you know, me and Peter was a-wonderin' awhile back—almost a-quarrelin'—because I thought I wanted to keep a chest of drawers and he wanted to throw 'em out and make room for a larger work bench. As if it mattered!"

Love burned in the two pairs of faded eyes, steadily like a lamp, undiminished, undefeated.

"Love and peace and memories are all that count," Mrs. Martin talked on. "The only important things are those that nothing can take away from a body."

As Sarah Anne started to the pastoral car, another automobile came to a standstill in front of the mill. Two people climbed out. Sarah Anne recognized them—Bob and Eleanor.

"Wait a minute, Sarah Anne," Bob called, and Eleanor interrupted Sarah Anne's hurried excuse to be off.

"We have an invitation for you," she said. "Mrs. Tyler's serving lunch while the men move her restaurant and she

She slowed down her car as she neared the advancing house. The moving was accompanied with much laughter. Bob was outside at the moment directing and Mrs. Tyler sat on her front porch. Suddenly the woman gave a small scream.

"My apple butter bowl!—My grandmother brought it from Virginia and it's going to fall!" The small brown jar stood on the window ledge. It was tottering.

Bob laughed gaily. "Never mind, I'll deliver the heirloom intact." He swung around to reach the window. But the stretch was too long. He slipped, fell, and went down as the moving house came on.

Sarah Anne put her hands over her eyes. Her heart didn't beat for a moment, and when it began, it was slow, like a clock that was dying down. She saw the men lift the inert figure, place it on a stretcher, carry it toward the emergency hospital. She knew when an ambulance came with clanging bells and the stretcher was moved from the shack to the car. This was Bob, who had no sentiment!

"Unconscious. Nasty blow on the head," someone told her. "They're taking X rays to see what the harm is. Tough going."

"Yes."

At home she sat before the fireplace, watching the burning-logs, but there was no security in a hearth today. She tried to read but all printed words told the same story and nobody else's life was interesting any more. She supposed that



Eleanor was with Bob. She hoped that she was. He mustn't be alone. If he should regain consciousness, just for a moment, and no one was near! She got up, put on her green beret and a green suede jacket, then came back to the fire. No, she had no right to go. He had turned to another girl.

What was it Mrs. Martin had said: "—love and peace and memories are all that count."

She knew it, too. She always had known it. And now it was too late. Bob might die. And if he lived, he was Eleanor's. The room grew dark and she sat in the shadows, letting the fire burn low. The metallic insistence of the telephone called her back to the living room with sudden shock.

Her hand was trembling as she lifted the receiver from its hook.

"Miss Mitchell? This is Northview Hospital calling. . ."

"Yes?" She sat down, her heart turning over and over like a hoop rolling downhill.

"One minute, please." She waited. Then another voice, a gay voice, rather faint now, came in. "Sarah Anne, are you really going away?"

Bob wasn't dying. And he was calling her!

"Because if you are, let's talk it over. You see, my sweet, I love you!"

"You still do?" She wondered if her nerves were playing her a trick, if this voice really called across the darkness.

"Still! Sarah Anne?"

"Yes, Bob?"

"Don't you think you might come to see me? It's thirty minutes 'till evening closes the visiting hours. If you hurry—"

"Coming!" She hung up quickly.

She was in the car, forcing it to thirty-five by sheer force of her will, when she remembered that she hadn't asked Bob how badly he was hurt. She dashed through a red light, took a corner on three wheels. It was so long until tomorrow. There was so much she had to say to Bob tonight. That she understood—that love was all that mattered—that life wasn't anything but a void if she couldn't trek with him. Ah, here was the hospital.

A small figure was coming down the steps as Sarah Anne started up. The figure paused. It was Eleanor. Her eyes burned steadily and her voice did not waver.

"Bob's waiting for you," she said. "He loves you. I always knew it but I thought I could make him love me. You—you were so different. It's no good. Be kind to him, won't you?"

Then she was gone, the cherry sweater a pinkish blur in the rainy night.

Sarah Anne followed the nurse down the corridor. Bob's face was very white, his hair very bright, against the pillow. He held out his arms.

"Going my way, honey?"

"Wherever it leads," she answered. "But it took fire and water and a bump on the head—your head—to show me. I love you so!"

Presently, when they had felt the rapture of their first warm kiss, he spoke again.

"And are you willing to go to Iran with me?"

"Iran? I don't even know where that is. But—happily—" "I'll go there with you, Bob!"

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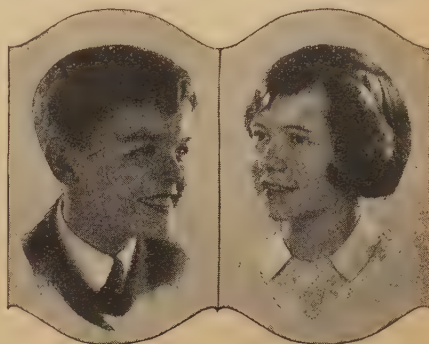
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# STAMPS . . .

By Winthrop Adams

WE EXPECTED the response to our proposed Stamp Club to be big, but we didn't expect a deluge! The list of charter members will be closed this week. Send your name *now* if you haven't already, with fifteen cents to cover costs of mailing, etc.

Just so that we may know what you have to exchange and what you wish to receive in exchange, we are sending you this week a return post card listing several questions. Fill in the card and get it back to us by return mail. The sooner we get the cards, the sooner you will get your lists.

Happy days are certainly ahead for this Club!

### Animals in Stamps

Some time ago we promised our readers a list of wild animals in stamps. That list is now ready for mailing. The price is the same as for the Religious stamps list: ten cents. You'll find this a list of very reasonably-priced stamps, and one with a great chance to build up an attractive page or two in a loose-leaf album.

We still have a few Religious lists left. If you want one, send your dime today. Scott Stamp Company calls it the best list of its kind in existence.

Next on our program: the Round-the-World Mission cachet, and the first trial pages of a Christian Herald Stamp Club Loose-leaf Specialty Album. Watch for announcements.

### New Issues

There are five new stamps from Nicaragua that should be of first-rate interest to all of us: they bear pictures of Will Rogers. They were placed on sale on March 8th, the anniversary of the earthquake that destroyed Managua. Will arrived at Managua the day after the quake, dug deep into his pocket to help the refugees. Says the President of Nicaragua: "He made us laugh when we were crying from grief."

Sweden offers a commemorative marking the 100th anniversary of the death of Professor Perhenrikling, poet and father of the famous Swedish gymnastics system.

Little Aden, the hottest city in the world, has an attractive new set of six stamps picturing the King, camels, ship, castles, and with two efficient-looking Arab daggers on each side. If you are looking for beauty in stamps, try British colonials!

The new U. S. World's Fair Stamp is out; personally, we like it. It is a welcome relief from the monotonous run of "light blues" that we have had lately, and not at all bad artistically.

There will surely be some new adhesives coming out of Vatican City, to commemorate the passing of the last Pope and the election of the next. It is interesting to note that the first stamps issued by the little one-room post office at the Vatican bore

## The Stamp Club

the picture of the late Pope on the higher values of the series; that was in 1929, shortly after the Vatican and Italy signed their famous conciliatory pact.

### History

Last year, 2549 new stamps were printed by 186 different countries: if you had all of them, you would have a good pictorial historical record of what happened in 1938.

Great Britain, and her colonies, with her King George VI pictorials, was the largest stamp-issuing group. Second was Russia, with eighty new issues, the largest number issued by any *single country*; Venezuela issued 57; Turkey 55; Hungary 44; Germany 43; Switzerland 42; and the United States 38. So Mr. Farley who has been lambasted mercilessly as a "stamp racketeer," runs a poor eighth!

Germany has panicked the stamp market. When she took over Austria, she destroyed the Austrian issues she found in the local post offices, or surcharged them to acknowledge her victory. Everybody rushed to complete their Austrian collections; now they will have to rush to keep up with the inevitable new German stamps that will be issued in an effort to pay the cost of the victory.

Dealers report that the public is going in for foreign stamps again, but carefully. Many collectors are unloading German and Italian stamps, probably in protest. From a financial standpoint, it is a wasted protest; if these two States should change their form of government, their old stamps would soar in value. So whether you want to go on buying German or Italian or not, you had better put your present collection of these countries away in a safe spot, and leave it there; its value is bound to increase.

Most pitiful stamp, to this editor, is the one from Czechoslovakia commemorating its twenty years of independence; most attractive is the one from Greenland with the polar bear and the icebergs; most interesting, from a patriotic standpoint, is the flood of foreign stamps honoring our American Constitution: besides our own two, Brazil had one, Dominica three, Ecuador fourteen, France one, Guatemala two, Honduras one, Nicaragua twelve, Poland one, Salvador two and Spain six.

### Question Box

C. Di M Jr., Philippines: "Who was the first stamp collector in the world? Ans.: Nobody knows. Probably an Englishman, for stamps started there. It is comparatively a new hobby; in 1860 the Boston "Daily Advertiser" ran an editorial, saying, "This elegant and curious mania is now chiefly indulged in by young ladies. . ."

E. M.L., Penna: Is a reprint worth anything? Ans.: Sometimes a reprint is very valuable. Usually, however, they are not as good as the originals and sometimes valueless. Go lightly in buying them.

A. B., Kentucky: Is H. C. Harris and Company, advertised in *Christian Herald*, reliable? Ans.: Any firm advertised by the



(Continued from page 15)

easily because we accept superficially, and have never dreamed of loving the Christ of Galilee as Thomas loved Him.

Thomas was prepared to see his Master by a great creative doubt.

It was a woman, broken-hearted, who first saw Jesus on that first day of His Return. It was in the stillness of early morning that she saw Him. All around them the solitary garden pulsed with the glory of spring. But Mary's eyes were blind with tears. She had lost her Master. She had lost the Healer who had released her from horror. She shivered, remembering the black moods and maddened evil-doing from which He had freed her—to watch and serve from afar His career of incredible kindness. With Jesus' life ended, Mary's own life seemed wrenched from her.

"Tell me where you have laid Him," she pleads to the gardener, her eyes sealed by grief.

A voice answers, "Mary!"

At that word the still garden of the grave is suddenly jubilant with spring. Bird anthems fill the air. White with wonder, Mary speaks one word of recognition, "Master!" and falls to press His feet.

"Not now, not yet," He says, "There are others broken-hearted like yourself. Go tell them I have come back."

But have we ready for the Master in the Resurrection garden souls like Mary's, filled to the brim with love for One unseen but infinitely close? Has the Christ of God ever recreated our being as He had recreated Mary's? Have we ever known ourselves remade out of evil by an incredible intimacy with Jesus the Nazarene? There is a very old command laid upon the soul of man, "Thou shalt forever love thy God first and most and best. Only then shalt thou see clearly to love thy brother-man."

It is told of Mary Magdalene that she was one of a group of women, knowing themselves to have been supremely healed or helped by the Master, who went selflessly assisting Jesus and His disciples from a humble distance. Of this group were the women who were earliest at the grave on the first Easter. They did not go in hope, they went in deathless love, to do what they could to the end. They had a deathless reward!

Mary of Magdala was prepared to see her Risen Master by a great creative love.

Herald is believed by us to be reliable. Harris is acknowledged as a leader in the field.

O. S., Indiana: What is a good way of removing stamps from envelopes and boxes? Ans.: Soak them off in a pan of water; put them in the water face up, dry them out on a piece of newspaper or blotting-paper. But be careful: *never* put a stamp made of chalky paper (like British colonials) or one colored with bright aniline dyes in water; they will be ruined. For these, make a moisture-box; a "fat-fifty" cigarette box is good; put a well-moistened piece of blotting paper on the bottom, put the stamps face up on this, then cover them with another layer of clean dry blotting-paper, close the lid; take out in five minutes and peel carefully, press several hours between the leaves of a book.

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(Continued from page 32)

stone. But away we went, with trunks and bags, a Christmas cake for my sister from Mrs. Searle, and a fine old ship's model for my nephew's and niece's belated wedding present. We always seem to carry such awkward things back and forth across the Atlantic! Last time it was a Great Dane puppy!

It is one hundred and fifty crooked miles to Southampton. We had lunch in the car to save time and roared through the gates to the pier with an hour to spare—only to be told that the ship was still in the Thames, held up by fog, and that the Company would put us up at a Southampton hotel until the ship sailed at noon, the next day.

An anti-climax is always hard to bear with dignity: we had worked so hard to get there! But we had a great deal of company in our deflation—all at the ship's expense! Everybody scolded and milled around the hotel in a bored sort of way. There was a group of actors to whom it really mattered. They were due to begin a-tour in Halifax, Nova Scotia, the following week and if the ship were further retarded by fog or storm—!

Well, we did get aboard the following noon and now eleven days later, we are still aboard! I am writing all this in our cabin while the gallant little ship battles the storm which has fought us every foot of the way across the North Atlantic. Personally, I have not minded the length of the voyage, at all, for I am a good sailor now, and I love the sea, even when it is as bad-tempered as it has been for these three thousand miles. This is my first voyage on a really small ship and I was quite prepared to be uncomfortable as far as its sailing qualities went. After all, a fourteen-thousand-ton ship can't be expected to be as steady as a fifty-thousand-ton vessel. But I have been most agreeably surprised. I never have been on a ship which rolled so little. She is a wonder. The pitching has been almost continuous yet we have been knocked about less than I recall under like weather conditions in the old Olympic, heaven rest her memory! And I more than enjoy the simplicity of all the very comfortable appointments.

It has been curiously restful to be away from daily papers, too. The past twelve months have been very bad reading and I'm glad not to be able to read anything but the detective stories provided by the ship's library. Virtue always triumphs in a detective story. And I needed this long pause before bracing myself to meet the overwhelming energy of my native land, if you get what I mean! I have the feeling that the crisis never happened, that there is no unemployment, no race hatreds, no wars in all the world. Only mountainous waves and roaring winds and the steady throb of the ship's engines and a wide sky, held safe-wrapped in the Creator's hands. And yet, just now, near the Purser's office, I passed a group of German refugees, old men and women as well as a younger people, one a babe in arms! I wonder what the Statue of Liberty will mean to them.

I have just been interrupted by a radio-gram from my sister Cornelia. She will meet me at the pier, tomorrow. And so the voyage will end in happiness.



## CURRENT BOOKS

By  
Albert Linn Lawson

THE new novel, *Ordeal*, by Nevil Shute (Wm. Morrow & Co., \$2.50,) is by the famous author of *Kindling*, the sensational best-seller of three years ago. Mr. Shute has the rare gift of a literary style that is simple, unpretentious and effortless, yet strikingly effective. His new book is the realistic description of an imaginary war between England and an unnamed European power, in 1940. It is simple, entirely believable, yet terrible. The story opens with the bombing of Southampton by enemy planes which fly so high that they cannot be seen. The bombings, therefore, are necessarily haphazard, yet enough of the bombs land to work havoc in many English towns. Peter Corbett is a typical middle-class Englishman with a wife and three children with whom he has been completely happy. They own a modest but comfortable home. The very first bombing lands squarely in the center of a Southampton street, and blows out all the front windows for several blocks. Rain beats in and ruins the furniture of the front rooms, but the others remain dry and unharmed. The destruction continues, and the Corbetts are put to it to find a place anywhere in England where they will be safe. The brutal destruction and murder of women and children arouse the whole civilized world to great indignation. England rushes feverishly to increase both her defenses and her attacking power. The dominions, at first reluctant, are aroused and join the mother country. Peter, finding it impossible to insure safety for his family anywhere in the British Isles, decides to send them to Canada, and as the story closes he is off to enlist in the navy.

*Ordeal* is the most vivid imaginary account of modern warfare that I have seen. One puts the book down almost with the feeling that it is real, and that we have witnessed the things herein described.

The John C. Winston Co. have just published *God's Purpose*, a book of 366 sermonettes, one for each day in the year. These differ from the "Daily Meditation" type of essays in that each is a little sermon by some well known minister. Not only this country, but Canada and England are represented. The plan is unique. For example, the contribution of Dr. Daniel A. Poling (for October 29th,) is introduced by the text, from Proverbs 3:13, "Happy is the man that findeth wisdom and the man that getteth understanding." Follows the sermonette, of only twenty-five lines, yet complete and satisfying—a discussion and application of the text. The other sermonettes are handled in similar fashion. The book is a companion volume to *God's Message*, and *God's Minute*—collections of Daily Meditations, of which over three million copies have been sold. The prices are, cloth, .60; leatherette, \$1.00; and leather, \$1.50.

Just received, unfortunately too late for extended review, is *Enjoy the Bible's Beauty*, by Harriet Louise Patterson (W. (Turn to next page)

## The new novel by LLOYD C. DOUGLAS

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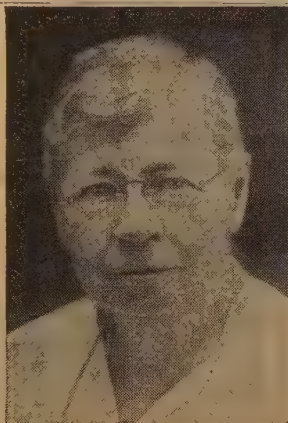
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(Continued from page 63)

A. Wilde, \$1.25). This volume differs from the usual book about the Bible. Its purpose is well expressed by the title—it is intended to help the reader perceive and enjoy the matchless beauty of the Bible. The passages selected are admirably chosen, and the typography and the exquisite binding are well suited to the text. I hope this brief description will induce many of you to order it—you will not be disappointed.

T. Y. Crowell announces a reprint of *The Everyday Bible*, by our own Dr. Charles M. Sheldon. The first edition of this work appeared some years ago, and created something of a sensation. One good soul wrote to Dr. Sheldon that "if the King James version was good enough for St. Paul it is good enough for me." The publishers feel that at present such objections will not be raised. The book will be reviewed in these columns when it appears.

Another announcement of interest comes from the John Day Co.—a book by the three little daughters of Dr. Lin Yutang, the wise and witty Chinese writer, and author of *My Country and My People* which has sold sensationally for the past two years. This volume is said to have been written by the three little girls—the oldest is not over sixteen—literally without help or suggestion from any adult; every word will be printed just as the little girls wrote it. The title they have chosen is "*Our Family*." If it is as charming as the photographs of the three children it will be a treasure.

*The Christian Faith in a Day of Crisis*, by Dr. Charles S. Macfarland, (Revell, \$1.50,) is another unique volume. It consists of summaries, in the form of book reviews, of a number of the most important modern books on theology. As the author says, "The often over-burdened pastor, it is assumed, needs and desires

(Continued from page 37)

many things—this dark-skinned Presbyterian elder of a struggling Indian church set in the mighty desert stillness. We talked of the new adobe house of prayer with the manse the heroic missionary and his little band have slowly raised by their own hands. William Gorman (his Navajo name you would not understand) loves those tiny buildings with a peculiar affection, for he it was who pleaded with Secretary Lane of President Wilson's cabinet for the privilege of erecting them—pleaded eloquently and successfully, against bitter opposition.

And then, at last, through the interpreter (for William Gorman speaks no English) I asked a question that brought a flood of words. With glowing eyes, rich and rapid voice and gesticulating hands, he spoke of his personal Christian experience; of his old fears and evil doings, of how as a lad he prayed to the river, the mountain, the bear, the coyote, the lion, and the sun; of how he had once lived as his neighbors lived—and then of the great change that came. When he told of his Christian faith he became so impressive that we who sat in that rude

to follow the thought of more books than he can read, and it is for him, in the main, that this work is published." Dr. Macfarland then gives summaries, extracts, and explanatory discussions of a number of books, the whole constituting an epitome of modern theological writing. The books discussed include Karl Barth's *Theology Today*, Hugh Ross Mackintosh's *Types of Modern Theology*, Berdyaev's *Solitude and Society*, Clarence R. Skinner's *Liberalism Faces the Future*, and many others. The busy pastor is thus enabled to get a complete picture of the whole realm of modern theological thinking.

A new book by Toyohiko Kagawa is always an event. His latest is *Meditations on the Holy Spirit* (Cokesbury Press, \$1.50). This is not a book for hasty, easy reading, for Kagawa is Japanese, and like most Orientals his mind is philosophical, metaphysical and analytical. But it will repay the careful reading it requires, for it is original, thought-stimulating, as well as devout and full of beauty. Here is a typical passage: "Unless we look at the Cross of Christ with the feeling of God, it is a truth that we cannot understand. If we look upon it in a natural way, it is an ordinary execution. But if we look upon it from God's standpoint, the Cross is the crystal of love." Be sure you understand that passage before you leave it, for its opening sentence states the theme of the whole book—namely, that Holy Spirit enables men to feel with the feeling of God, to see as God sees. Startling, at first thought, but fully and convincingly developed by Kagawa. It is the most thorough and thoughtful work on the Holy Spirit dwelling in man that I know of. I laid it down with a feeling almost of awe.

Remember, if your own bookseller is unable to supply them, any of the books reviewed in these columns may be had from our Book Department. In ordering enclose the required amount, and address Book Department, Christian Herald, 419 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

room caught the sense of an unseen, benign presence, as he concluded, "And all of this I do fully believe."

For me this is the message of Easter, and while it underlies and undergirds the entire structure of Christian faith, while it is the most profound theological element of our religion, it has a warmth in its personal application, an intimate tenderness, that makes it a balm of Gilead to a wounded spirit and a song in the night to a sorrowing soul. When we stand beside the graves of our departed, while winter winds of death blow chill about us, we have the promise of another springtime, for He is risen.

We know that, as the blossoms bud and bloom and fade, then lift their heads again in fairer forms, so we shall rise. Then, when at last we close our eyes upon these scenes and fold our hands from work, we do not die; that we but pass from work to greater work. Because He lives, we shall live also.

Jesus Christ is not a dead king. In spite of time and change, with all the ardor of my youth, those years when faith first came to build an altar in my heart, I answer all my doubts and silence all my fears with "He is risen."



## WITH A PENCIL STUB

DEEP blue sky with white puffy clouds scudding ahead of a fresh wind brings hints of the awakening earth blows over miles of hills and plains; buds swelling along reddening bushes; a robin hopping along a branch only yesterday was snow-etched; bravely blooming—all mean spring. While making the round with Henry as I gathered sap back in the sugar bush, I noted that the dogwood needed a few days to bring forth a froth of blossoms.

Young lambs trying out their long un-learned legs and new calves having to be taught to drink from a bucket (and this is hard on the fingers), keep us out at bay. I earn a lot now, yet somehow it's pleasant here with the fragrance of the clover in the mows, the smell of the granary where the door is opened and the odor of shingles and boards warm under the sun at noon.

Something about neatly piled wood that makes a good deal about a place—just like the curtains at sparkling windows. Business knows they don't sparkle long after the washing now.

My neighbor had two young horses, Ginger and Sally, that had been raised together. I used to think what carefree times those colts had as they raced through the lush green pastures by the creek and stood at noonday in the shade of the trees or nickered softly as they at night were led by the pasture bar waiting to be let into the barnyard. The youngsters were taught to ride them around the pasture and a picture they made—manes and tails streaming in the wind—sleek hide glistening. Youth—Freedom! When neighbor'd come to the barn to get chicken feed the two noses would be thrust out as she entered. They wanted to be petted and rubbed to. A while back, Ginger got an infection in her foot but it seemed to be responding to good care; then the other one, Sally, she stumbled somehow in the barn and broke the other front leg. My neighbor got some one to put her out of her misery. The other horse, Sally, neighs and snorts and is uneasy—in her poor dumb way she knows the world won't be the same when the chores are done and night comes down in the big shadowy barn. She won't be the gay Ginger to gossip with or to race down the lane when the door is open in the mornings.

It always seems to me that the love of animals in one's life looms rather large. A dog, a horse, some animal—and if a person has never known it, then a whole part is missing from his life, and he is impoverished. Henry says that if he ever saw St. Peter, he hopes that there are some of his good animal friends there, for were the ones who were true and faithful; and I think Henry wasn't joking. Just to stand in the doorway and look over the awakening fields where all the birds are from trees to green grass show the upsurging of Life, to see new birds flying from the South, and now and then to glory in the great silvery V of the geese as their banner flings across the rays of the setting sun, is a lesson in Faith and Hope.

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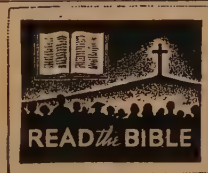
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APRIL 2

Saul Becomes a New Man

ACTS 9:1-30

(Printed Lesson, Acts 9:1-12, 17-19)

THE conversion of Saul begins at least as far back as the time of the death of Stephen. When the murderers of that good man cast their garments at the feet of a young man named Saul, who "was consenting to Stephen's death," we have him started on his furious course.

What prompted Saul's terrific hatred of the humble followers of Jesus Christ? We may be sure that in his actions he was sincere and unwavering. "(1) Saul was intensely religious, and felt that Christ's followers were overthrowing the very foundations of religion. (2) The Jesus whom he opposed was not the real Jesus but the one as described by the prejudiced and deformed views of His enemies. (3) The record of Jesus, who claimed to be the Messiah, fell far short of what Saul expected, and he would therefore do a real service if he opposed such heresy. (4) The inward bitings of conscience may have driven him on to more intense and zealous persecution than he would otherwise have had." (*Teachers' Commentary*.)

While the several accounts of Saul's conversion vary in some details, the main items agree in their directness of statement. "As his company neared Damascus, he seemed to be surrounded by a bright light and as he fell to the ground to hear a voice saying, 'Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me? Go into the city and there it shall be told thee what thou oughtest to do.' When he rose he was completely blind. His companions did not understand what had happened; all they heard was a sound from heaven. They brought Saul to Damascus and left him blinded and refusing to eat or drink. . . . Ananias, a disciple of Christ at Damascus, was then warned by a vision to go to the house where Saul was. . . . Ananias obeyed, went to Saul and greeted him as a brother, whereupon the scales fell off his eyes and he immediately received baptism, took food, and was himself again." (*Foakes-Jackson, Life of Saint Paul.*)

Results of Saul's Conversion

1. *Changed conduct.* To follow Christ allows but one standard for conduct. The very intensity of Saul's persecution made way for his zeal in his new vocation. He did a right-about-face. His old enemies became his new friends, while his old friends now sought to take his life. From the time of his conversion Paul knew how to pay the price.

2. *Willing preparation.* Each student should go deeply enough into the several accounts of Paul's experience (including Gal. 1:13-21) to arrive at some conclusion regarding the order of events. When did

Paul go to Tarsus? When did he retire to Arabia? When did he begin his ministry? When did he confer with the apostles? Regardless of a variety in answers to these questions, it will be evident that Paul took plenty of time for preparation for his tasks, and used good judgment as to the means of getting ready.

3. *Definite appointment.* Paul was certain of the far reaches of his ministry. He will send thee far hence unto the Gentiles (Acts 22:21) and "that I might preach the Gospel among the Gentiles" (Gal. 1:16) are examples of how his conviction was deeper than God's purposes in any life go much beyond the moment of conversion, and the last steps of surrender are quite as important as the earlier.

Questions for Class Discussion

1. In what points is Saul's conversion an example for others?
2. How can a conversion less spectacular than Saul's be just as genuine?
3. Are there adequate substitutes for conversion today? If so, what are they?

APRIL 9

Paul Preaches the Risen Christ

ACTS 13; I COR. 15

(Printed Lesson, Acts 13:16, 23-31, 38, 39; I COR. 15:19-22)

THREE objectives are immediately before every class in studying this lesson and none of them should be omitted: (1) chapter 13 as an important contribution to the story of Paul's life; (2) the nature of Paul's message, particularly concerning resurrection; (3) the perpetual and never-diminishing claims of Easter in the life of every Christian.

1. The general outline of chapter 13 contains the choice and consecration of Paul and Barnabas "for the work whereunto they have called them," the opening phases of the first missionary journey, the preaching to the Jews—Paul's first recorded sermon—and the turning to the Gentiles.

At Antioch in Pisidia two important things occurred: (1) In the synagogue the Jews Paul preached a remarkable sermon, convincing to both Jews and Gentiles. To a much larger audience the next Sabbath Paul preached again, but with a different position. The Jews had become doubtful and suspicious, and now rejected his preaching. (2) At this juncture Paul and Barnabas made their first decision as to their future preaching—"Lo, we turn to the Gentiles."

2. Knowing that his hearers were mostly Jews, Paul chose to speak historically. Coming rapidly through God's ancient covenants for His people, Paul carefully gave the details of the coming of Jesus as the Son of David. He placed the responsibility for the crucifixion of Jesus on the dwellers in



and their rulers, but declared it to be the fulfillment of ancient prophecies, part of God's eternal counsel. He declared the reality of Jesus' death, dis- noting His burial. And finally Paul dramatically announced, "God raised him from the dead," which easily became the climax of his review of the past. Skillfully he showed how the resurrection carried out the promise made to the fathers, and the Saviour whom he declared was in- deed a Saviour unto Israel."

Paul's best statements concerning the resurrection are contained in the second verse of the lesson (I Cor. 15:19-22). In verses (14-18) there are cited sev- eral obvious consequences of the denial of the resurrection: If Christ hath not been raised, (1) Christian preaching would be empty, hollow, and without substance, (2) Christian faith would be built upon a foundation of sand, (3) the testimony of the apostles would be adjudged false, (4) the faith of those who were baptized would be ineffectual, (5) they would not be saved from sin, but would still remain in it, (6) the fate of those already in sin is much worse than they supposed.

The positive argument is even more im- portant. "Christ is declared to be 'the firstfruits of them that slept.' The firstfruits are the first sheaf pre- sented to God at the passover, was a pledge of the coming harvest. So the resurrection of Christ is but the first of the great mul- titude who are to rise from the dead. His resurrection is a divine promise and ex- ecution of theirs." (Erdman, *First Corin- thians*.)

These causes each Christian to think of his own case. Of himself, and humanly, he must pay the penalty of sin. Death is the reward. But by Christ, who opened the way, the obligation has been met. His way is toward life, not toward death. So thousands of millions of Chris- tians say, "Because He lives, I too live." Simple, but effective medita-

#### Questions for Class Discussion

Why did Paul place such importance on the resurrection as a proof of Jesus' Messiahship?

Why do some Christians avoid or con- sider lightly Christ's resurrection and ours? What new message does Easter 1939 bring?

How can any Christian make Easter a time of triumph?

APRIL 16

#### Paul Establishes Churches

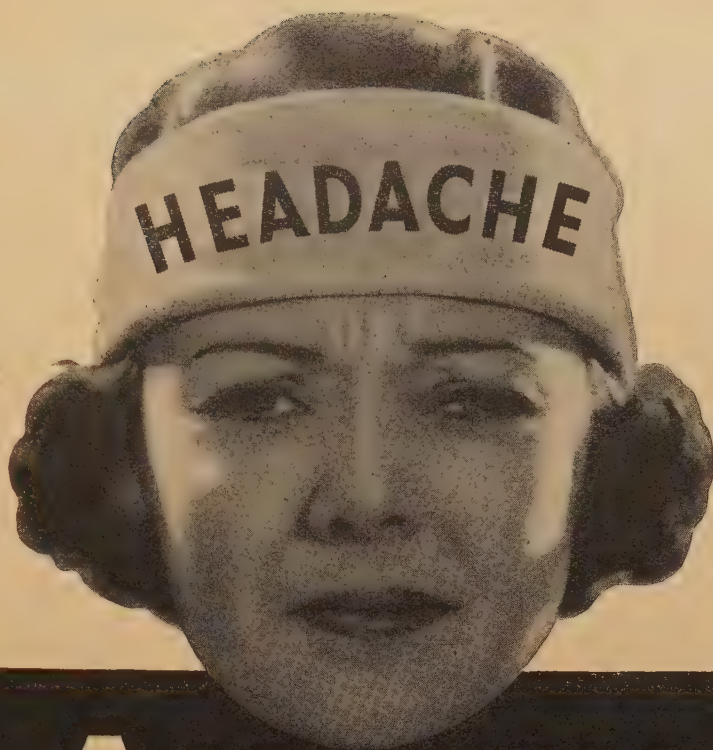
ACTS, Chapter 14

(Printed Lesson, Acts 14:1-7, 19-23)

WHEN Paul and Barnabas went to Ico- nium, Lystra and Derbe, there existed in the soil in which the Gospel seed was sown; when they left, there were new groups of believers and the start of new Christian churches.

From Antioch in Pisidia to Iconium (a Roman city in the Roman province of Galatia) was seventy-five miles. There was in Iconium a colony of Jews, and a syn- agogue, and to this the itinerant preachers came.

While their message was effective, among many Jews and Gentiles to believe, there was also opposition. "It is recorded (Turn to next page).

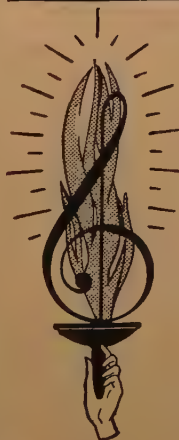


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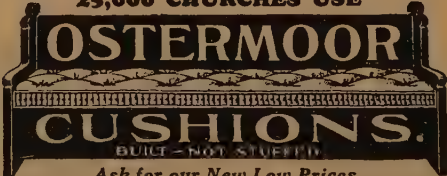
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(Continued from page 67)

that Paul and Barnabas wrought many miracles in this district. . . . The mention of 'signs and wonders' (14:3) is in itself a proof that the mission was successful." (Foakes-Jackson, *Saint Paul*.)

From Paul's period in Iconium there arose a piece of legendary literature which is most valuable because it gives a description of Paul's personal appearance. (*The Acts of Paul and Thecla*.) Here Paul is described "as one of moderate height, with scanty hair, bow-legged, with large eyes, meeting eyebrows, and a rather long nose. But his power lay in his expression: he was full of grace and pity; now he looked like a man, now he had the face of an angel." (*Westminster Commentary*.)

The preaching in Iconium affected the whole city, and the people were divided into two factions. This resulted in a three-fold conspiracy to produce illegal violence, the Jews, the Gentiles, and the magistrates plotting a public riot which might bring about the stoning of the apostles.

Four points are to be noted in the sojourn at Lystra: (1) the miraculous healing of the crippled man; (2) the desire of the multitude to worship Paul and Barnabas as gods; (3) the endless opposition shown by Paul's enemies who followed him from place to place to make him trouble; (4) the reversal of opinion resulting in the stoning of Paul and the ending of his ministry in the city.

Lystra provided a memory for Paul which could not be effaced, and which found its way into the list of his hardships later recited. (II Cor. 11:23-28.) "It was evening now. In the dusk the disciples stood about him, while Luke worked over Paul's bruised body, trying to bring the quick breath of life back into it. Slowly Paul opened his eyes, rose painfully to his feet, and returned to the city. One had led him by the hand into Damascus. But Paul had a stronger strength now, the fanatic power of a man made perfect by weakness, the drive in that invincible Jewish will which supported him in the belief that he was filling up the measure of Christ's suffering. Only thus could he pick himself up after a stoning that almost resulted in death, walk into Lystra, rest one night, and the next day take the road to Derbe." (Spencer, *Beyond Damascus*.)

Perfecting the organizations. All we know about success in Derbe is that Paul made many disciples. "In all the cities Paul and Barnabas strengthened the souls of the disciples, exhorting them to hold fast to the faith and assuring them (as Paul himself was fast learning) that 'we must enter the kingdom of God through many an affliction.' In each church, too, the apostles caused presbyters to be chosen by a show of hands, and with prayer and fasting entrusted them to the Lord in whom they had believed."

### Questions for Class Discussion

1. Why was a miracle of healing of great value in Lystra?
2. What consequences might have followed if the apostles had accepted the deification offered them?
3. How do you explain Paul's endurance of physical hardships?
4. Which was more important, Pisidian Antioch or Syrian Antioch?

APRIL 23

## Paul Wins Recognition for Gentile Christians

ACTS 15:1-35; GAL. 2:1-10

(Printed Lesson, Acts 15:23b-29; Gal. 2:1, 2, 9)

**T**HE account of the first council of the church, held in Jerusalem in the middle of the first century, is among the most important sections of the book of Acts.

*Why did any controversy arise?* Jerusalem was recognized as the center of the new church, now less than twenty years old. There its leaders and followers were almost entirely Jews and steeped in Jewish view of religion. Every male Jew had a mark in his body, called *circumcision*, a mark which testified to his national inheritance as well as his relationship to the God of his fathers. Antioch was regarded as the center of Gentile Christianity. Here men who were not Jews, by race or by religion, responded to the preaching of the gospel of salvation and became disciples of a Savior whom they had not seen in the flesh. The name "Christians" was applied to them, not to any other followers of Christ.

The brethren who came from Jerusalem to Antioch said, "You Gentiles cannot be saved if you will follow the law of Moses by being circumcised and being thus incorporated into the Jewish faith." Paul and Barnabas opposed this requirement, and the result that a council was called by the leaders in Jerusalem to decide this question: "Are salvation through Jesus Christ and membership in His body, the church, dependent on circumcision or any other Jewish ceremony?"

*How was the decision reached?* When the council assembled, all the leaders and disciples appeared to be of one mind. Paul, Barnabas, James, Peter, Judas (Iskariot), Silas, and others; the disputants were certain unnamed Pharisees. At the proper time Peter told again the story of the conversion of Cornelius, a Gentile, and of the blessings of God on many of the Gentiles since.

Then came the summary and pronouncement of James, chairman of the council and head of the church in Jerusalem. After reviewing the case and quoting from the prophecy of Amos (9:11, 12) he said with authority, "We will not by needless hardships deter the new converts from joining us," (Lumby, *Cambridge Bible*) "but we will write them a letter and suggest certain ways in which they can prove the genuine nature of their new allegiance."

The printed lesson (23-29) describes the way in which the decision of the council was conveyed to Antioch. The messengers bore official letters, asking among other things that Gentile converts avoid food complications by following certain Jewish rules about the eating of meats; also that they adhere strictly to the marriage vows. No requirement was laid down as to circumcision. The messengers were received with satisfaction and great blessings followed.

Paul's letter to the Galatians confirms the account in Acts, but adds a few details. He declares that he went to the Jerusalem council "by revelation"; that he took Titus with him—a Gentile who had never observed the Mosaic law; that his own point of view prevailed so that it was agreed that the Gospel should be preached without distinction; that the apostles should



preach among their Jewish fellow-countrymen, while Paul's particular ministry was to be among the Gentiles; and that Paul in his labors should remember the poor (probably needy Christians in Jerusalem).

#### Questions for Class Discussion

1. Why was it important to decide the question of Jewish rites for Gentile believers?
2. Are there any necessary formalities as one experiences salvation? If so, what are they?
3. Is the Gospel of Jesus *really* for all men today, regardless of racial or other distinctions?

APRIL 30

### Paul Crosses into Europe

ACTS 15:36 to 17:15

(Printed Lesson, Acts 15:36; 16:4-15)

THE entire lesson embraces the greater part of the second missionary journey of the apostle, the journey which took him completely across Asia Minor into the Macedonian peninsula in Europe and back by sea to Palestine. It focuses attention on the calling of Timothy, Paul's vision, the conversion of Lydia, the deliverance in Philippi, and the work in Thessalonica and Berea.

Any disappointment the reader may have over the quarrel between Paul and Barnabas and their consequent separation is largely overcome by the refreshing story of Timothy. This young man of excellent heritage, especially from his mother and grandmother, had probably seen great development in his natural qualities since Paul's first visit to Lystra some time before. When the apostle revisited the city with Silas, Timothy made a good impression. "Him would Paul have to go forth with him."

*A call for help.* How and why was Paul "forbidden of the Holy Ghost to preach the word in Asia"? How did the Spirit prevent him from going into Bithynia? On these questions there is little definite knowledge. If we believe that Paul was guided by a divine Providence and that his work for the immediate future was to be in Europe rather than in Asia (a viewpoint justified both by faith and history), there is little difficulty in the fact that the direct nature of the guidance is not known.

Paul was convinced also that the time was not ripe for the Gospel to be introduced into the populous cities of Asia Minor. Thus he was brought to Troas, the seaport where, across the narrow Aegean Sea, one could look toward Europe. In the night came a vision, "a man of Macedonia," who appeared to plead for his country.

*The first European convert.* The elements in the conversion of Lydia are neither many nor hard to explain. Zealous evangelists—a place of prayer—Jewish worshippers—a convincing message—attention—acceptance—confession. No apology was made that the first convert was a woman.

#### Questions for Class Discussion

1. How did God use for good the disagreement between Paul and Barnabas?
2. Where is our Macedonia?
3. What do we mean by divine Providence?

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(Below) A Meditation in the Spanish Edition

JUEVES, 24 DE FEBRERO

"Bienaventurados los pobres en espíritu: porque de ellos es el reino de los cielos." Mateo 5:3. (Léase Mateo 5:1-10.)

LA pobreza generalmente es estimada como una calamidad. Estar desprovistos de las cosas esenciales para la vida es ser desgraciado y carecer del alimento necesario—lo cual a veces ocasiona amargura de espíritu. No obstante, en este texto del Sermón de la Montaña, descubrimos una paradoja sorprendente. El bienaventurado es aquel que es pobre, refiriéndose a la pobreza de espíritu. El espíritu del hombre es capaz de enorgullecerse y considerarse poderoso porque confía en sus propias fuerzas y en sus éxitos. Así como la araña saca de su propio cuerpo la red que teje y en la cual ocupa el lugar céntrico, así el espíritu del hombre puede llegar a considerarse rico, confiar en las filosofías de la vida que él mismo inventa, y colocarse en el centro de esta filosofía, esperando cosechar todas las satisfacciones de la vida y de paso todas las generosas dádivas del Universo. Pero Cristo dijo: "Bienaventurado el hombre que sabe que su espíritu es pobre," porque entonces por medio de la fe se unirá con Dios y será enriquecido por el Espíritu Santo. El espíritu, consciente de pobreza, será gloriosamente rico.

## ORACIÓN

¡Que seamos humildes delante de Ti, oh Dios! Nada tenemos que ofrecerte, sino el espíritu contrito. Concedenos hoy, Te imploramos, las supremas riquezas de Tu Santo Espíritu, a fin de que la pobreza de nuestro espíritu se torne en riqueza en Ti. Amén.

## PENSAMIENTO PARA EL DÍA

Meditemos hoy en qué consisten las verdaderas riquezas y encaucemos todas las energías del alma para conseguirlas.

W. G. Gram.

October 5, 1938

"Kyūnki wuh hamārī sulh hai." Ifs. 2:14 (Payho, Ifs. 2:11-21).

Āi ke dīn jab hamdunyā ki gaumon aur bāshindon ki taraf nīgāh dālte hain to ham ma'ūm karte hain ki we kyūnkar ab tak shakk o shukūk ke panjon men giriftār hain. we kyūnkar ab tak bare se bare sāmān aur tāyārīān larāī ke liye kar rahe hain misal un ādmion ke jo khud apne banāe hūe bhandon men giriftār hain. Is kā sabab sirf yih hai ki ham men ab tak ītisād vā miyāna-ravī kā rūhānī khavāl paldā nahīn hūā. Ya'nī ham ne ab tak yih nahīn ākhā ki Khudā ki marzī yih hai ki ham bārī hoshyārī ke sāth apne nāise ko kharef karen ki na ham qarār hon aur na hamārā kharch hamārī āmadān se ziyāda hone pāwe. Is hī ke ītisād vā miyāna-ravī kahte hain. Hamārē dīnī hādīon ne hamen rūhānī ītisād ki tā'īm dene men bārī gāfat ki Masth kā mazhab avatār yā nayā īnam lenē kā mazhab hai. Wuh hamen āgāh kartā hai ki ham un tamām ītisādī koshishon ko nāīst-bākhsh muhābbat ke bedār kāmion ke wasile se pāk sāt aur ma'ūlī hānen īn ko ham ne ab tak ovā bīn-narwarish pāī hūī tab'at ke hawāle kar rakhā hai. Yōn ham anī ītisādī zindagī men bhī Khudā ke maqsad ko pūrā kar sakte hain.

Du'ā.

Āi hamārē Bāp Khudā, ham māt lete hain ki ham ne bekār chizon par apne dīnon ko kharch kiū hāi. Ek dūsrē ki 'īzzat aur piyār karnē ke bāre men ham īqrār karte hain ki ham na kuchh bhī taraqqī nahīn kī. Larāī aur burt khudāish kā dīn bo-dīn ziyāda zivādā zor hotā jādā hai aur ādmion ki rūhon ne Khudā ke 'ūm aur muhābbat men taraqqī nahīn kī. Ham is bāt ki taraf se be-parwāh hain ki ham na Masth ko salīb ke upar maslīb kiyā. Hālānki Khudā kā Bejā salīb ke āpar dard-angez dukh maslīb ke sāt lafak rahā hai ham burt be-parwāhī ke sāt us par nīgāh karte hain. Āi kāsh ki is mauqā par ham Tujh se mu'āfī ki khush-khawārī kā mullab āikhē. Ham minnat karte hain ki Tū us dīn ko jald lē jab ki yih dunyā az sar ī nau paidā ho jāe. Hazārōn hazār bekārōn ki Tū madad kar aur is khavāl ko dūr dafā kar tū dunyā men paidā hūā hai ki insān ki zindagī be-hīfāzat hai. Yīnī Masth ki khātīr se īs ne dunyā ke kaffāre ke liye du'ā māngī waqt khūn ke qatre bahāe aur jo hamārī khātīr salīb par maslīb hūā, ham yih du'ā māngte hain sun aur qubāt kar le. Amīn.

Is Dīn kā Khayāl.

Agar ham apne bhālon ko piyār nahīn kar sakte to ham Khudā ko bhī piyār nahīn kar sakte.

TOYOHICO KAGAWA.

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# The Upper Room

APRIL, MAY, JUNE

주요, 불상이여기소서

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(Above) A page from Korean Edition  
(Left) A Meditation in Hindustani

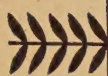
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## Come to CHURCH

"Church-going families are happier families"—Henry C. Link

*From the Clinton Daily Item*

Editor, Christian Herald,  
Dear Sir:

Alex F. Osborn's "Let's Ask Them to Come" in the November issue is very fine. Not having the funds to put up a sign at our church, I thought the next best idea was the newspaper. So a trip to the editor and the story in the HERALD. Out of that call on the editor, the enclosed clipping resulted. By placing the quotation at the head of the column, no creed or denomination could take offense and all would be profited. I might say the editor was very glad to do this and made the column a two-column affair instead of the old one-column.

At our next ministerial meeting I plan to suggest a "Go-To-Church" campaign. Possibly capitalizing upon Lent. Each church setting a goal and then a goal set for the combined group of churches.

Sincerely,

William M. Hendricks, Pastor,  
First United Presbyterian Church,  
Clinton, Massachusetts

Mr. Osborn shot an arrow into the air and it evidently "fell to earth" in a whole lot of places.—Editor.

### Our Easter Cover

Our cover this month is from a beautiful painting in the modern manner by the famous German artist, Mathias Schmid. It pictures the scene in the Garden when, according to John 22:15, Christ appears to the startled Mary Magdalene, saying, "Woman, why weepest thou? Whom seekest thou?" This is one of the most beautiful of all the long list of Resurrection pictures.

We receive many letters expressing appreciation of Christian Herald's covers.

### Lydia Bahadur

To the Christian Herald Round the World Cruise Party that sailed from New York February 5th, 1937

Dear friends all:

There is a young woman in India who owes to you her preparation for her life work. Your gift to India has provided this, and Lydia Bahadur expects to finish in May her two years training in the Swedish Mission Bible Training School at Shahpur Betul Dist. C. P. India. When Lydia told me of her desire to prepare for village uplift work I wrote to the school regarding entrance qualifications. The reply was that Lydia might enter for training; it was a

two-year course, the tuition and board being Rupees 90 a year. Your gift changed into India money brought Rupees 184.

The school is about 300 miles from Lydia's home. After her entrance I visited her there.

B. F. Madsen,  
Richmond, Va.

There are no finer or more satisfactory investments than those we make in "people." The members of this cruise merely touched the hem of India—and yet they left a fingerprint on life there that will never be erased.—Editor.

### "Nearly" Perfect

Editor, Christian Herald,  
Dear Sir:

Why did you print the story "Model T—An American Saga." There wasn't anything to the article not even a moral, and everyone has had the same experience that ever owned a car. I always read the Christian Herald from cover to cover and was disgusted when I read the piece—the first time it hasn't been perfect.

Mrs. F. M. Killit

Evidently reader Killit's disgust was not very deep seated for the letter contained a generous contribution to our charities.

We thought that little story was amusing, and well written. Some of the greatest classics in the English language have no more than these two qualifications to assure their immortality. No editor of my knowledge has ever achieved perfection, but with reader Killit we seem to have come perilously near to it.—Editor.

### \$5.00 for the Best Letter on "MY MINISTER"

Christian Herald will pay \$5.00 for what we believe to be the best letter of not over 200 words, received before May 1st, 1939, on the subject, "What I like best about my minister."

In addition, we will pay \$1.00 each for all letters on this subject which we publish in Christian Herald.

No employee of Christian Herald or member of an employee's family is eligible to enter this contest.

Address Contest Editor, Christian Herald, 419 Fourth Avenue, New York City, N. Y.

### SPORTSMANSHIP

Thank you all for the splendid letters you sent us on this most interesting subject. Many fine ones were eliminated because the writers had confused sportsmanship with courage. Sportsmanship requires courage, but goes way beyond it in the opinion of the judges. Below is the winning letter, which, it seems to us, clearly defines the essentials of Sportsmanship.

★ ★ ★

Playing the game fairly even though others do not—that's sportsmanship. That elusive quality of accepting defeat as cheerfully as victory, coming back again after defeat with greater determination to win—that's sportsmanship. Turning defeat into victory by one's attitude of sport, not hurting others merely because the rules allow it—that's sportsmanship. Not using alibis when defeated or bragging when victorious; playing the game with all you have and when the game is over, forgetting it—that's sportsmanship.

Sportsmanship is important because of the mental attitude it brings to one, an indomitable sense of fairness and honesty, not the feeling of sham, alibi, or bullying. Sportsmanship after defeat builds strong mental fiber with the knowledge that one's best has been given and that there are no excuses to be made, leaving the feeling that though defeated one can return victorious again.

What difference lies between sportsmanship's importance in a passing game and in the greatest of all games, the Game of Life? That cheerful keep-at-it-iveness through struggle and defeat with no alibis, no bullying; but fairness, and sincerity in giving one's best to the game—expressed in one word—SPORTSMANSHIP!

James A. Wood,  
Marion, North Carolina

The following letter received honorable mention:

The ability to lose just as good naturedly as you win is good sportsmanship. Whether it's in basket ball, base ball, a friendly argument on Saturday evening, or just in the game of life—you're one or the other, a game fighter and a gracious winner, a sporting loser or a whining one, blaming the loss on tough breaks.

Sportsmanship comes from within—a part of your character. When it shows up you grasp the other fellow's hand and say, "The best man wins"—and look him straight in the eye, and mean it, after you have put your heart and soul into winning yourself. And that fellow on the side lines, whether he knows you or not will say "That's a real sport—he sure can take it!"

And if "you can take it," like a man—well, that's sportsmanship.

Virginia Friend,  
Uniontown, Penna.



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## NEXT MONTH

### Real Children in a Palace

by *Helen Welshimer*

An intimate story of the training and education of the two little English Princesses—Elizabeth and Margaret Rose.



### Life, Liberty and The Doctor

PART 1

by *C. Ward Crampton M. D.*

In order to bring this article completely up to date it was postponed from April to May so that there could be included a discussion of the bill on Socialized Medicine Senator Wagner introduced in Congress in early March. Part II will appear in the June issue.



### Do College Students Want Christ

by *Hayden Hall and Frank Mead*

The Editor wasn't so much interested in what the preachers thought about the Preaching Mission to Colleges as what the students themselves thought. At Northwestern University and University of Pennsylvania Hall and Mead found out. A fascinating and significant article.



### Light Comes to the Jungle

PART 2

Flemish Bells

by *Beatrice Plumb*

As well as all the usual favorites, Grace Noll Crowell, Honoré Morrow and Margaret Sangster.

# After All!

## NONSENSE DESERVES ITS PLACE IN THE SUN



### Permanent

Smith: "I shall be everlastingly indebted to you, old man, if you'll lend me a dollar."

Tompkins: "Yes, I know. That's the trouble."

—*Atlanta Constitution.*

### Serious Case

The "Top Sergeant" back from furlough, was talking things over with the mess sergeant:

1st Sgt.: "How is your insomnia? Is it getting any better?"

Mess Sgt.: "I'm worse than ever. I can't even sleep when it's time to get up."

—*Exchange.*

### The Mean Thing

Man (to wife): "What do you mean by saying I have been deceiving you for years?"

Wife: "I just found out the Government allows you \$2500 a year on your income tax for being married and you only allow me a miserable \$10 a month."

—*Outlook.*

### Rare Find

Two small boys were walking in the woods, seeking for adventure and what they might find. One picked up a chestnut burr.

"Tommy," he called excitedly, "come here quick! I've found a porcupine egg!"

—*The Keel.*

### From an Examination Paper:

Question: "What are the genders?"

High School Student: "Masculine and feminine. The masculine is divided into temperate and intemperate and the feminine into frigid and torrid."

—*Kablegrams.*

### Was He Piqued!

There was once a man not unique,  
Who imagined himself quite a shique,

But the girls didn't fall

For the fellow at all,

For he made only twenty a wique.

—*Yellow Jacket.*

### Hey, Mr. Whalen! . . .

Policeman: "As soon as I saw you come around the bend I said to myself: 'Forty-five at least.'"

Woman driver: "How dare you? It's this hat that makes me look so old."

—*The Keel*

### In That Case . . .

Sweet Young Thing—Are you quite sure these seeds will grow into big strong trees?"

Shopkeeper—Madam, I will guarantee them.

Sweet Young Thing—Well, in that case I'll take a hammock as well.

—*Pathfinder.*

### It'll Last Long Enough

Prospect—Now that you have shown me that your new car will do better than 80 miles an hour, will such a car last?

Agent—Don't let that worry you, sir. Anyone who drives 80 miles an hour will not need any car long.

—*Pathfinder.*

### Now There's a Man

Some men smile in the evening,

Some men smile at dawn,

But the man worth while

Is the man who can smile,

When his two front teeth are gone.

—*Exchange.*

### Perfect Example

Teacher: "Tommy, can you give me an example of a paradox?"

Tommy: "Yes, sir. A man walking a mile and only moving two feet."

—*The Keel.*

### Throw 'Em Out?

The elderly English lady was talking over matters and expressed her approval of the League of Nations. "I think though," she said, "it is a pity to have so many foreigners in it!"

—*Exchange.*

### So That's It

"Did you say this man was shot in the woods, Doctor?"

"No, I said he was shot in the lumbar region."

—*The Keel*

### The Most Interesting

First Girl: "I like a man with a past. A man with a past is always interesting."

Second Girl: "That's true, but I don't think he's nearly as interesting as a man with a future."

Third Girl: "The man who interests me is a man with a present; and the more expensive it is, the more interest I take in him."

—*Exchange.*